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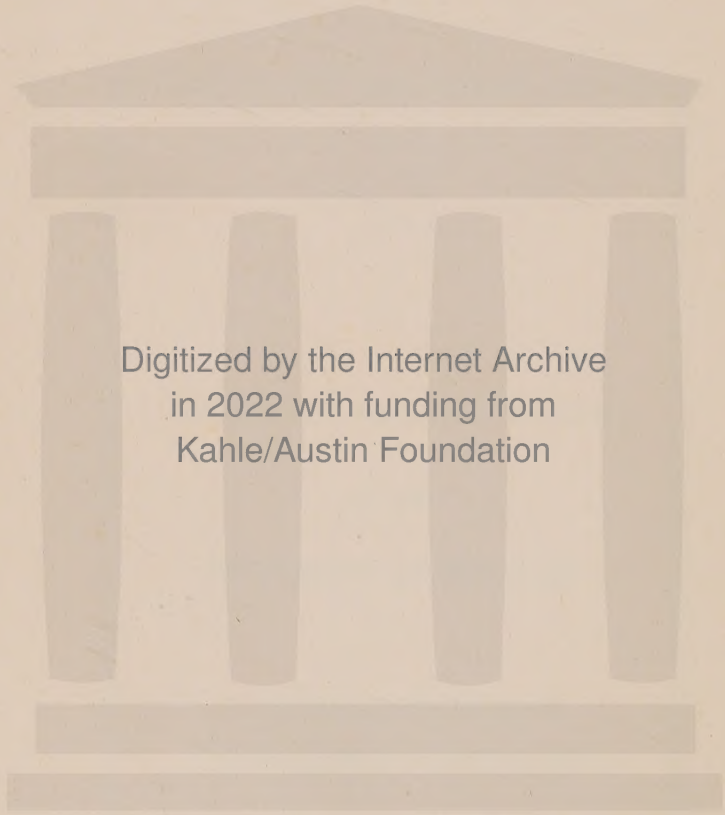
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THE HUB AND THE SPOKES



THE HUB AND THE SPOKES

OR,

THE CAPITAL AND ITS ENVIRONS

BY

ANSON A. GARD

AUTHOR OF

MY FRIEND BILL—A NOVEL; THE YANKEE IN QUEBEC; THE WANDERING YANKEE; THE NEW CANADA; GARD'S LOG BOOK; THE NATIONAL HYMN TO THE FLAG, ETC., ETC.

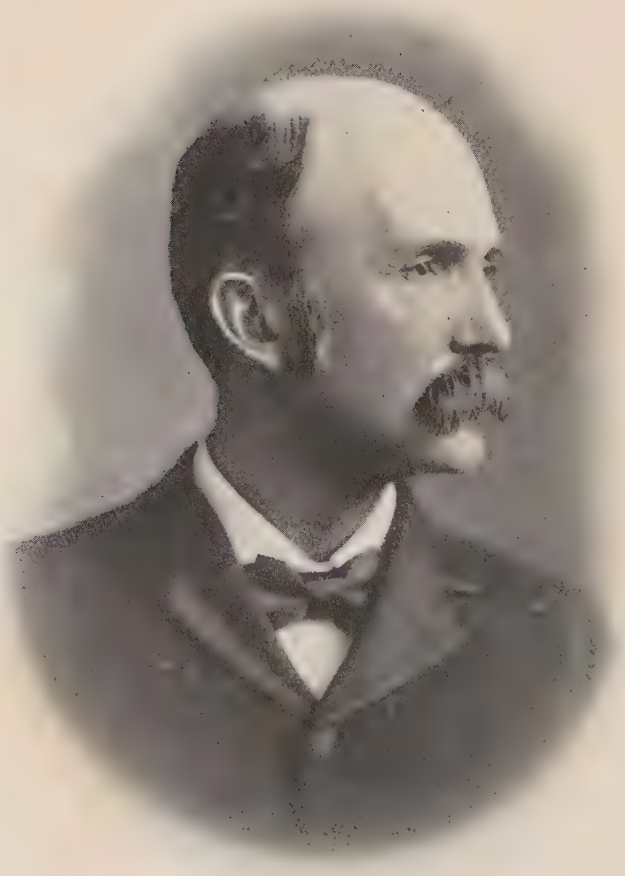
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Anson A. Gard.

DEDICATION.

For centuries, Scotland has been looked to, to furnish to the rest of the world, men who can do—men who can lead in enterprise. And never yet has the land of Burns failed, when called upon—*in any line, in every line*—to send the man of worth—the man of deeds. He comes, he sees, he conquers. Fail, is a word he never knew, and is too busy succeeding to stop long enough to learn. Mountains may needs be crossed or penetrated, and if of iron, turned into libraries and schools for the universe; hospitals built for suffering poor; torrents spanned or turned aside; oceans fathomed and made the medium for speech of Empire—'tis all the same to him. If once he set his hand to do, the work in hand is done.

Bacon asked and answered, "What makes a Nation great?" For centuries Canada had but one of the requisites—"A Fertile Soil." Scotland, without any one of them—save in her stalwart sons—gave to Canada the other two. It was that bonnie land that gave to Canada the men who furnished "Easy Conveyance to Man and Goods, From Place to Place," and "Place to Place" might here be read, "Ocean to Ocean"—and with the second must come—has come, the third, for even now is heard the whirr of wheels in "Busy Workshops." Nor were her stalwart sons content to bind together the farther shores of a great Continent, but must go on—went on, till now are bound in speech the Continents of the world.

Of all the men from Scotia's rocky shores, no two, have been more to the land of their adoption, than have they to whom I so gladly dedicate this work, in praise of that land. Nor need I speak their names, since they are known by deeds, and yet I fain would speak, that they themselves may know; and thus I would dedicate this work of pleasure, to two of "Nature's Gentlemen": LORD STRATHCONA—SIR SANDFORD FLEMING.

INTRODUCTION.

From the Beaten Track.

Introductory words to books have long followed a set rule. In publishing "The Hub and The Spokes," that rule will be broken possibly for the first time. In casting about for writers of this Introduction, the men who have so kindly responded and furnished that which follows, need, themselves, no introduction, since each in his line is too well known to require it. It is most heart pleasing to feel that such men should consent to write, and write so generously of an author, whose one great aim is to bring into more kindly relationship the two great peoples of the American Continent.

While to the author it is to a high degree gratifying, to have these words of kindness written, it is not the personal gratification so much as the pleasure it gives him to feel that his work in Canada has not been in vain, and that his hope may be realized, in seeing a lasting friendship grow up between the peoples he loves.

Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal.

It is pleasing to me to hear that you are continuing the good work in which you have occupied yourself for some years, of making the people of Canada and those of the United States better acquainted with each other, and of pointing out to them why they should be in every respect the best of friends.

There is no reason in the world why Canada as a Dominion, in the closest relationship to the United Kingdom, and the United States, a Republic, should not each, in its own way, go on "pros-

pering and to prosper," and your efforts have certainly been most useful and valuable in this direction.

Signed, STRATHCONA.

London, Eng., Nov. 3rd, 1904.

The foregoing from Canada's first citizen, is met in kind by one of the foremost Senators in the United States Senate. Each breathes a neighborly spirit toward the other's country, which shows the trend of the times.

* * * * * *

Senator Redfield Proctor.

Proctor, Vermont, September 13, 1904.

Canada is a great country. Our people south of that unfortunate boundary know too little about it, but we are learning more and more of it and the more we learn the higher will be our appreciation of her wonderful resources and great natural advantages. Ever since my boyhood days, when I lived on the line of the Eastern Townships, I have made frequent trips to different parts of the Dominion. Every time I go within her borders I am so charmed with her beauty that the temptation is strong to break the commandment which forbids us to covet that which belongs to our neighbor.

I have found your former works most useful, and am sure "The Hub and The Spokes" will give a wide circle of readers much valuable information about Canada, and tend to strengthen the friendly relations which should and must be maintained between our people and hers.

You should have the largest possible success in this praiseworthy undertaking of making better known a land so full of beauty, whose people are our brothers.

Signed, REDFIELD PROCTOR.

* * * * * *

Sir Sandford Fleming, "Father of The Pacific Cable."

Few writers are doing more to make Canada known and Canadians appreciated in the outside world, than Mr. Anson A.

Gard. The books he has written have a peculiar flavor, they are never dull. It requires no effort to read them; the reader always feels that he is learning from one who has something to say in a pleasant way. The author is not a Canadian himself, he comes with a fresh and open mind, and being a close observer, has lived long enough amongst us to take a just and kindly view of Canadians, their aims and aspirations. Mr. Gard seems to take a genuine delight in looking at the best and brightest side of the mass of information he has gathered from every source. The array of facts he presents to the reader is so intermingled with humor that one does not note the time spent in their perusal.

Signed, SANDFORD FLEMING.
On train to Peterboro, July 9th, 1904.

* * * * * *

Wm. Wilfrid Campbell, Poet, Author.

I have read several of Mr. Anson A. Gard's books, and I find in them a quality of human humor akin to that of the famous Mark Twain.

By reason of his clever style of quaint description allied to kindly satire, and human insight, Mr. Gard is well equipped with the requisite ability, to write a readable and interesting volume about any community he may visit. I believe that his new book will be the best of its kind ever produced in this country.

Signed, W. WILFRID CAMPBELL.

Ottawa, Nov. 15th, 1904.

* * * * * *

George M. Fairchild, jr., Poet, Author, Artist.

With Mr. Anson A. Gard to think is to act, and to write, and as a result our literature has been enriched by several books that have enjoyed wide circulation wherever the English language is read, for not only his fellow Yankees fell under the spell of the charm of his works, but Englishmen, Australians, New Zealanders and others. who enjoy a well told story. And this story of our Dominion becomes fascinating under the magic of Mr. Gard's pen. He is possessed of that imagination which is so essential to the des-

criptive writer. His style is lucid and forceful, while his sense of humor and of pathos is so delicate and well poised that the reader's sense of proportion is never offended. One of the New York magazines said of his novel "My Friend Bill." "It is as interesting as "David Harum" in droll humor, as pure in tone as Holmes' Breakfast Table Series, and as tender as the choicest parts of Charles Dickens writings. It is one of the best books of light fiction that we have ever read." He sees the human side of life through glasses undimmed with gall. Nothing escapes his notice that bears upon the kindlier side of human motive. He tells a story well from start to climax, often in a page, yet a volume could not tell it better. Possibly his most effective work lies in his droll humor. He never resorts to overstrained effort that taxes the reader's credulity, yet this humor is so much a part of his work, so interwoven throughout it, that, as a New York editor said, in commenting upon one of his Canadian books, "you are so entertained by his humor that you get his cold facts without knowing it or growing tired reading them."

"Sam Slick" (Judge Haliburton) drew the attention of the world to the lower Provinces. This later "Sam Slick" is pointing out to the world the whole of Canada, her people, her magnificent resources, her beauty! Not one of his countless of thousands of readers but will exclaim: "Truly this Ohio Yankee has seen with eyes that comprehend."

Signed, GEORGE M. FAIRCHILD, JR.

Quebec, Oct. 15th, 1904.

* * * * * *

George Johnson, LL.D., Dominion Statistician.

I knew well, even intimately, the first, and in many respects the best of American humorists—the Nova Scotian, Judge Thos. C. Haliburton, author of the immortal "Sam Slick." Mr. Gard reminds me of the Judge in many of his turns of thought and terms of expresion.

If Haliburton was the "father of American humor,' as he has been named, Anson A. Gard may well be called "Sam Slick, jr."

The great Nova Scotian had a purpose in all his writings; his humor often covered a deep laid thought for his country's good and vast benefit resulted from his droll stories. That Mr.

Gard has a purpose in all he has written of Canada, no one who has followed "Rube and the Colonel" during their three years sojourn amongst us, can for a moment doubt. He came to our country and found an unknown land or as he says: "To myself unknown—a land so full of beauty and resources so vast, that I felt a desire to let my people and the world know of this great Northland."

He knew that to tell of it in the ordinary matter of fact way of the matter of fact writers he would have his story read by the few and his object would fail of its purpose. Instead he has called into play the whole gamut (to borrow a music term). His pathos is that of a Dickens; his descriptive powers remind us of Ouida; his accuracy of dates and figures would be a credit to a trained statistician; and running throughout his writings is that droll humor which will yet place his name amongst the famous humorists of his time.

Kipling wrote "The Lady of the Snows" and all Canada, in one voice, cried out against him. Mr. Gard is undoing the harm that poem and our Ice Palaces have done, by telling of the charms of our country. If we are consistent we will send his works to all parts of the reading world and thus prove our appreciation of what he is doing toward placing Canada in its true light.

Signed, GEORGE JOHNSON.

Ottawa, November 10th, 1904.

* * * * * *

Henry J. Morgan, LL.D., Biographer.

Mr. Anson A. Gard has read to me, from time to time, portions of his new work: "The Hub and The Spokes," which is designed to give a history of the Canadian Capital and its people, together with some account of the Ottawa Valley, with touches here and there of many other parts of the Dominion.

Although numerous works, in this class of literature, have been published in the English language in Canada, I can recall but three of them which remain of permanent interest. These are Hawkins' "Picture of Quebec," published in 1834; Bosworth's "Hochelaga Depicta," published in 1839, of which a new edition has recently appeared; and, last, and best of all, dear old Dr. Scadding's "Toronto of Old," published in 1873. All three

were prepared with scrupulous care, and, besides, being models of literary excellence, are accurate and just in their statement of occurrences. To say that Mr. Gard's forthcoming publication will merit a place alongside these time honored classics is to pay its author the highest compliment that can be bestowed upon him. Indeed, I am not quite sure, but that, in some respects, the work of "The Yankee in Canada" will surpass in value all preceding local histories issued within the Dominion. To achieve so distinguished a position as a literary man, is an accomplishment of which he may feel no little pride—especially so, because of his being almost a stranger in our midst, with no previous knowledge of the people and country he is describing. What has excited my chief surprise is the mass of interesting material he has succeeded in accumulating, in so short a time,—no amount of labor being considered too great for him to undertake in his quest for information. His book cannot fail of being of permanent interest and value, and such as no library, either great or small, should be without. Parkman, in his day, did a great work for Canada, as it existed under the "Old Regime;" Mr. Gard in the new field of investigation which he has opened up, is following in the footsteps of his illustrious countryman, and merits a due share of public support.

Signed, HENRY J. MORGAN.

Ottawa, November 14, 1904.

* * * * * *

Benjamin Sulte, President of the Royal Society of Canada, Historian.

In books of the nature of which Mr. Gard is writing, accuracy in history is hardly to be looked for in all instances, but I find a correctness in his statements historical, that shows a remarkable degree of research on his part, proving him to be a writer of many qualifications. He may not always give the results of his research in the staid language of the historian, but the facts, given in a style peculiarly his own, may be relied upon as accurate.

Signed, BENJAMIN SULTE.

Ottawa, November 1st, 1904.



CANADIAN CLUB EDITION.

THE CANADIAN CLUB
OTTAWA.

PART FIRST.

How Rube and the Colonel Saw Ottawa,
the Beautiful Capital of the Dominion,
the Washington of Canada.

THE WASHINGTON OF CANADA.

For several days after we reached Ottawa, I noticed the Colonel going about town like a horse with a "broken gait." I asked, "What's the matter, Colonel? You go around with your feet in the air like a horse with the 'halt'."

"And little wonder, Rube, little wonder. For over a year I've been living in a city where one must step high or stub one's toes against the board sidewalks, or get into the mud, where there are no walks at all. Little wonder I step high, even here on Ottawa's smooth, well-kept walks. One cannot break the habit of a year in a day or two. But say, Rube, ain't these streets and walks delightful to see after what we've had?"

"They certainly are; and, Colonel, of what does this bright, clean, well kept city remind you?"

"Washington City, shortly after Boss Shepherd began beautifying it."

"Correct again, and the more I see of it, the more I wonder why our people have not found it out. A few of them have, but so few that I mean to impress upon them what they miss in coming to Canada and not seeing Ottawa and its delightful surroundings."

"That's right, Rube, that's right. Why, just this morning I was looking over a hotel register, and out of seventy-four names, but four of them were from the States, and this, too, in the very centre of the tourist season, and with Parliament sitting as a special attraction."

"Parliament! Why, little they know of Parliament! I'll tell you, Colonel, why our people don't know this city as they should. *They have not been invited to come to visit it.* You know how, that Montreal and Quebec have given us a standing invitation, and in a thousand ways renew that invitation each year until we have gotten into such a habit of visiting those old towns, and thinking of them as all of Canada, that we forget the rest of this vast Dominion—forget that there are other places well worth a visit, and chief among those other places is the Capital itself.

"Now, while I have no right to send them an invitation, I mean to let them know the claims of Ottawa, and what they are passing on the way to those two older towns. I will tell them not only of the Hub, but of the Spokes. Spokes of natural unpolished beauty that emanate in all directions from this Hub. I will tell them, feeling confident that once they know of the beauties of the Ottawa Valley, that the wheels that next time bring them to Canada will turn toward Canada's Capital—for Canada's Capital is a charming city, and its people are delightful to know."

The Colonel was right; Ottawa reminds one of Washington City. Its Potomac is the Ottawa River, a river, however, as wild and picturesque as the Potomac is dull and sluggish. Far above the very water's edge, on a high, rocky, tree-covered bluff, stands the Capitol Buildings—three in number—and from the tower of the main or Parliament House, one may behold a panorama more pleasing in natural beauty than may be seen from the great dome on our own Capitol. And here is

The Panorama.

To the west, reaching beyond vision, is the island-dotted river, narrowing down from Lake Deschenes into a channel only a few hundred feet wide, where, at the very edge of the city, it rushes over the

Chaudiere Falls,

so wild in their swift rush that the waters are whirled into rapids that reach clear past the city to the east beyond.

Near the Falls, and using their power, are the great mills of J. R. Booth, in the city, and those of the E. B. Eddy Co., on the Hull side of the river, not to mention other great works.

Looking across the river to the north, or Province of Quebec side, to the far-away Laurentian Mountains, we see in the foreground the fire-devasted city of Hull, with its 14,000 people, its churches, schools, mills, and fields of lumber (too large to call them "yards"), and between Hull and the foothills, a grove-covered country extending far to the east that reminds one of the Valley of Beauport, across from the city of Quebec—a valley so beautiful I never tired looking over it. In the centre of this northern view is seen the Gatineau River, of whose wonders I shall tell you later, reaching back past Chelsea, on its way to the mountains. Crossing the river, immediately below where we sit on the tower, is the Interprovincial Bridge—one of the largest cantilever bridges on the continent. Turning the eye toward the east, we see, just across the famous Rideau Canal, that skirts the eastern limits of the Capitol grounds, as it enters the river, a pretty little park called Major's Hill. It is one of those little spots of beauty which only the Park attendants fully enjoy. It is one of the "Don't Parks." The very air seems to bear a placard, "Don't breathe."

By way of a digression, I will say that the day is coming, is now here, in many cities, where "Keep off the grass" is never seen—and parks are paid for by a city for the enjoyment of its citizens, rather than for the park attendants.

To the east is the Rideau River, beyond which, at the limit of the city, is Rideau Hall, the home of the Governor General, and near by is the large Rockliffe Park, on the heights above the river. Far in the distance is seen again the Ottawa, which for a space has been hidden from view by the tree-covered hills. This eastern portion of the city is what was once called Bytown. For that matter, "Bytown" was Ottawa's name until 1855. "Oh! no; you're wrong; it don't mean that at all. "By" was in honor of Colonel By, the builder of the Rideau Canal. I knew you thought I meant "by"—off to one side. Everbody who don't know thinks that is its derivation, but instead it was named for a man of great deeds, and the city was honored by the name."

In this portion are the markets, many churches, hospitals, some beautiful residences, and far in the distance, the cemeteries.

Follow with your eye the canal, and you will see it turn at an obtuse angle in the southern part of the city.

A mile away, there to the south, you see it passing a large white buiding, with a high dome. There are the spacious grounds of

The Central Canada Exhibition,

of which I may tell you later on, for it is worthy a chapter to itself.

The panorama is completed with the

Experimental Farm,

there in the south-western distance. It, too, will require a chapter, as it is one of Ottawa's many attractions. This is but a hurried glance over a beautiful city. One might sit and analyse each part of the panorama, and not grow tired of the scene. And to the tourist there is no better way of getting a correct notion of Ottawa than this view from the tower.

I trust, however, that you will not be so unfortunate on your visit to the tower as I was the day I went up those 208 steps. Will I tell you the experience?

Rube gets Locked in the Tower by some Pretty School-Marms from Iowa.

Well, you see, it was late one Saturday afternoon. I feared I might be locked up, and so left my card, on which I wrote: "Don't lock the door, I'm upstairs." Ah! that card was my undoing, for shortly after I had gone up, Joe McGuire came along with three school-marms from Iowa. The minute they saw that card (Joe tells the story), all three, with one accord, said: "We

have him at last! We will show him how to talk about us, and say we don't know anything about Canada, as he did in his Wandering Yankee. Iowa school-marms don't know anything! Don't we?" And at that they locked the door, and bribed good-natured Joe to go back to No. 16 and leave me, until nearly dark, when his conscience came to my rescue and let me out. His only excuse was that "the dear girls were so pretty," but I shall never forgive him for allowing an Iowa teacher to so neatly turn the key on me for my little pleasantry—but, "on the quiet," I now think far more of the Iowa school-marms than I did. They are a pretty fair lot of girls, after all I've said of them.

Parliament Corner Stone Laid by the Prince of Wales.

I forgave Joe, however, when he took me to see the corner stone of the Parliament Buildings. It is immediately beneath the Senate Chamber. We go down one flight of steps, turn to the left, and read on a marble slab: "This Corner Stone of the Building intended to receive the Legislature of Canada was laid by Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, on the first day of September, 1860."

Large Minds and Small Bodies.

As we stood looking at it, Joe casually remarked: "I have never seen the Prince, but he must have had a very large elbow with him the day he laid that stone."

"Why do you think so, Joe?"

"Well, if all of the old men to whom I have shown that stone stood 'next his elbow' when he laid it, as they say they did, he would have had to have an elbow of far-reaching dimensions for them *all* to have 'stood next.'"

"You may not look at it in the right light, Joe," said I; "there are a lot of people who are always standing 'next' who are so small that an army of them might occupy a very narrow space in their effort to touch elbows with the great."

Apropos of the stone. The date is in Roman numerals, and some one has marked beneath them, in large figures, "1860." It is the only instance about the Building where one may feel like forgiving the "marker."

Fools' Names are like their Faces.

I have never seen a part of a public building so vandalized as is the tower of this one. Even the iron structure has been cut into, while the wood is so full of fools' names that one cannot but wonder where they all grew. The very board sign: "Do not mark," is so full of names that one can scarcely read the sign. I have often wondered what sort of a moral (?) nature these vandals have anyhow, to want to mar beauty with their ugly names. They

must be of that species of men spoken of by Chesterfield, who boast of things of which they should be most heartily ashamed.

From the stone Joe took me to see the " nether capitol," and with the engineer pointed out how the air of the building is kept pure, and by means of miles of tubing how it is heated. The air is drawn through tunnels that reach out hundreds of feet to the " Lover's Walk," in the bluff near the river. It should be indeed pure, drawn from such a source (parenthetically, the Colonel asks which " source " I mean, the " walk " or the " bluff." You see how critical he is on my wording.)

The engineer remarked that he did not furnish all the " hot " air of the capitol. I did not understand just what he meant, but smiled anyhow, as he looked as though he expected a " smile."

HOW TO SEE OTTAWA.

Some cities may be seen to the best advantage by driving, but the wise head that designed Ottawa's car system made it possible to best reach all points of interest by means of the many lines of trolley cars, and it must have been the same head who chose the conductors, for a better informed or more courteous lot of men I have never found in any city. The conductor knows everything of interest, and no guide was ever more obliging in pointing it out to the tourist. The Colonel and I have often asked of him questions we could hardly have expected him to answer, but we have yet to ask one he could not answer, and, usually, most intelligently. This same comment might apply to Ottawa policemen. They are courteous, obliging, intelligent, and never give one the impression that they think they own the city. But for that matter, Ottawa is such a moral town that the police force has little else to do than to look after *civil-ities.*

Parliament Buildings.

Before starting to see the city in general, one naturally goes to Parliament Hill, on Wellington Street, one block north of Sparks Street, the main street of Ottawa. It is so near to all of the hotels that one can walk to it in a few minutes, from any of them. The Buildings are three in number. The Capitol sets far back, while the other two, the " Eastern " and " Western " departments, are nearer Wellington Street, and equally distant from the Capitol, with a great lawn in front and between. They are built of Ottawa grey sandstone, and trimmed with Ohio stone of lighter color—which, to us Ohio men, adds much to their beauty. The architecture is Gothic, and beautiful in design; especially so the Library, which is a part of the main building. The Eastern and Western blocks are used for the various departments of Government, and are admirably designed.

There are other departmental buildings in various parts of the city which we will see as we go about, as it will be confusing to speak of them here.

As we can start at no place of more interest, we will begin with the trip to the

CENTRAL EXPERIMENTAL FARM.

We took a car on Sparks Street, marked "Britannia Park,"—the one marked "Somerset Street" would have taken us just as well. At Holland Avenue, or Britannia Junction, we got a transfer, and stayed on the car, to which we changed, until it stopped, passing on the way Victoria Park, a pretty wooded grove where they sometimes have picnics. At the end of the line, not far from the Park, the conductor points out a turnstile, across the road, and says, "Take that path leading through the field, and it will bring you to the office and other buildings of the Experimental Farm."

The Path Through the Corn.

We took the path. It led us through a field of growing corn, the first one I had been through since long years ago, when of an early morning, basket in hand, I followed over the path leading to the "Blackberry patch" back by the woods. Many the changes since then. The woods are gone, and corn must now be growing where stood the trees, every one of which I can yet see in memory. In memory, too, are brought back, by this "path through the corn," many a one who, like the old trees, are gone, and few of us are left to take their places on the old farm—once home. What memories a common-place path can bring back!

The Colonel and the Bees.

We leave the corn on reaching a little farm wagon road, which runs alongside of growing crops—oats, peas, barley. To the right is an orchard, with fruit of many kinds. A cherry tree, laden and ripe, tempts the Colonel, but he resists the temptation, and we pass on, leaving untouched the luscious fruit. The Colonel is naturally honest, and his honesty is ever enhanced if a high barb-wire fence stands between him and the cherries. We soon leave the growing grain and orchard, and find ourselves in a beautiful park-like ground, with fine buildings scattered here and there along well-kept roadways and smooth walks. We pass by where John Fixter, the farm foreman, is hiving bees—two swarms into one. The Colonel, like myself, has memories, on seeing Fixter and the bees. He now has some more memories, and things on his mind, but they will go "down" in a day or two.

Like "Happy Hooligan," he wants to help, and climbs over the fence to offer assistance, and tell John the best way to do it. He didn't stay long, however, and got back over quicker than he went. In his haste he brought a whole lot of John's bees with him, which he wanted to share with me, but I didn't need any bees that day, and ran away, leaving them all to him.

He said he would not have minded it so much "if the pesky things hadn't got inside."

Fixter, later on, told him that salt and vinegar, well rubbed in, was very good to take down aggravated cases, and the Colonel is doing quite well this morning. And, again, what is a proof of the lately suggested theory on rheumatism, the Colonel has been quite cured of his "twinges" by those numerous hypodermic administrations of John's bees. I did hear him say, however, that he was no Alopath, and preferred homeopathic treatment, as the doses are so much smaller.

"There is the office, the one with the flag pole," answers a courteous workman, as we stopped running and inquired, and we are soon talking with one of the most charming gentlemen we have met in Canada, Wm. Saunders, LL.D., F.R.S.C., F.L.S., F.C.S., the Director of the Dominion Experimental Farms. He was so delightful that I don't believe that all those many letters following his name would have scared us, even had we known of them at the time, which we did not, and we talked to him as simple "Mister Saunders."

I wonder if the Dominion of Canada fully appreciates what this man has done for it during the past sixteen years. This Central farm is but one of five under his supervision. The others are at Nappan, N.S.; Brandon, Manitoba; Indian Head, N.W.T.; and Agassiz, B.C.

When I looked over that park-like farm of nearly five hundred acres, and saw its botanical beauty, well-kept fields, fine improved stocks of cattle, horses, sheep and hogs, and saw its acres of lawns and miles of well-rounded roadways, and was shown the books and intricacy of office work there was to do, I could scarce believe that far less than one hundred men were employed to do it.

Every milking of every cow is weighed as long as that cow is kept on the farm, and a record is strictly entered. All varieties of grain are tested, and their productiveness noted. Last year over 35,000 samples of grain for seed were sent out, and what is remarkable, one-third of the farmers receiving those samples reported back the result of their sowing or planting. This is the very best indication that the farmers of Canada are interested in this work. I am sorry to say that our own farmers take no such interest, as is proven by what for years has *not* been returned to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

The divisions of work on the Farm are: Agriculture, under J. H. Grisdale, B. Agr.; Horticulture, under W. T. Macoun, son of

the famous Prof. Macoun; Chemistry, under F. T. Shutt, M.A.; Entomologist and Botanist, James Fletcher, LL.D.; Poultry Manager, A. G. Gilbert.

Dr. Charles Saunders, son of Director Wm. Saunders, is now connected with the farm, being in charge of one of the most interesting branches of all, that of producing, by crossing, new varieties of grain, and fruit.

How New Varieties of Fruit and Grain are produced.

As an illustration, here is what to me is very wonderful. Crab apple trees from far up in Siberia are crossed by pollenizing with some hardy northern apple, and a new one produced, which may be grown profitably in the Northwest. The blossom of the apple is opened just before it blooms, and the pollen of the crab apple bloom is applied to it; then the branch of the tree so treated is bound up or covered for a few days with a paper bag, to keep out all other pollen. The product is a much larger apple than the Siberian crab. The seed from this is in turn planted, and the tree produced is used for either grafting or budding on to the root of the Siberian crab, or any other hardy apple root.

Another branch of Dr. Charles Saunders' work is the producing of new varieties of grain. This is done by crossing, and choice selections made from the result. Some very valuable varieties of grain have been thus produced; nearly 100 varieties of oats alone have been on trial for the past two years. The Doctor is trying to produce wheat (119 varieties of spring, and 20 of fall wheat are under trial) that will ripen early, in order that the harvest of the great fields of the West may be extended by sowing different kinds of wheat, the early, the medium, and the late. In barley, 74 different sorts have been tested during 1902.

Rube Talks "Farm" to the Farmers.

All the other branches are of interest, as they are developed here, but space will not permit of giving them. If only the farmer can be induced to farm intelligently, then this work of the Government will be of vast value, not only to the individual, but to the nation as well; but somehow the farmer plods along, using only his hands, while his brain is asleep. I know what I'm saying, for I was a farmer myself. "Any old way" suits the majority, while if they would use half the brain power that it takes to run a corner grocery store, they would not be the plodders that they are. They must think as well as plow, and when farming is conducted as almost any mercantile business is conducted, it will not be nearly such hard work, and the profits far greater. How few farmers get out of their lands what they should receive, and would receive if they had sense enough to do it right, but they have not. I had not myself, and quit so that I might go to writing books, to tell the rest how it should be done.

One branch of profit which so few take advantage of is that of poultry raising, which, by the incubator, is now so easy.

Come around, my brother "Hayseeds," and sit down while I talk to you three minutes on

Poultry and Things.

You have sons and daughters, most of you. Give the children a chance. Get them incubators, and give them half the profits. Your half will be that much gained, and you may keep the boys at home by giving them a "show." The boy hates farming because he does not see any of the money coming his way; and again, when

"The Calf Eat its Blame Head off Long Ago!"

you promise him a share see that he gets it. I knew a farmer who used to give his boy a calf as an encouragement for extra work, but, bless you, when the calf grew up the farmer would sell it and keep the money. And if the boy protested, the father would say: "Why, the thing has eaten its blame head off long ago!" And the boy never got even the price of the original calf. Result: he left the old farm and drifted out into the world, and to this day hates the very thought of farming. Treat the boys as though they were business men not as children. It will instill into them the business principles which too often are instilled too late, if at all. Again, be fair with the boys, for even a child appreciates fairness, and he will love you far more, and remember you far longer, than if you sold the grown up calf because it had "eat its blame head off long ago."

I have said "boys" in talking to you; I didn't mention the dear girls, as they are patient and loving, and not so liable to drift. But for all that, don't impose upon their patience; be fair to them, and if you promise to give them half the poultry, give it to them; but whatever you do, start the youngsters into poultry raising, and the profits will take the place of many a dollar that otherwise must come from the crib or the granary.

"Daddy" and his Little World.

Farmers, keep posted in your farming, as the mercantile business men keep posted. Don't be content with what you see around home, and think your little circle is the world, for it is not. I shall never forget one day when I was sowing oats. A neighbor passing along the road called over: "Rube, what-cher sowin'?"

"Oats," said I.

"You're foolish," said he, "why, everbody is sowin' oats this year, an oats won't be worth nawthin'!"

"Yes, but, 'Daddy,' you must not count on what is being sowed right here around home; take in the whole country in your calculation."

"I do, I do; why a way *out ter Dialton they're sowin' nawthin' but oats!*"

Dialton was five miles west of "our house," but "Turm" thought it was the limit. It was the "limit," but not the one "Baughman" meant. This neighbor had many names, the above are only a few of them. He has since grown wiser and extended his horizon, but there are yet many "Turms" among the farmers, whose little world ends where the sun sets.

But let's get back to the Experimental Farm; I've talked too long already on farming; but somehow, sometimes we do love to talk on things we dislike, and I do dislike the slipshod way in which farming is too often conducted, and to see how smoothly the various branches are run on this park-like farm is a real joy, when compared with the old. No, not the "old," for even the Greek Thales who lived 630 B.C., did what the Chemist, Prof. F. T. Shutt, is now doing. He examined every object that came within his reach, the soil, the waters, and everything that he could get at. He was the first to want to know "why?" and, of course, his conclusions were very crude, but had those conclusions, crude though they were, been followed up intelligently, we would be far in advance of where we are to-day; but science, like the farmer, has been asleep most of the cycles since then. Now that it is awakened, try, my brothers, to open your eyes, and see that your crops are grown from the best seed, and in the best way; your animals and fowls the most profitable breed you can get; the fruits the best varieties; and then farming will not only be profitable, but a pleasure. Now that my "lecture" is over, we will go out with the botanist, to the

Arboretum and Botanic Garden

departments of the farm, which give to it its rare beauty. "We have here," said he, as we got among the "Arboretums," "over 3,000 varieties of trees and shrubs from all parts of the world, and more than three-fourths of them are suitable for this climate." He was very kind, and pointed out to us many of the varieties. "This is a fine specimen of Ulmus Glabra Scampstoniensis," said he, pointing to a tree that all my life I had innocently looked upon as an Elm, and never until that day did I dream that I had been calling it the wrong name ever since my boyhood. And a little further on he stopped and said: "This is one of our specimens of Salix Babylonica Annularis," and there stood a tree from whose branches I had often taken twigs upon which to string fish, but I had never called it that awful name; if I had I'm sure it would have taken too long to string the fish. I always had thought it a water willow, but I had again found I had made a whole life's mistake—and so it was with all the trees of my early youth. He even called the noble oak a "Quercus"—which was hardly fair to the oak. I have ever wondered why those apple limbs father used to use hurt so, but now see, they were not apple limbs at all, but

"Pyrus Malus Floribunda Atra-Sanguinea"—especially "Sanguinea," as they did so make the blood tingle.

These are but a few samples of the three thousands or more varieties in that Arboretum. I don't now wonder why, that over three-fourths of them can stand this climate; their names should keep them alive in any climate.

We left the Arboretum and returned to the office, from which Mr. Saunders took us to see some of the drives and walks, and pointed out far across to the east and south-east some magnificent views. The Farm is ideally located to the south-west of the city, and just beyond the city limits. In time a great driveway is to be completed; it is now begun by the Commission. It is to start at Rideau Hall, run up to the Rideau Canal, along which it is to follow out, and end at the Farm. Here and there beside its course is to be little park-like beauty spots, with trees and flowers. Oh, how delightful when completed! I just can't help thinking Ottawa does not fully appreciate all of its possibilities and beauties. They told us of the Farm, but we got from them the impression that it was a place to raise the best kinds of grain, while in reality Mr. Saunders, besides finding the best in grain and stock, has made of it a beauty spot worthy a visit of all lovers of the possibilities in floral nature.

No visitor to Ottawa should think of leaving the city without seeing the Central Experimental *Park*—as Park it surely is.

There is now being erected here a large building for the weather bureau. "Joe," who drove us back to the city in the Park wagon, pointed out another large structure which is being built. He said it is to be a "Lavitory for chimical expiriments."

Yes, by all means go to see the "Experimental Farm."

We later found that the car marked "Gladstone Ave." would have taken us by a shorter route. It is also taken from either Sparks or Bank St.

BRITANNIA TRIP.

The Britannia trip is one of the most enjoyable outings about Ottawa. It reminds one of the run out from Brooklyn, passing down the Bay to Coney Island, only that it is more in the country, and again it is west instead of south. As usual, you take the car on Sparks Street, going west; take either the one marked "Britannia," or the one marked "Somerset Street." You turn south on Bank, and thence to and out Somerset. Somerset is well paved, and its pretty rows of shade trees and neat detached houses, with their well-kept lawns, is a pleasant sight. We pass nothing of note till we reach Bay Street, after which, at 578, we see the house of The Victorian Order of Nurses, and at the corner of Bell, we see the quaint little Church of St. Luke's, Rev. Thos. Garrett, rector. At Division Street, we begin to see the effects of the re-

cent fire that swept almost everything clear to the ground for a long and wide scope, running to the bridge which crosses the C. P. R. tracks.

Hintonburgh

Begins at Fourth Avenue, where Somerset ends as it merges into the Richmond Road. The Capucian Fathers' church and school are seen to the left, after which we pass the tree-embowered home of Judge Ross, and a little further along toward Queen Street, we see to the right The Boys' Home. We are soon in the country after passing Queen Street. Two turns and we are going up the Britannia Road, along which the conductor (43) points out prominent places: "Here's the Holland property. There's Fred. Heney's fine house. Fred is *Reeve* of Nepean." I didn't stop to ask him what "Reeve" meant. I had never heard the word before. No, I didnt' stop him. "There to the left is the St. Hubert's Gun Club grounds. This is now

Westboro.

That's J. E. Cole's house. Cole owns all this land along here, lands worth $200 and upward an acre. Yes, very cheap, so near town. That's John McKellar's fine place to the right. That railroad paralleling our track? That is the C.P.R. Yes, the C.P.R. comes into Ottawa from all directions. Great road that, but it looks as though the Liberals are going to get "sociable" in another direction. Yes, here's Britannia," and so he ran on. He knew everything. It's a pleasure to meet with conductors who know, and who are so courteous in telling it as are these Ottawa boys. At Britannia the trolley company have gone to much expense in beautifying the place. They have built a wide pier 1,000 feet long out into the river, which here is Deschenes Lake, of which I shall make frequent mention. It forms here a half circle, along the east side of which are many pretty cottages, and a boat club house. Along the south part of the circle, the land between the road and the lake has been turned into a park, with pavilions, bath houses, &c. The beach is an ideal one for bathing, especially for children. The little ones may wade out almost to the end of the pier without danger. This land where Britannia stands was once a part of a large estate, that of the noted Captain LeBreton, and the Lake was called Chaudiere Lake, by Lieut.-Colonel Joseph Bouchette, who wrote of it in 1832.

The village, with its two churches and neat cottages, is one of Ottawa's most fashionable suburbs. Much is due to Mr. John Jamieson, who, like Bradley at Asbury Park, has made a pretty resort out of what was once but a sand beach.

Some people of national note reside here. I might say international, or even world-wide, as you shall see. Afew of them are:

Mr. W. J. Lynch, head of the Patent Office Department, under Minister of Agriculture Sidney Fisher, Ottawa; ex-Mayor Fred. Cook; Charles Morse, LL.D., of the Exchequer Court; Mr. E. Taschereau, son of the Chief Justice of Canada; Mr. Errol Bouchette, a well-known author; Messrs. Arthur and Henry Taché, of the famous seigniorial Taché family; the Rosenthals, the leading jewellers of Ottawa—Samuel, one of the sons, an Alderman, has done much for athletics, and is ever looking after the interests of its young men in general; Mr. Fred. C. Capreol—Mrs. Capreol is a niece of the late Sir James Edgar; Mr. Fred. Graham, of the great firm of Bryson, Graham & Co., on Sparks Street; Mrs. Willis Wainwright; Mr. Robert Burland, manager of the British Bank Note Company; Mr. Robert Masson, merchant, Mr. Wm. Howe, manufacturer; Mr. Edward Brittain, of the Finance Department; Mr. T. S. Kirby, Mr. T. Blythe and Mr. J. Watson, merchants; and—well, you had better get the directory, as everybody seems to be prominent in Britannia Bay.

I said: "International or even world-wide." What will you think down home when I tell you that in this pretty little suburb of Ottawa, I found the famous scientist, Prof. E. Stone Wiggins, M.A., B.A., LL.D., M.D. Yes, I found in Britannia the man whose name is better known, and known over a wider range, than possibly any other Canadian, for I am sure there is not a nook or corner in our own country where the famous Doctor's name is not household. I shall never forget how, in 1883, we did all watch for that storm he predicted for March 5th. None of us believed that such a thing was possible for any living man to say in September that on the following March—six months away—one of the greatest storms ever known would occur, and when it came exactly to the day as he had said, our surprise was unbounded, and the name of Wiggins was fixed indelibly in our minds, and when we were told that Prof. E. Stone Wiggins resided in Britannia, we felt that we had found an old friend of our boyhood.

It will be a surprise to many to know that it was this scientist who first suggested wireless telegraphy. The Doctor, in 1884, in an interview which appeared in the Brooklyn *Union*, September 6th, quite clearly outlined telegraphing without the use of wires.

Scarcely less famous is his wife, especially so in Canada and in England, where the "Gunhilda Letters" had so far-reaching influence in making it lawful in Canada to marry your deceased wife's sister. I have seldom if ever read words more powerful than are contained in these letters, and never from the pen of a woman have I read their equal for strength of expression. The research indicates years of study, while the construction is unapproachable and unanswerable for the purpose for which they are intended.

It was our pleasure to meet these two cultured people, and a rare pleasure it was. Their home, "Arbor House," is a literary

centre where gather a coterie of the very choicest of Ottawa's brilliant minds.

Later: Just as my book is going to press, Ottawa is shaken by the earthquake predicted by the Professor as far back as 1886 and again in 1894. In the latter year in an interview for the New York *Herald,* he said: "An earthquake will appear in Canada in the fall of 1904." This quake came on schedule time, and the shoulder shrugging critic simply shrugs an extra shrug and says: "It was only another of the Doctor's correct guesses."

The Britannia Boat Club

has a fine club house at the village. It is famous for its many successes.

Its officers are: Hon. President, Wm. Wyld; Hon. Vice-Presidents, Thos. Ahearn and F. J. Graham; President, Robert Masson; Vice-President, W. L. Donnelly; Hon. Secretary, Louis J. Kehoe; Hon. Treasurer, E. L. Brittain; Directors, A. Taché, E. R. McNeill, D. Burns, W. Healy, R. Burland, and Harry Rosenthal; Librarian, E. E. Stockton.

Among the successes of this club was the winning, in 1902, of the war canoe championship of Canada, under the auspices of the Canadian Canoe Association.

The club has a membership of 200, consisting of resident and non-resident members. Its fortnightly dances are very popular. And its regattas are events of great interest.

CHAUDIERE FALLS LINE.

As usual, start on Sparks Street, but be careful this time to see that your car is marked "Chaudiere Falls." It leaves Sparks at Bank, and goes one block north to Wellington, and then west. Around Bank and Wellington are some points of prominence. On Bank, across Wellington, in the Parliament grounds, are the Supreme Court buildings, in which are the Supreme Court, Supreme Court library, Exchequer Court, and at the south-west corner, the Metropolitan Business College.

From Bank west, Wellington is a business street. At 220 is the fine home of the American Bank Note Company; beyond is the large ruins of the Hotel Cecil, now being rebuilt, and near by the British American Bank Note Company, and at the corner of Kent Street, St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church; the pastor is Rev. W. T. Herridge, of whose rare ability we had heard much said, and later, often listened to with delight. He is one of Canada's greatest preachers.

Perley Home.

That large residential-looking house to the right or north side was once the home of Mr. William Goodhue Perley. It was given by the heirs as a Home for Incurables, and on January 21st, 1897, formally opened by His Excellency the Governor General and Lady Aberdeen.

Its founders are among the most prominent people of Ottawa. Mr. John M. Garland, a leading merchant, is President. Secretary, G. A. Burgess, B.A., LL.B. Treasurer, John H. Dewar. Miss Crawford is superintendent.

Ottawa Water Works.

Where the car turns off on to Queen Street West are the really up-to-date waterworks of the city, with its 25 million capacity, now pumping, by water power (4,000 horse power), 11 millions gallons per day. It is always a pleasure to find "something from home," if it be but a bit of machinery or manufacture. Here we found three water wheels, the Leffel, made in our home town—Springfield, Ohio—thirty years ago, and they are still at work. Ottawans are sensible in using large mains. From 24-inch mains the pipes run to 5 inches in the most distant parts of the city, with 12 and 15 inch pipes in the business portion. The surroundings of the pumping plant are park-like and very pretty.

We find but little of interest until we reach the great mills of J. R. Booth, possibly the greatest saw mills in the world. Here are cut 125,000,000 feet per year, not to mention millions of lath, shingles, etc. I have told elsewhere of the phenomenal rise of this remarkable man, who from a poor farmer boy has reached the top in a number of lines; how that he now owns timber limits that would make nearly five such states as Rhode Island, and the most of a railway extending from Vermont to Georgian Bay, with a well started city of his own at the end of the line—Depot Harbor—and a line of grain steamships, with a chain of elevators of millions capacity. I wanted to meet and know such a man,

Rube Gets Acquainted.

but had no excuse, and had to make one. "Mr. Booth," said I, on meeting him, "a man once went to see Barnum, 'Don't want a thing,' said the man, 'don't want a thing; I only wanted to see you.' Same here; just wanted to meet the man who had done things—good day." "Hold on," said he, as I started to go, and then I found the great J. R. Booth as genial as he is successful, and the

Colonel and I were shown through the mills, where 1,000 men and boys were at work in the various departments, the most interesting of which was the making of shingles. My eyes! The rapidity with which those boys turned out shingles went beyond anything I had ever seen in wood working.

Immediately beyond the Booth mills are

The Chaudiere Falls.

I cannot describe them; you must turn over to my picture gallery and see for yourselves. We had wondered from whence came the power that ran the 43 miles of Ottawa's trolley lines, but found it in the immense electrical works near the Falls. They are most complete. Beyond the bridge, just at the Falls, we come to the City of Hull, which will require a separate sketch. Just here you must ask the conductor to point out to you

The Devil's Hole.

He may tell you that a horse and cart once dropped into it, and that nothing but the cart was ever seen, and it came out a mile or two below. "The horse, no doubt, served as food for the cat fish." It seems that there must be a subterraneous passage of nearly two miles long.

The Ottawa Cave.

Ottawa, of course, once had its cave, but the retaining wall of Wellington Street, at the east side of Pooley's Bridge, at the Waterworks, shut its mouth, so the old citizens must speak for it. The venturesome ones will tell you how "when we were boys we often used to go into the cave, which runs east under the great bluff to Concession Street, and we don't know how much further."

ON THE ELGIN STREET LINE.

Elgin Street is the first street west of the Russell House. It has much of interest, and is one of the important streets of Ottawa.

Walk down a block while waiting for a car. To the right corner of Sparks is the Canadian Pacific ticket office and the express department of the same company to the left. Next, to the right, is the office of the *Evening Journal.*

Central Chambers, extending to Queen Street, is possibly the most prominent office building in Ottawa. Here are the offices of the Board of Trade. Two great and well known companies of Boston and New York City have here their Canadian offices: the Shepherd & Morse Lumber, and the Export Lumber Companies.

N. A. Belcourt, member of Parliament for Ottawa, and Speaker of the House; the Canada Atlantic Railway Company, and many others prominent, are in the Central.

Across to the north side of the street we find the Ottawa *Free Press;* next, to the left, across Queen Street, is the beautiful City Hall, in front of which is a fine Soldiers' Monument, erected by the gifts of 30,000 children of Ottawa and adjoining counties. It was erected in memory of the brave boys who fell in South Africa in the late Boer War.

Just to the rear of the City Hall, on Queen Street, is the Police Station. At the south-west corner of Elgin and Queen is the Grand Union Hotel, one of the best in Ottawa.

At the south-east corner of Albert (the next) Street is the Knox Presbyterian Church, Rev. D. M. Ramsay, pastor. On the opposite (west) corner is the Congregational Church, Rev. Wm. McIntosh, pastor. East, on Slater Street, are the offices of the Militia Department. Here also we find Jas. W. Woods, with the largest wholesale store in the city. On the north-west corner of Maria Street is the Ottawa Amateur Athletic Club: G. S. May, President; J. R. Munro, Secretary-Treasurer; G. N. Northwood, Auditor. The church opposite is the First Baptist, Rev. A. A. Cameron, pastor. This is an important locality. East on Maria Street, toward the Laurier Bridge (a block away), we see to the left the fine club house of the Knights of Columbus, and a little further along, St. Patrick's Hall. It is here at Elgin Street that

The Commission Driveway

begins. It goes east to the canal, then turning south, runs up along the north bank of this water way, out to the Experimental Farm. Here Maria Street is a double driveway, with grass plot and double rows of trees in the centre.

The Great Drill Hall

for all the city regiments is at the end of Cartier Square, seen here along the south side of the Driveway. The Emmanuel Reformed Episcopal Church, Rev. T. Hubert, pastor, is at the next corner, on Elgin.

West, on Gloucester, a half block, is a large school, the Congregation de Notre Dame. On Elgin Street, next beyond Emmanuel Church, was the home of the late J. W. McRae, brother of Sir Hector McRae. To the left, beyond Cartier Square, is the Model School, and on the east end of the same block is the Collegiate Institute, dating back to 1843. Up to 1875, Elgin Street only ran to Lisgar. That year it was continued out to Lansdowne Park. Mr. A. S. Woodburn, then Secretary of the Agricultural Fair, was instrumental in bringing about this improvement. Up to that time Bank Street was the only means of reach-

ing the Park, or Fair ground. Beyond Lisgar Street, on the west side, is the Protestant Orphans' Home. To the left, on the corner, is the beautiful home of Mr. Levi Crannel, of the firm of Bronson & Crannell, prominent manufacturers. On the south-east corner of Somerset Street is the Anglican Grace Church, Rev. J. F. Gorman, rector. (Rev. Mr. Gorman is said to be a most effective writer as well as preacher.) At the north-east corner of Maclaren Street is the popular young ladies' school of Miss A. N. Harmon, and at the south-west corner, the residence of Mr. J. F. Booth, son of J. R. Booth.

Minto Square

is seen here. It occupies the block between Maclaren and Gilmour Streets, and runs from Elgin to Cartier Streets. Just across from the square is the Elgin Street Kindergarten School. At the south-east corner of Gilmour Street is the only Unitarian Church in Ottawa, Rev. R. J. Hutcheon, M.A., pastor. We come to a large hospital at the south-east corner of Lochiel Street, St. Luke's General Hospital, connected with which are some of the most prominent physicians and surgeons in the city. On the wide block to the right, between McLeod and Argyle, and running west nearly to Bank Street, is to be located the great National Museum. It will be one of the finest of the Government buildings, and an ornament to the city.

At Argyle the car turns, and the line ends at the canal bridge, one block to the east. The Commission Driveway is here seen again along the canal, passing through the subway under the Canada Atlantic, a block to the south.

"Colonel," said I, "let's cross the bridge and see what is on the other side." We go over, to what the guide book calls "Road Concession," but the people we ask call it "Main Street, Ottawa East." We follow it east a few blocks and find

The Priests' Farm,

or St. Joseph's Scholasticate, with Rev. Father Duvis as Superior. It is a large stone building, with beautifully kept grounds in front and all about.

ALBERT STREET.

This is the line by which the Union Station, on Rochester Street, is reached, and, as elsewhere stated, from this station you take the train "up the Gatineau." The Pontiac road, and some of the C. P. R. trains to Montreal and Toronto, start from here. Take the car on Sparks or Bank Streets—the one marked "Union Depot."

As usual, we ask the conductor to point out any places of interest, or the homes of those prominent, as we go along. "That's

the Catholic Apostolic Church at Lyon Street. Here at Bay Street, occupying a block, is the Presbyterian Ladies' College of Ottawa, with the Conservatory of Music in the same grounds. Across the street, on the corner of Bay, is the home of Daniel O'Connor, lawyer, of a very old Bytown family. At 443 is the residence of Mr. Wm. Hutchison, Canadian Commissioner, President of the Central Exhibition Association, and now in charge of the St. Louis Fair exhibit. He was once member of Parliament for Ottawa. At 451 resides James D. Fraser, treasurer of our car lines. There, at 470, lives Charles Bryson, a member of one of the largest departmental stores, Bryson & Graham, and here, at Concession, is Morley Donaldson, General Superintendent of the Canada Atlantic Railway. Up there to the left, on the hill, on Victoria Avenue, you see a large church; that is St. Jean Baptiste Church of the Dominican Fathers, a convent and a separate school."

Shortly after this we reach Rochester Street, a short distance to the right we come to the station. This locality was near the centre of the 1900 fire that swept across from Hull. That fire burned about everything in this part of its path, including the station building. The large stone ruin you see to the south was the palatial home of J. R. Booth. The extensive building now under construction to the left as you turn to the station is to be the mill of Davidson & Thackray, whose immense mills on Sparks, running through to Queen Street, were entirely consumed in the June fire of this year. This firm is one of the most extensive sash and door manufacturers on the continent, their trade extending to all parts of the world.

SUSSEX STREET OR THE BRIDGES AND WHAT YOU SEE AROUND THEM.

How little interest the average citizen takes in the things around him! This I could not but note, one day when the Colonel and I stood waiting to take the car marked "Rockliffe." We were on the Sparks Street bridge, there by the Post Office, where two bridges cross the Rideau Canal, running so nearly into one, at the east end, that they might have been named the "V" bridges.

"What bridge is this?" I asked.

"The Rideau Canal bridge," said the man, who had all the appearance of having an intellect.

"What bridge is that?" pointing to another, leading across at Wellington Street on the north side of the Post Office.

"That is the Rideau Canal bridge too." I gave him up and after asking a number of others we finally met the "old citizen"—and then we had to listen.

"This one on Sparks Street is the old 'Sappers bridge built at the time of the canal was dug, 1827, it used to run solid up to the water but when the railway ran through it had to be blasted out, there beyond, for the tracks. It as originally very narrow—notice under there and you will see how it was widened. That new bridge crossing to Wellington Street is Dufferin Bridge, built under the mayoralty of Eugene Martineau in 1873. Samuel Keefer, brother of our present great civil engineer, T. C. Keefer, was the designer, and the builder was James Goodwin, father of George Goodwin.

"This is the Post Office here on the West bank of the canal, see underneath is the Custom House, reached by wagons from across the street where the ground falls away, there through that pretty little park. Say you ought to have seen that park three years ago. It was John Heney's wood yard. You wouldn't have thought our Improvement Commission could have brought so much of beauty out of that old yard—but say strangers, we've got the best Improvement Commission in Canada. Have you seen what they've done for this town? Beats anything I ever saw—inside of ten years they will make Ottawa a little Paradise. 'That?' Oh, that's the Canada Atlantic Railway station; we're going to have a new one in 1954—the picture and plans are all ready to start. Oh, yes; they've been ready for years. It's too fine for this generation, so it's been put off. The Canadian Pacific Railway use it too. You just ought to have seen that ground before J. R. Booth started to build the Canada Atlantic. (Met Booth yet? He's a great man.) It used to be a basin, and the canal ran all over it. No, I don't mean the station, I mean it ran over where it stands. 'That bridge over there, four blocks south? Oh, that's Laurier Bridge, across at Maria Street.' Of course, you know that Colonel John By started to build this canal in 1826. 'No?' Yes, he began in 1826, and finished it in 1832. Sir John Franklin laid the corner stone in 1827. 'What?' Oh, yes; it was before he was lost in his attempt to find the North Pole. It has eight locks between here and the river—one right after the other—with an 82 feet drop. That house on the east side, the one cut in two by the trolley, was Colonel Coffin's house. Some say it is haunted, but that's because its empty. Colonel By lived in a rubble stone house, one story, with verandahs. It stood over there in what is now Major Hill Park—named after Major Bolton.

"Walk across to the other end of this bridge, past the entrance to the station. Yes, down those steps to the right for the Central railway station. Look, there's the Major Hill Park! It used to be an ugly-looking ground before the Park was made. 'That monument there in front?' It is the monument built by the citizens of Ottawa for Wm. B. Osgoode and John Rogers, who were killed in the Northwest, during the Riel Rebellion, in 1885.

Nice men, I knew 'em both well. I was in that rebellion, and might have had my name carved on that monument too! You see, it was like this. One night we had gone into camp, not thinking——*'What?' Yes, that is the car to Rockliffe.* You see, it was like this. One night, we had——," but we hadn't time to wait, and may never know what he had that night. It was possibly a dream.

"You found one that time, Rube; I guess he beats our Montreal 'old citizen,'" said the Colonel, just as we left Rideau Street. (Sparks Street stops at the bridges, and becomes Rideau Street.) and turned in to Sussex, to the left, just east of the bridges.

On this car was another of those obliging conductors (79.) When he saw that we were strangers, he began to point out places. "That's St. John's Church to the left, Rev. Canon Pollard, rector. That's the Geological Museum to the right; you must visit this, specially, as it is full of things worth seeing. This very wide street is York, where the market is located. That's the Basilica Church to the right; back there to the left, a block, is the Government Printing Bureau; yes, that big red brick building. Here, at Water Street, down half a block, is the Catholic General Hospital. Thence, as we turn to run along the river is Queen's Wharf, where the Ottawa River Navigation Company's steamer 'Empress' starts down to Montreal, or rather to Grenville, where you have to change. Great trip that! Ever take it? Everybody takes it. You can go down to Grenville and back for 50 cents. There to the left, on the river bank, is the Ottawa Rowing Club, 37 years old. Lord Minto is patron. Hon. president is John Manuel. The President is W. F. Boardman; vice-presidents, C. W. Badgeley and F. Grierson; captain, W. A. Cameron, the great canoeist, and hon. secretary, R. W. Nichols. *'This little park to the right?'* It's Bingham's Park, named for one of our big citizens, and there a little further along to the right is his residence. Back there at the end of Dalhousie Street is where Sir John Macdonald lived. Here, on both sides of the Rideau River are the lumber mills of the W. C. Edwards Company. Edwards is another of our great mill men. Here's another branch of the Rideau. 'Yes, these are all the Edwards' mills. They have a lot of others, at Rockland, down the Ottawa, 28 miles. That's W. C. Edwards' house to the left; yes, that big stone house among the trees. And here to the right, with the big red gate, is Rideau Hall.

The Governor General's House.

"The grounds run far back to the south and east. We pass alongside of them to Rockliffe Park, which begins right here on the left. 'Oh, yes; this is a beautiful park.' Thousands come out here of a Saturday and Sunday, and many picnics are held here—family picnics. You notice, it is all natural, and you don't

have to keep off the grass; so the children can romp and tumble over it all they please. Up there is the band stand, where the band often comes to play. Did you ever see such an ideal spot? It has rocks—that's why its "Rockcliffe"—and trees, and look down, there's the river, and over there is Gatineau Point. 'Yes, over there where you see the big church and the little houses'; that's the Gatineau River. Finest trip anybody ever took, and—but here we are at the end of the run. 'That path?' It leads up to 'Lornado,' W. Y. Soper's beautiful summer home. Wait a few minutes and a car will come to take you on to

The Rifle Range.

Two miles down the river. 'What?' Oh, don't mention it; we boys like to tell tourists what to see along our lines. Good day. Oh, thanks; I can't smoke now, but I will save it until I'm off duty."

We got out, went into the pavillion waiting room, and were delighted with the view to be had from there, across the river. Here we found a Boston artist friend, sketching that big church at Gatineau Point, and backing it with the beautiful Laurentians, far to the north-west.

"Rube, there's our car!" And I had to stop admiring that view and get aboard the trolley. We found No. 47 no exception. When he saw that we wanted to know, doncher known, he began telling us of each place of interest, as we passed along. He was not in a hurry, as he only had to make a trip every 15 minutes.

"There is the Ottawa Canoe Club on the river bank."

"No," said the Colonel, "we passed that just this side of Queen's Wharf!"

"Wrong, mister; that was the Ottawa Rowing Club."

"Say, 47, you must excuse my friend here; he was raised in a country where they only have water for agricultural, washing, and drinking purposes, and he don't know the difference between rowing a boat and paddling a canoe."

"Say, Rube, you are not so numerous. Did you ever count yourself?"

The conductor went on to tell us about the club, paying no heed to our ignorance of things aquatic. "His Excellency, Lord Minto, is Patron. Vice-Patron is Lord Aylmer, another very popular man. David Maclaren is Commodore; G. P. Brophy, Vice-Commodore; W. F. Boardman, Captain, and Walter Rowan, Secretary-Treasurer. They have over 200 membership.

"To the right, up there on the high cliff, through the trees, is the property of our civil engineer, T. C. Keefer."

Just a little further ahead, we came to a turn in both the river and the road, which up to here, had run high above the water. At this turn he stopped the car and let us look at the magnificent view.

"That is, Kettle Island. See how the river divides, leaving it in the centre. It is three miles long and very pretty. That mill in the far distance down the river, on the Quebec side, belongs to the Maclaren Company. It is at Templeton. You can, from here, see 7 miles down the river." A short distance further we pass a number of tents on the river bank. "This is Camp Pretoria. Druggist McCormick and other Ottawans come here every summer to 'camp out.' That first big house to the right is Mathewman's. The second, that one over there near McKay's Lake, is Colonel Richard Cartwright's. 'Yes, he's the son of the great Richard.' He has charge of the

Canadian School of Musketry,

there where you see the tents. And further on, where we stop, are the officers' quarters, near the Rifle Range. See all this country around here? Well, there is talk of making a National Park out this way, beginning somewhere near Rideau Hall, and running out far beyond the Range. My, but it would be a great system. You could go from here through the city to the Experimental Farm beyond—but here we are at the officers' quarters."

For a while we felt that we might not have any business around where there was rifle practice going on; then, besides I never feel easy where volunteer soldiers are. They always impress me that they feel their great importance. But when once I get to know them, I find they are a fine set of boys. Of course, some of the little officers from the country never let you forget their vast dignity, but they can't help it, and as it seems to make their life happier, I just let it go at that. It is better that way, as it saves time.

We found the Colonel in charge, and a large number of other officers and men at the 200 yards range. We presented our cards to the Colonel, so that if we got shot there would be no doubt as to who we had been. The Colonel himself is a fine shot. I don't mean my Colonel, Horatius—he couldn't hit a barn—but the Colonel Commanding. I was surprised to see with what facility he could detect a poor gun. He would shoot, and if he missed the target two or three times, he would say: "Send this gun back to the store; it's not accurate."

"Colonel," said I, "let me try a shot."

"No, we'd have to send them all back." I didn't know just what he meant, but he didn't let me shoot. I got even, however, by aiming my camera at them. But I'm beginning to think I could use a gun better. There could not be fewer "hits," but Topley says this is a better one than he gave me on the last outing, and I may possibly have taken the Colonel and his marksmen.

We went back to the officers' quarters, where we had to take pictures as long as we had any films left.

The one where the boys are all standing at attention, they told us, is "The Major's Hugging Brigade." There is a question between me and the Colonel as to the name of this brigade. He says it is the "Major Huggins." What's a "g," more or less, anyhow! The Colonel is so particular as to my spelling.

As I said, this is the Canadian School of Musketry. It meets in July and September of each year. Officers, non-commissioned officers and men come from all parts of the Dominion to practice shooting. Three men from each company of the Royal Canadian Regiments are detailed for duty to act as instructors.

We start back. At the waiting pavilion at Rockliffe Park we find our Boston artist, with her sketch of Gatineau Point completed.

We walk along through the park until we find a path to the left, marked "Cornwall Avenue," and ever hunting for the New, follow it. It led around to a low, broad cabin, which we, later on, found to be

The Royal Cabin,

in which the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York ate pork and beans when in Ottawa in 1901.

Queer, what notions one has of places they read about, in the ordinary newspaper reports! I had thought of this Cabin as in a far away location, while here it is in the city. It stands among high pine trees, and looks very picturesque.

This is a delightful outing trip, and taken leisurely, only requires a short time.

After that we went often to the Rifle Range, but never gained any reputation as marksmen. The targets were always too far off—50 feet being our limit.

BANK STREET.

Bank, next after Sparks-Rideau, is the most prominent business street in Ottawa. On Bank at Wellington are the Supreme Court Buildings in which, besides this court, are the Supreme Court Library and the Exchequer Court. On the south-western corner is the Metropolitan Business College, founded in 1896. Sparks and Bank are well termed "The Busy Corner." Here is the beautiful Sun Life building to the south east; the leading Clothier, Stewart McClenaghan—"Two Macs"—across the street; and Ketchum and Company on the north west corner.

The Sun Life, under the Ottawa management of Mr. John R. and W. L. Reid (the former the president of the Board of Trade), is one of the great life insurance companies of Canada. Mr. Reid has had the management of this branch since 1893, during which time he has seen his company grow from insurance in

force of less than twenty-eight millions to nearly seventy-six millions, and increasing annually by leaps and bounds.

Mr. John McD. Hains, Jr., acountant, late of Montreal, with office in this building, is fast gaining a position among the rising young business men of Ottawa.

Mr. J. L. Rochester, a clerk of a few years ago, is now the proprietor of the Sun Life drug store, one of the best equipped in the city.

In this building is also an old friend of other days, well known in many countries—"Bradstreets"—a man needing no words of comment.

Mr. Stewart McClenaghan, school trustee, and prominently identified with public interests, has built up a great business on this "Busy Corner". When the University burned, in December (1903), and the students had lost their all, it was to Mr. McClenaghan that hundreds of them were sent to be clothed. The University paying the bills out of the insurance, were surprised to find these bills discounted to a very large extent by this generous young business man.

I have spoken elsewhere of the Ketchums, how they started with all their goods in one window, and in a few years have become the leading sporting goods dealers of the Dominion, and even just now seem little more than boys.

Here also is another proof of what a clear head and push will do. Mr. Matthew Esdale, from a single hand press, has added one after another until in a very short time he has a well equipped printing establishment—all from his own unaided efforts.

It Pays to be Kind.

Just here I must run in a little story, illustrative of the kindness of manner of the big business men of Ottawa. Young Esdale had almost decided to go into business for himself. He went first to one of the great firms to ask for some of their work. The head of the firm received him kindly, and although he gave him no order at the time, he was so agreeable in his manner that "Matt" started the same week. "Had Mr. H. B. said one unkind word to me just then, I would have lost heart and given up, and if I have succeeded I give all the credit to him." One never knows the effect ones words may have on his fellows—a single sentence may make or mar the whole life of another. It is a pleasure to say of Ottawa—It's business and professional men are very delightful and courteous in their manner—in fact this may be said of all classes here. One is seldom greeted in Ottawa by that harsh question: "Well, what can I do for you?"

Odd Fellows' Hall.

The great Order of Oddfellows has its fine hall and meeting rooms in the Sun Life Building. It has a local membership of about 800.

Yes, the corner at Sparks and Bank is indeed a "Busy Corner."

At Slater is the Bank Street Presbyterian church, Pastor Rev. J. H. Turnbull, M.A. Other churches on this street are the Stewarton Presbyterian, Rev. Robt. Herbison, M.A., pastor, at the head of Archibald street, and the McLeod Street Methodist church. This is a very fine stone edifice, Rev. F. G. Lett, pastor.

At the north west corner of Bank and Gilmour street is the commodious Gilmour, the most popular family hotel in Ottawa. It is under the courteous management of Mr. T. Babin.

At 483 resides a man of much prominence by reason of having given prominence to others. I refer to Mr. Henry J. Morgan, barrister, author of "Morgan's Canadian Men and Women of the time", "Canadian Parliamentary Companion", and many other works, almost a library of themselves. He is well called "The Burke of Canada". The inlet crossed, beyond Paterson Avenue is Paterson Creek connected with the canal to the east. It has been filled in from Bank street west. Just beyond is Ottawa Electric Park to become a part of the Driveway Park system. At 941 is the beautiful residence of Mrs. Russell Spaulding of Boston and at 937 are the extensive grounds and home of James A. Smart, Deputy Minister of the Interior.

The Protestant Home for the Aged,

or better known as "The Old Men's Home" is at 954. This is one of the most prominent charitable institutions in the city by reason of the men to whose benevolence is due its maintenance. It's officers are: C. McNab, President; John Kane, Secretary; J. H. Dewar, Treasurer; W. E. De Rinzy, Steward; Mrs. E. De Rinzy, Matron. Among its life members are the most prominent men in Ottawa. The Bronsons, the Bates, (all of the family, father and sons), John M. Garland, J. R. Armstrong, W. Y. Soper, Chas. McNab, Thos. Birkett, M.P., Thos. Keefer, G.C.M.G., David McLaren, George Orme, Edward Seybold, G. B. Pattee, Abram Pratt. There are now thirty-four old men at the home. This was originally the old Mutchmore homestead.

Central Canada Exhibition Grounds,

are immediately opposite the Old Men's Home.

Growth of Ottawa.

The growth of Ottawa may be seen in a marked way by the many new store rooms being built on Bank street.

THEODORE STREET TRIP.

Prime Minister, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, has his residence on Theodore, which fact alone would bring many a visitor to see this street, but when it is remembered that parts of it are among the most beautiful in Ottawa, none should miss taking the trip, which is taken in loop-fashion. Several lines of cars go over this route, but the best way we found to see it was to take the Somerset car going east—get on anywhere along Sparks street going toward the Russell House. From Sparks which (as before said) is Rideau street, east of the bridges, the car turns south five blocks through Nicholas to Theodore, which is Maria street west of the Bridge, which on this street, crosses the canal. "Rube" said the Colonel that day, apropos of this double naming of streets and things, in Canada, "I wonder why they do it anyhow?"

"I don't know, Colonel, unless they are afraid they will lose the names if they don't use them, so when they find a name they like real well, they just hang it up on one end of an already named street until they need it elsewhere, and as they like a good many real well, they have the good many hung up for further use."

"There's one thing, Rube, about Ottawa, it can use all its streets as well as the names. Now take———, I've seen streets that town with as many as four names stuck up, and if one were going through with a load one would get stuck too. before one reached the further end. My eyes, Rube, wa'nt them streets awful!"

"Yes, Colonel, but you must remember that the Aldermen in that town could not afford to give good streets. By the time they had what they needed for themselves there wasn't anything left for *dirty ole streets.* I wonder, Colonel, what would cure all this, make honest men out of the Alderman and streets in that town passable?"

"The Court House and Jail!" broke in the conductor, as he pointed out a large stone building at the corner of Daly and Nicholas, up which latter street we had just turned from Rideau. As we looked at this large structure the Colonel's only comment was, "Apropos!" I neglected to ask him at the time, what he meant, and by the time I did remember, he had forgotten.

These buildings, with the prison yard, extend two blocks to Wilbrod street. The Registry Office is to the right across from the Court House. The University of Ottawa, with its main building to the right and museum and Science hall to the left, is well worthy a visit. It is the school of the Oblate Fathers, with Rev. Father Emery as Rector or President. A statue of the founder (1848) of the University, stands in the yard of the main building, Rev. Father J. H. Tabaret.

Next, a block east on Wilbrod, at Cumberland, is St. Joseph church, Rev. Father Murphy, priest, in charge. This church has a most magnificent electric altar lighting system.

We go back to Nicholas, turn south one block to Theodore. If the day is fine I would advise you to get off the car and leisurely stroll along east, for a few blocks as there are so many places of note, that you should take your time. The old Rideau skating rink —the fashionable skating rink of the city, is to the right, after passing Waller, and at the south-west corner of Cumberland is the Juniorate of the Sacred Heart, connected wih the University. It is a boys' school, with our old friend Father Jeanette, formerly of Lachine, as Superior. Many good stories are told of this genial Father, apropos of his youthful appearance. I once made an extended railway journey with him—a more delightful companion one could not ask.

Next across Cumberland is Sacred Heart church, a fine stone building. It is also under the Oblate Fathers, with Rev. Father X. Portelance as priest. We soon come to King street, which just here, looking north, is very pretty.

On the north east corner of King is seen the cannon-guarded residence of Colonel L. F. Pinault, Deputy Minister of Militia and Defence.

At 221 Theodore resides the popular commander of the 43rd Regiment, Colonel S. M. Rogers; at 245 lives Major Alphonse Benoit, Secretary of the Militia Department, and in the same block 265, is the home and spacious grounds of the Chief Justice of Canada, Sir Elzear Taschereau. At Russell street is one of the finest residences in Ottawa, that of Mr. George Goodwin, a large contractor.

That beautiful stone church to the right at the next street—Chapel—is All Saints, Anglican, Rev. A. W. Mackey, rector. To Mr. H. N. Bate, a leading Ottawan, is largely due this fine temple. The late Mr. Kingsford, the noted historian, lived on the southwest corner of Chapel and Theodore. Opposite on the north east corner is the home of the Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, next east, is the fine residence of Mr. J. C. Edwards, of the W. C. Edwards Lumber Company. The large square house, setting far back, is the Japanese Consulate. Mr. Tatsz-Goro Nosse is the Consul-General. He is a very able man, and especially popular in Canada. Beyond the Consulate comes Stadacona Hall, the park encircled stone residence of Sir Frederick W. Borden, Minister of Militia and Defence. Following on the same side of the street are the homes of Mrs. Margaret Christie, Major Edw. T. H. Heward; Louis A. Audette, Registrar of the Exchequer Court of Canada; Hon. Louis P. Brodeur, Minister of Inland Revenue; Joseph Pope, C.M.G., Under Secretary of State and Deputy Registrar

General; next is seen the flower grounds of the beautiful home of John Mather, capitalist; B. M. Armstrong, Controller Railway Mail Service; and last, on this street resides Colonel R. W. Rutherford, Asst. Adj-Genl. for Artillery of the Department of Militia and Defence.

To the right beyond All Saints church we pass the home of W. H. Fraser, lumberman, the next on the corner of Goulborune Ave., we do not pass without stopping to admire the beautiful flower grounds of Chas. C. Cunningham, one of the winners of the Lady Minto flower garden prizes for 1903. The last house, occupying a block, is the tree-embowered residence of Wm. H. Davis, one of Ottawa's great contractors. Looking south on Chapel, Blackburn and Goulbourne, we see the homes of other prominent citizens. Here we find Jas. W. Woods, of whose beautiful art gallery I have spoken; George Brophy of the Public Works Department, Major Robert Brown, of the Princess Louise Dragoons, D. M. Finnie, manager of the Bank of Ottawa; John W. Borden, brother of Sir Frederick William Borden, Edw. C. Grant, son of Sir James Grant; A. G. Tagge, a talented young American engineer. On Blackburn Avenue resides Mr. P. E. Bucke, relative of Lord Kitchener, Mrs. Bucke, being a sister of Lady La Touche, wife of Sir Joseph Diggs La Touche, a Governor of India. She is also connected with the famous "Strickland Sisters" to whose writings Canada is so much indebted.

Colonel Sydney C. D. Roper, of the Governor-General's Foot Guards, is also a resident on Theodore.

We have now reached the turn at Charlotte street. The location is here rather an elevation with pretty views to east and south. You look to the south over Strathcona Park, but little more than a name yet marks it. The Driveway Commission are soon to turn it into a beauty spot, well worthy its great name.

You turn north to Rideau street through Charlotte, the first house to the left, No. 286, is the residence of a member of the Dominion Ministry, the Hon. Sydney Fisher, minister of Agriculture. Next is the home of a former Montreal merchant, F. Kingston. Within a block or two on Wilbrod east and west from Charlotte are the homes of very many of Ottawa's prominents. Here to the east, we find the magnificent residence of Mr. A. W. Fleck, Secretary-Treasurer of the Canada Atlantic. Immediately opposite at the point where Wilbrod abruptly ends—a view from which, looking to the east across the Rideau, flowing far beneath the viewpoint is very pleasing—stands another charming home, that of J. St. Denis Lemoine, Sergeant-at-arms and clerk of French journals in the Senate.

Mr. Lemoine is a relative of our dear old friend, Sir James M. Lemoine of Spencer Grange, Quebec, whose very name ever brings delight in the memory of an ideal summer, to

which he added so much of joy. Nearby are the homes of the Right Reverend Charles Hamilton, Bishop of Ottawa, and Mr. F. A. McCord, law clerk of the House of Commons. On either corner of Wilbrod and Charlotte, reside Napoleon Belcourt, Speaker of the House, to the north, and Edward R. Cameron, Registrar of the Supreme Court, to the south.

Here reside so many prominents, that to give them all would be like handing you a directory to read. In this locality of Wilbrod, Stewart and Daly Avenue are the homes of Sir Sandford Fleming, "The Father of the Pacific Cable"; Philip D. Ross, editor and president of the Evening Journal, a number of the well-known Bate family, to whom a great deal is due for the beauty of this portion of Ottawa; Archibald Blue, Census Commissioner; Professor Jas. W. Robertson, Commissioner of the Agriculture and Dairying Department; A. B. Brodrick, manager of the Molson's Bank; Martin I. Griffin, Librarian of Parliament; Judge Desire Girouard, of the Supreme Court; the Hon. Wm. MacDougall, C.B., K.C., P.C., the oldest one of the surviving "Fathers of Confederation", of whom there are so few remaining; J. Mortimer Courtney, Deputy Minister of Finance; Rev. Father J. E. Emery, rector (president) of the University of Ottawa: James White, the most noted geographer in Canada; R. B. Whyte, president of the Horticultural Society; Benjamin Sulte, lyrical poet and noted historian; Hugh and S. H. Fleming, sons of Sir Sandford; Hal. B. McGivern, a rising young barrister; Sir Adolph Caron, barrister; the Hon. R. W. Scott, Secretary of State; Major Charles Elliot, of P.L.D.G.; Dr. Geo. Johnson, Dominion statistician; Colonel Frederick White, Comptroller of the North West Mounted Police; John McGee, Clerk of the Privy Council; Col. Louis W. Coutlee, of Supreme Court; A. D. de Celles, librarian of Parliament; Colonel Victor B. Rivers, of Militia and Defence; Dr. Provost, a well-known surgeon; the Misses Hay, daughters of the late Sir James Hay; A. Taillon, manager of the Banque Nationale; Prof. Grey, professor of elocution in the Ottawa University, a cousin of the next governor-general, Earl Grey; J. J. Gormully, K.C.; Colonel F. Gourdeau Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries; John Thorburn, M.A., LL.D., Librarian of the Geological Survey; Col. John Macpherson; Col. B. H. Vidal, of Militia Department; Col. A. L. Jarvis, of G.G.F.G. Looking east on Stewart street is seen the beautiful house of Wm. M. Southam, director of the Citizen, and on Daly Avenue, the residence of the late Charles E. Moss, an artist of whose work, both Canada as well as ourselves, are justly proud; Jas. Gibson, a prominent manufacturer lives nearby and Henri G. Lamothe of Crown Chancery. Still we find others of general interest in the Sandy Hill section. At 161 Daly was the former home of the famous Colonel Thos. Evans, C.B., of Manitoba. It is now

occupied by his sisters, the Misses Evans; the venerable Jas. J. Bogert; Colonel Eugene Fiset, Surgeon-General of the Canadian Militia; Harvey C. H. Pulford, the famous all round athlete, who was once a member of three teams in different branches of sports that one year held the world's championships; G. W. Seguin, city collector; Thos. G. Rothwell of the Interior Department; Colonel Frederick Toller, of the Finance Department; Wm. L. Scott, Master of Chancery; Alex. Simpson, manager of the Ontario Bank; M. J. Gorman; Rev. Wm. Armstrong, Ph.D., D.D., pastor of St. Paul's Presbyterian church; Colonel S. H. P. Graves, late of the British Army; Major C. P. Meredith; Rev. J. T. Pitcher, pastor of the Eastern Methodist church; Lawrence J. Burpee, the well-known writer, and—but why continue, when to give all of note would be to hand you the Sandy Hill directory.

I have never before seen, in any city, in any land, more people of prominence living in so small an area. I may have seen far more of wealth, but I care very little for wealth, when it belongs to the other man. Among the people here given, while there is indication of wealth in some really magnificent houses, there is more indication of comfort. As Fitz would say in looking at some people of millions: "They may have a million, but they are not *worth* it." Here are people of worth, as the positions they have earned will indicate. There is little of the "shoddy" and much of the real.

I have gone more into personal detail than I should, possibly, but I wish to show to my American readers, who think of Ottawa, as indeed a "by" town, that they have much to learn of this charming city of the north; "The *Washington* of Canada."

Where Charlotte reaches Rideau is seen the spacious General Protestant Hospital. Its officers are: Hon. W. C. Edwards, president; Geo. L. Orme, vice-president; T. W. Kenny, secretary; Jas. Manuel, treasurer; Donald McD. Robertson, medical superintendent. East on Rideau, a short distance, is The Lady Stanley Institute, for trained nurses. It is under the same management as the hospital, of which it is practically a part. The long Brigham or Cummings' Bridge crosses the Rideau river two blocks to the east of Charlotte. At Rideau we turn west, back toward the city, but as it is a business street, we pass little of note. Before reaching Cumberland, on the south side of Rideau, is seen the large Convent of the Sacred Heart. It is well worthy a visit. See "Higher Education," elsewhere.

We are now back to our starting point. In some ways this is one of the most important of all the trips in the city.

METCALFE STREET.

"Have you been out Metcalfe Street?" asked the cheerful citizen.

"No, not any further than the Dominion Church," said I, to impress upon his mind that we had found a church as soon as we had reached the city.

"Oh, yes," said the 'cheerful,' by way of a bit of pleasantry, "the church of the 'rose robe,' which robe has since fallen upon another, or rather, would have fallen had it not been relegated."

"Well, I don't think the man we have been hearing there needs a robe, much less anybody else's, and the Colonel here says he hasn't yet seen any others in Canada quite large enough to fit—but you were speaking about the street."

"Well, we think Metcalfe hard to beat when it comes to fine residences, and you will do well to see it."

We took his advice that very afternoon, and strolled leisurely along, taking a camera with us, thinking to get a house or two worth "taking." It was fortunate that we had seen Topley, and laid in a good supply of films, else we would have had to send back for more before we had gone three blocks. Say, if ever you come to Ottawa, go out Fifth Avenue—no, I mean Metcalfe Street—and see as many really beautiful homes as you will find in the same length in any city that I know.

At the corner of Gloucester we stepped in to see the "Professor," thinking that he, if anyone, would know "who's who," asked: "Professor, what prominents live on Metcalfe Street?" Well, sir, he just reached over, picked up the directory, turned to "Metcalfe," and quietly said: "Just copy these three columns, please. Why, man, it's not worth naming them!" And we afterwards found that he was right, and not only Metcalfe, but about every street leading out from it were full of "prominents," and pretty homes. The beautiful home the Young Women's Christian Association and Domestic Science are at 133, and at the next corner, at Gloucester, is the St. George's Anglican Church, Rev, J. M. Snowden, rector.

On Metcalfe are many of national prominence. Hon. Clifford Sifton, Minister of the Interior, and Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs, resides here, as do Hon. Wm. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance, R. L. Borden, M.P., Leader of the Opposition, Hon. Joseph I. Tarte, M.P., Thomas Birkett, M.P., D. Murphy, M.P.P., C. Berkeley Powell, M.P.P., Lady Ritchie and others. There are here the beautiful residences of many lumbermen, which is Ottawa's term for "millionaire." They don't speak of wealth as we do; they simply say: "He is a lumberman," and I know what they mean. I wish this had applied in my country, for I was once a lumberman myself. Yes, go out Metcalfe. In some of the pictures taken on this street—that is, *if* they turn out to be

pictures—you will see a number of little girls. They wanted to "get in the book," and I wanted to have them. I love *little* girls, and never can get too many of them in my books. I may forget the houses, but the little girls never, for they are very very dear.

O'CONNOR STREET.

On which once lived one of Canada's greatest statesmen—Sir John A. Macdonald—has some beautiful homes, and many men of national prominence. Sir John's home is occupied by the Wheeler sisters, relatives of one of our Vice-Presidents, Wheeler, and also of our well-known poet and popular writer, Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, whose works we all so delight in. Sir John's later home was "Earnscliffe," on McKay Street, at the foot of Dalhousie Street, which overlooks the Ottawa, not far from one branch of the Rideau River, where it enters the Ottawa. It may be seen from the steamer "Empress," shortly before the landing at Queen's Wharf.

Frederick Cook, Ottawa's popular ex-Mayor, has his residence on O'Connor. Here is the home of the Honorable Andrew G. Blair, late Minister of Railways and Canals; Honorable Sir Richard J. Cartwright, K.C.M.G., Minister of Trade and Commerce lives on O'Connor. Here we find "the gentleman from Vancouver," R. G. Macpherson, M.P., Richard Blain, M.P., and A. T. Thompson, M.P.

Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal.

Next to the Bank of Montreal, corner of O'Connor and Wellington, we find another one of the many homes of Lord Strathcona, a man whose peers are few. It was my pleasure, while in Ottawa, to be granted an interview with this truly great man—great in the vast works he has done, not only for Canada, but the British Empire. His manner is so cordial that while you may know his greatness, he does not make you feel, for one moment, your own humility, as so many little "Nothings" or "Accidentals" would try to make you feel.

Victoria Chambers stands opposite, at the South-east corner of O'Connor and Wellington Streets. It was here that King Edward, when Prince of Wales, stopped in 1860.

At Sparks and O'Connor are four important corners. Here to the east is the Bank of Nova Scotia, to the west the Dominion Census Office. Across Sparks to the east is one of the most prominent department stores in Ottawa, Bryson & Graham's, and to the west L. N. Poulin's store.

The Young Men's Christian Association is at 37 O'Connor, at the corner of Queen. R. J. Farrell is its efficient secretary. At

Queen and O'Connor, to the right, is another important corner. Here is one of the places the tourist should not fail to visit. It is

The National Art Gallery.

There is here a large collection of fine oil paintings, well worth seeing. In the same building is the Dominion Fisheries Exhibit, but possibly what will most interest the many is

The Ottawa Fish Hatchery,

especially if the "many" come while the millions of little fish are busy getting ready for the rivers, brooks and lakes of the Dominion, to which they are to be sent as soon as large enough. This is but one of the fourteen hatcheries in the Dominion. John Walker is in charge. It is interesting to hear John tell of how the eggs procured at Wiarton, on Georgian Bay, are put into the "troughs" in November and hatched in May.

On the opposite corner is the large wholesale dry goods house of John M. Garland Son and Company. Mr. Garland, as before mentioned, is President and Director of The Perley Home on Wellington Street. He is also a Director of The Old Men's Home. In his business ability, and the good he does "on the side," we cannot but think of him as another A. T. Gault, whose memory is a pleasure, and whose loss to Montreal is a sorrow, for he was a man beloved for his goodness of heart and real worth to the city and Dominion, a sort of man of which the world has too few, and I love to note the few as I pass. "'Tis not the gold a man leaves, that perpetuates his name, nor what gold has bought, but the goodness of heart that prompted the gifts during life, or bequests when the end comes."

CARTIER STREET.

Cartier Street from Lisgar—it starts at Lisgar—to Minto Park, is one of the finest residential streets in Ottawa. There are here some really beautiful houses, with large well-kept grounds. Like Metcalfe Street, one needs but to take the directory and read consecutively the names of the men of prominence. Here we find Charles Magee, ex-President of the Bank of Ottawa, and Vice-President of the new Crown Bank of Canada; John Coates, civil engineer; Edward Seybold, whose castle of red sandstone is possibly the finest house in Ottawa; Dr. J. Sweetland, the Sheriff of Carleton County; Edward Moore, lumberman; Fred. Avery, the Treasurer of Hull Lumber Company; Newell Bate, of Bate & Co.; H. K. Egan, capitalist; J. R. Booth, several times "lumberman," railway and steamship magnate; Walter C. Mackay; Fred. W. Powell, manager of the Rideau Lumber Co.; Dr. Frederick Montizambert; and—but, see for yourself.

CONCESSION,

Reached by the Albert line of cars, is another street with "Beauty Spots." These are especially seen at the extreme north end, where are the really beautiful homes of the Bronsons—Erskine H., Frank P., and Walter G. This is one of the most prominent families in the Ottawa Valley. They are large manufacturers. Mr. Ward C. Hughson, lumberman, has here a beautiful home, with one of the finest situations in the city. It occupies the block north of Queen Street. Charles Macnab, clerk of Carleton County, has his home in this locality.

At Concession, north-east corner of Maria, are the pretty grounds and residence of the family of the late Hon. Francis Clemow, and on the south side of Maria, at Concession, are the pretty homes of Harold K. Pinhey, capitalist, and Thomas Ahearn, President of the Ottawa street car system. His is the large stone mansion on the corner, with the spacious well-kept grounds—the highest point in Ottawa. At the north-west corner is the residence of Alexander Fleck, a large manufacturer.

At Lisgar and Concession is the McPhail Baptist Church, Rev. Ira Smith, pastor.

These are but illustrations. The city is full of pretty residence streets, but that of which Ottawa has reason to be most proud and which pride must grow with the years is the

COMMISSION DRIVEWAY.

What with the pretty walks, tree embowered Ottawa is becoming a veritable beauty spot, and I would have my people know it. This will be especially worthy a visit, when the Driveway, of frequent mention, is completed. Only to-day have I fully appreciated its beauty. I leisurely walked along through its miles of flower borders, here a miniature park, there a lakelet spanned by a rustic bridge with ever and anon new forms of park and lakelet, and all so pleasing that I forgot distance in the ever changing scenes around me. The rustic work of bridges, bannistered steps and various forms into which small cedar stems were worked, was so marvellous in design that I hunted out the man who had executed it all. I found him at work on the Driveway in front of the Papal Delegate's mansion to the west of Bank Street, where he was putting up some steps of a design more artistic than I had ever before seen in rustic work. I had expected to find a man living on his reputation, and overseeing others, as they did the labor, but instead I found Thomas Craig, a day carpenter, working out with his hands the intricate and beautiful designs of his brain. He said he was shortly to begin a rustic summer house, thirty feet square, a little further along beyond the Papal Delegate's grounds. It is all to be of small round pieces

of cedar, in its natural form, and from his description it will be very pretty. Later—It is completed and is even more artistically beautiful than I could tell you—for I know of nothing at home with which to liken it.

This is but a running talk on the artistic Driveway. I might say, that while eventually it will start from Rideau Hall, it is now in driving condition from Elgin Street east along Maria Street to the canal, which it practically follows clear around to Dow's Lake, thence north along this widening of the canal to a bridge or causeway, across which is reached the roadways of the Experimental Farm.

If ever you hear an Ottawan saying pretty things of this Driveway, take my word he cannot do it justice—you must see it yourself.

This work is under

The Ottawa Improvement Commission,

a body of men chosen by the Dominion Government for their ripe judgment, honesty of purpose, and artistic tastes, chosen from among the most prominent business and professional men of the city, supplemented by such great Canadians as Sir William Hingston, the Hon. J. P. B. Casgrain, Montreal, and Hon. F. T. Frost, Smith's Falls.

The Ottawa members of the Commission are: Henry N. Bate, Chairman, Joseph Riopelle, Esq., Chartres R. Cunningham, Esq., The Mayor of Ottawa, George O'Keefe, Esq., Charles Murphy, Esq., Solicitor, Robert Surtees, Esq., Consulting Engineer, Stephen E. O'Brien, Esq., Secretary.

"Rube, did you notice the ingenious way by which the lawns and flowers along the Driveway are to be sprinkled?" asked the Colonel, who is ever seeing things new.

"Oh, yes; I noticed it. It's the invention of J. L. Flanders, a local iron fence manufacturer, who started four years ago on nothing but energy, and the way he has gotten up head is a wonder, but then he's a born genius. The invention is ingenious, yet very simple. The fence along the canal is made of iron tubes, the top one of which is a water pipe, with here and there places to attach the sprinkling hose, and there you are; simple, eh?"

HOG'S BACK.

A very pretty carriage drive is out the Commission Driveway to Dow's Lake. Cross over the turn bridge, and go up the south side of the Rideau Canal to the second lock, where the canal and the Rideau River separate. Owing to a rock formation, resembling the back of a hog—which formation no one whose imagination is at all defective can detect—the place is called "Hog's

Back." There is here too much of beauty for so common a name. "Piggyback" would be much prettier, and would *carry* us back to childhood days. To the west, the Rideau widens into a lakelet. A natural rock dam, supplemented by sluice gates, turns part of the river into the canal, while the rest of it goes tumbling over a series of small but very beautiful falls or cascades, leaving the canal, and roadway alongside, high above the river, which for a mile or more below is very pretty. There are at the falls a number of bridges, the views from which, looking down over the rocks, is very pleasing. The roadway clings close to the canal all the way along to the city. We pass Dow's Lake near the C. P. R. bridge, beyond which, coming down to the canal and lake, is seen the beautiful grounds of the Experimental Farm. This is indeed a pretty drive, and should be taken. The river near the falls is a summer resort for many Ottawans, who spend weeks of the hot months in tents, whiling the time in fishing and boating, living a veritable gipsy life—happy and careless.

OTTAWA'S PRETTY STREETS.

I have made frequent mention of Ottawa's well paved streets. The miles upon miles of granolithic sidewalks are especially noteworthy and do vast credit to the city. It now has 105 miles of the granolithic, 15 miles of it having been laid this year. On enquiry, I learned, that streets and sidewalks are made by days work, seldom by contract. This is possible if a city can find a man capable of superintending labor, and Ottawa has such a man.

Rapid Removal of Snow.

There is possibly no city in the world in which the handling of snow is under so fine a system as in Ottawa. Each section of the city has its foreman, who at a given telephone signal from the Street Commissioner starts men with snow plows, or sleds, and in four hours every mile of sidewalk in Ottawa is cleaned ready for the most daintily shod lady to walk upon.

The snow of the streets upon which the cars run must be removed by the company, not only from their own tracks, but that thrown from the sidewalks as well must be carted away by them. When one sees the size of the load the horses draw away and then contrasts that load with the one drawn in a city where "boodle" reigns, the difference can hardly be thought possible. Look for yourselves, the "bed" here holds over six yards of snow, while in the boodle towns the carts hold one yard. The "beds" have sides that swing out from hinges and are quickly unloaded. The city fathers who drew up the contract with the

trolley company certainly looked well after the city's interest. On many of the side streets the snow is drawn to the centre by ordinary road making machines and then rolled by a wide heavy roller, making most excellent road beds for sleighing. Frank Leamy has invented a number of snow handling devices. Especially the "Leamy razor," which shaves down an ice sidewalk to the level.

No Over-Hanging Signs.

"Colonel," I asked one day, "what do you notice as peculiar in looking up or down an Ottawa business street?" "You mean what do I not notice. The absence of the over-hanging sign is what helps to give the streets of the Capital the bright, clear appearance we have so often remarked."

The Colonel had guessed it. Not an over-hanging sign is to be seen in Ottawa, and if you have never seen a city without them you would not believe the pretty effect it gives to a street.

OTTAWA A FLOWER GARDEN.

The Colonel and I had not been in Ottawa two days before we remarked the many pretty flower gardens we saw everywhere, not alone about the homes of the rich, but some of the most beautiful of them were the gardens of the cottage. Elsewhere I have told you of the miles of beautiful Driveway the embryo of a system which eventually will make this one of the most charming cities on the continent.

We at once sought the why, as we knew there must be a reason for it all. We soon were let into the secret. "A few years ago," began the ever obliging citizen, "a very few years ago, Ottawa was no more beautiful than many another Canadian city.

Lady Minto's Prizes.

Lady Minto, with her quick eye for the artistic, or its lack rather, began in her quiet, unostentations way to create an interest in beautifying the homes, and in three years has brought about the change."

"How did she go about it? This is interesting. Tell us how, in so short a time, so much of beauty could be wrought?"

"Well, she offered prizes, both of money and medals, for the best flower gardens about the homes. There were many competitors, and each competitor in a neighbourhood soon had emulators, and in three years the whole city has taken up the raising of flowers, some more and some less, but all parts of the city are interested, and the interest is growing. You will scarcely see, in any part of Ottawa, an unkempt lawn. They do not all grow

flowers, but they do keep busy the lawn mower, as you must have remarked."

"Yes," said the Colonel, "they certainly do keep the lawn mower running wherever there is any grass. Why, I do believe they would run it in the school-house yards if there was any grass there to mow."

Grassless School Yards.

"Now, see here, Mr. (he was a stranger, and called the Colonel "Mr."), don't you go to poking your fun at our barren school-house grounds; we feel bad enough about them without strangers making it any worse. Our School Board pays so much attention to the ear, that they have no time for the eye, and think if the children are taught the practical, that they can learn of the beautiful at their homes.

"We know all that, that is, all of us but the School Board, who don't believe in making 'one blade of grass grow where there was nothing before,' as Shakespeare would say, or was it Shakespeare?"

"Yes, it must have been," said the Colonel, "as in his days school boards believed in grass and trees and flowers and things beautiful, and would have been ashamed of anything so disreputable as an Ottawa school yard, with its piles of cord-wood and gravel."

"Hold on with criticism, unless you have a remedy. Our Board say they have no money to spend on grass and flowers."

The Colonel was quite as ready with a remedy as with his criticism, and proceeded to give it. "They dont' have to have money. Why, I know a school yard down at Bronxville, New York—which is only a little hamlet—where the teachers got up a festival or something of the sort, and raised money enough, not only to fix up the grounds, but to keep them in order during the summer vacation, and it never cost the Board a dollar. This is but an instance."

I don't know how long they might have run on, had I not stopped them to ask of the old citizen more about the Lady Minto plan for beautifying Ottawa, which, in a few words was this: A committee of three of the most capable horticulturists was selected. They were R. B. Whyte, President of the Horticultural Society, and most eminent in floriculture; Professor W.T. Macoun, Dominion Horticulturist; and Alderman (elected Mayor while we were in the city) J. A. Ellis. Four surprise visits to the gardens of the competitors are made, in June, July, August and September, in order to see the flowers in their proper season. A system of marking has been adopted, 60 points is the highest possible (20 for floral display, 20 for artistic arrangement, 20 for general effect), and the winners are those who receive the highest number of points over a given percentage. This year ten will receive

prizes. They are, in their order: W. G. Black, Alex. Lumsden, Lady Aylmer, Jas. Hagan, Mrs. Peter Whelen, G. A. White, Jas. Thorne, J. E. Northwood, C. C. Cummings, and Samuel Short. Many people who read of this competition will picture to themselves large gardens, with plenty of room for effect, and will be surprised, like the Colonel and I were, to learn that the garden of Mr. Black—who came within 24 points of the possible—is 34 feet wide, and 128 feet deep, but every foot has been utilized in such a way that the effect is marvellously beautiful. Some of them are far smaller even than Mr. Black's. The variety seen in some of these gardens is surprising for numbers, and diversity. In that of Mrs. Peter Whelen, besides roses and flowers innumerable for kinds, were fruits from apples to oranges growing, and

A Canadian Orange Grove

maturing. It was a sight to see little orange trees in Canada, laden with blossoms up to the ripe orange, and near by peanuts growing. Why, we could almost believe ourselves "'Way down in Alabama!" instead of away up in the Capital of a country we once thought of as "Icy Canada." The orange trees are taken in during the winter. I tell this that those of you who are not aware of my strict regard for truth, might not believe my story of the "Orange Grove." Hereafter—let me remark—I will not explain things, so remember this: "*I never state a fact that is not so.*"

I have written of this good work of Lady Minto's at more length then I had space to spare, but, like Black, I've crowded it a little, that my readers, in far away cities, may see how they may beautify their grounds, however small those grounds.

If Lady Minto had never done a thing in Canada than create as she has, a desire to beautify the homes, and thereby the city, she has done a good work; but when we think of this being only one of the many works of this active lady, we cannot but feel what Canada will lose on the retirement of Their Excellencies.

Horticultural Society.

I have not space to tell you that there is another reason for Ottawa becoming a floral city. If I had, I would say that the Horticultural Society, under the wise guidance of such men as Mr. R. B. Whyte, is doing a great work. It had really prepared the ground and sown many seeds for the deft hand of Lady Minto to start cultivation. This Society has outgrown those of all other Canadian cities, and has not only increased in numbers, but the interest of its members. In interest, I know of no like Society in our own country to equal it. If we do not stir up, the "Land of Snows" will become "The Flower Garden of America," and put us in the shade—of their floriculture.

Personally, Mr. White has offered prizes to the school children, furnished seeds, and in many ways stimulated them to grow flowers, with the result that 80 children brought flowers, of their own growing, to a flower show held in a large hall, in September. Lovers of the beauty in nature, come and learn of Ottawa.

The Ottawa Field Naturalist Club

Is also doing a good work, more especially with the young, in creating in them the love of all nature, not alone flower love, but interest is created in geology, ornithology, zoology and archæology. To hear some of the Ottawa children talk "Ologies," you'd think this was our "Hub," Boston.

This club is under the patronage of Lord Minto, who, like Lady Minto, takes much interest in the finer sentiments of the city. Professor W. T. Macoun is President. Its membership comprises many of the best minds in Ottawa. The club issues a very readable publication along the lines of its work.

Only a Suggestion.

The competitor for the Lady Minto prizes should not be permitted to take first prize more than one time. He or she would then step off into a class even more honorable than that of a competitor. It would encourage all to strive to get into this class and remove any jealousy that naturally might arise in seeing one or two getting the first prize year after year. Again, it would put all in this first prize class upon their honor, to keep up the beauty of their gardens, and these gardens would be object lessons for the rest. As it now is conducted, those failing to win, will in time become discouraged and drop out and the competitors become fewer instead of the number being added to, which growth is the real object of the competition.

THREE CENTURIES OF THE OTTAWA.

Since Champlain's first trip up the Ottawa, past where now stands the beautiful Capital of the Dominion, nearly three centuries have come and gone. It was in 1613, five years after he had founded Quebec, that this intrepid voyageur passed up the river. With his name are those of Etienne Brulé, Nicolas Du Vignau, and Father Le Caron, and following on to 1650, in regular order, are Fathers Viel, Poulin, Sagard, and 24 others, who established missions and preached to the Indians throughout the Upper Ottawa and the Great Lakes countries. There came during this period many voyageurs, such as Jean Nicolet, Duplessis Bochart, Médard Chouart, Pierre Boucher, and Charles Lemoine.

In 1650 Nicola Gatineau, a clerk in the "100 Company," gave his name to the wildly-beautiful river that enters the Ottawa at the Capital.

Bishop Laval was the first to receive land on the Ottawa. He was given a large grant near where Papineauville now stands.

In 1761 Alex. Henry visited the Chaudiere Falls. He was, no doubt, the first English speaker who ever came up the river. He was the great grandfather of Mr. N. W. Bethune, telegraph manager, and even a more distant relative of Cecil Bethune, Secretary of the Board of Trade.

This brings us hurriedly down to

A CENTURY OF HULL, BYTOWN AND OTTAWA.

Of necessity I can but give a point here and there along the way, as links in the chain binding the eighteenth with the twentieth centuries, the one with its primitive hardships, the other with its ease, comforts and politics.

1799.—Philemon Wright comes to town, to spy out the land from the tree tops. He came to settle, with a small colony from Woburn, Mass. Came in 1800.

1800.—Indian war dance on Parliament Hill, another one looked for when "that" Bill passes.

1803.—Philemon Wright began cutting raft of timber, and in

1806—took it down the river to Quebec. He was the first *rafter* in town.

1807.—Philemon Wright grafted some wild apple trees on Parliament Hill. They do say that there has been considerable wild "grafting" done in that same locality, but none of late years.

1809.—Captain LeBreton builds first grist mill.

1811.—One Honeywell built a house above Chaudiere Falls. New names added to the directory: Thompson, Moore, McConnell, Holt, Fellowes.

1814.—The British Government began this year to talk of a canal, which became the Rideau, and also of a canal that will be the Georgian Bay—when built, *and that will not be very long in the future,* if Canada is wise.

1814.—August 14th. A noted French traveller, Gabriel Franchere, passed the falls, Chaudiere and Rideau. He spoke of the Rideau as "25 by 30 feet high." I had seen so many estimates of the height of this waterfall that I set about learning the actual measurement. On inquiry I could find none who knew, all being content with estimates from 25 feet to 60 feet. To determine, I measured them (Sept. 7th) by means of a weight tied to the end of a tape line. I played boy, unshod, and waded out to the very edge of the rock, where but little water was falling. Here I dropped the weight until it touched the surface of the water of the Ottawa. It was just 41 feet. When the Rideau is swollen, as much as seven to ten feet might be added to the measurement.

1816.—Nicholas Sparks came over from Ireland. He was not met at the Central Station by the Governor General's Foot Guards' band, as he should have been, and no doubt would have been had Joe Brown known of it in time, but Nicholas being of a retiring nature, had not telegraphed Joe he was coming—a bit a negligence on Sparks' part.

1819.—Ralph Smith was the first to settle in town. The historian does not state at which hotel he stopped, the Russell or the Grand Union, but in either case it is pleasant to know that he settled. It speaks well for Smith. P.S.—"No, this is not Ralph, the member for British Columbia; he would not have settled—in Ottawa.

1819.—"The Union," first steamer up the Ottawa.

1821.—In 1900, Mr. Francis N. A. Garry, the grandson of Nicholas Garry—after whom Fort Garry, at Winnipeg, was named—found his grandsire's diary of his trip, by canoe, from Montreal to Winnipeg, in 1821. On June 14th, he reached the Rideau Falls, of which he wrote: "A beauti-

ful waterfall, the appearance of a curtain. They are the Rideau Falls, 60 feet high and 50 yards across."

Of the Chaudiere, he said: "The imagination cannot picture anything so romantic. The beauty of the scene is perhaps a little destroyed by the appearance of civilization. A Mr. Wright (Philemon), an American, has built a little town (Hull), near the Falls, and deal mills."

1825.—Civil Engineer Clowes surveys for Rideau Canal.

1826.—This was an eventful year. Philemon Wright owed Nicholas Sparks $400, and not having the money about him, made Nicholas take Ottawa in full payment. Sparks didn't want it, said he really had no use for it, but Phil was obstinate, and said "Take it or wait." As he Sparks, had already waited a year or two, he unwillingly —even weepingly, 'tis said—took the town. He afterward told one of his neighbors that it was the best real estate deal he had ever made.

As soon as the Duke of Wellington recommended that the Rideau Canal be built, Phil ran round to the Ottawa Bank and borrowed $400, which he proffered to Sparks, but Sparks, being Irish, refused on principle, and kept the town. That same year the canal was started, and town lots rose, and ere long Sparks Street was "right in town."

The above is the commonly accepted story of Ottawa's purchase by Sparks, but the facts of the case are these. John Burrows, who came here in 1813, or as some say, 1817, acquired much land where now stands the most valuable part of the city. He sold to Sparks the land lying between Wellington and Maria Streets, and between Concession and what is now known as Waller Street, once Ottawa Street.

The Clerk, in recording the transfer, being devoid of any sentiment, and having heard Mrs. Burrows call John "Honey," added that to his name, and so the record showed "John Burrows Honey." This has since caused the record searchers much trouble, but that they may no longer let this bother them, I can say positively that his name was simply John Burrows, and that "Honey" was only one of Mrs. Burrows' pet names for John. Moral—Good wives should never use pet names in the presence of non-sentimental Clerks.

The sale was made and deed passed on June 26th, 1826, and for some reason was ratified by another deed on July 14th, 1830. It appears that Mrs. Burrows never joined in the deed; the only explanation is that the wife

did not need to join in the transfer of "wild lands." Sparks, a number of years after, fearing lest Ottawa might some day not be considered as "wild lands," deeded to Mrs. Burrows that lot on the south-west corner of Sparks and Kent Streets—now occupied by the Massey Harris people—for her release of a possible dower.

John Burrows.

It may be of interest to know that John Burrows, the first settler of Ottawa, was born at Plymouth, England, on May 1st, 1789, and died in Bytown (Ottawa), July 27th, 1848, was buried in Hull, and afterwards removed to Beechwood. He came to Canada in 1813, or 1817, and built a house near the corner of Vittoria and Lyon Streets. His house was the home of Methodism, as he was the Father of Methodism in the Ottawa Valley. Mrs. Sifton, the wife of Honorable Clifford Sifton, Minister of the Interior, is a grand-daughter of John Burrows, and one of the few remaining members of this famous first settler, of whom too little is known.

First Suspension Bridge built across the Ottawa River at Chaudiere Falls, as a result of joint deliberation of Lord Dalhousie, Philemon Wright, Colonel Dunford and Colonel By. This bridge was blown down in 1836, and the present one is the third.

1827.—Town named for Colonel By, "Bytown." The Colonel had come out to build the canal.

Two contingents of the Sappers and Miners—now called Royal Engineers—came to town to build bridges, and other canal work.

Joseph Coombs, a sapper and miner, built the first frame house, 351 Rideau Street, which was torn down only a year or two since. Before that time the barracks for the soldiers, and log cabins and tents for the workers, were the domiciles of those then here. Joseph Coombs was the first druggist in Bytown.

Sir John Franklin, in August, laid the corner stone of the Rideau Canal locks. P.S.—"Yes, this was before Sir John got lost hunting for the North Pole." He should have stayed in Ottawa. This should be a lesson for Captain Bernier. Ottawa is all right; at any rate, the Captain will always know "where he's at."

The Methodists built a church on Rideau, between Friel and Chapel Streets, said to have been the first church built. The Catholics built a small one, in 1828, at the corner of Sussex and St. Patrick Streets, on the site of the present Basilica. Father Haron was the first priest, and lived near the church on Sussex, south of St.

Patrick. The Methodist Church was used by other denominations for a number of years.

John Chitty built the first hotel, corner of Wellington and Kent Streets.

This was an important year for Miss Mary Ann O'Connor. She was the first white girl born in Ottawa. It was a good omen to be thus first, for all through life she held that position, doing a world of good up to her death in June, 1903. She was married to Henry James Friel, mayor in 1854-'63-'68 and '69, which latter year he died. He at one time was editor of the *Packet,* now the *Citizen,* and was a very popular man.

1827.—Capt. Thos. J. Jones came to Ottawa this year with his father, a member of the 7th Company of the Sappers and Miners (now called the Royal Engineers), who came to build the canal bridges. He was born on the Island of Barbados, in 1821, now (1904) 83 years old. He went up the Rideau on the first passenger boat, "The Pumper," Colonel By and his officers going up ahead on the "Union." That was in 1833. His last trip was made with Lord Minto, 1903, 70 years afterward. He says that Lord Minto is the first Governor General to make the trip to Kingston. He can read without glasses, and says he was never in better health. He began steamboating in 1840, when 19 years old, and for 56 years never lost a year. He makes occasional trips in yachts from here to Montreal via Kingston.

1828.—Bytown grown to 150 houses. First graveyard (Methodist) started on Sparks Street, at rear of Parker's dye works—very appropriate location.

St. Andrew's Church built.

1830.—Blaisdels & Perkins, first manufacturers of iron implements in town.

1832.—Rideau Canal finished. Fortunately, its purpose has never been needed, *and never will be.*

1833.—Street fair held to celebrate the opening of canal. On this occasion there was a fight between the Canalers (original Shiners, who were afterwards joined by the Shantymen) and the farmers from Carleton. The fight like the fair was a "street," and "free" to all, and yet both sides said it wasn't fair. Colonel By, being present, said: "This is the last 'exhibition' to be held in my time," and so it was, as the next one was not held until in the 50's.

Miss Catherine Coombs, now Mrs. Tracey, of 221 Stewart Street, born this year. She is the oldest woman living in Ottawa, who was born here.

1836.—Geo. Franklin came to Bytown. Still living in Ottawa, and ninety years old.

1837.—Rideau Hall built by Hon. Thos. McKay, who, with John Redpath, built the Rideau Canal locks. He built the Hall as a private residence, having purchased 1,000 acres of land east of the Rideau River. He founded New Edinburgh, now a part of the city.

1838.—Bible Society started. Office then as now north-west corner of Sparks and Elgin Streets.

Bytown seems to have gone out of history-making after 1838, as the next date we find is

1842—when the first lawyer came to town, and then trouble began, and has kept up ever since. They had to organize a fire company that year, first on record.

1843.—Charles Waterston came from Tipperary direct to Ottawa. At ninety, still here (1904).

Ottawa Collegiate Institute started by Rev. Dr. Wardrope—still living, hale and hearty.

The Institute, in September, 1903, held its 60th anniversary. It was called: "The Old Boys' Re-union." P.S.—"Oh, yes; it's a girls school too, but the dear girls —bless 'em—never grow old, so they had to be guests. The Colonel and I were guests too. We were given seats in front, so that it was impossible to get out when the Chairman arose and said: "We will have to begin at once, as we have 29 speakers on the programme." However, as the "Old Boys" were good talkers, we were glad we could not get out.

The Institute is one of the best in Canada—possibly the best one of its kind.

First Knox Church built on Sandy Hill.

1844.—April 17th. St. George's Society organized, and held first meeting in Royal Exchange Hotel, Wellington Street.

H. J. Friel, with Wm. Harris, started a "Packet" of news, which, after going from Bell to Bell (Freeland to Robert), reformed and became a very good "Citizen," in 1851—and is yet in evidence, morning and afternoon, with weekly visits.

"Honest" John Heney came to town this year.

Union Suspension Bridge opened Sept. 17th.

Colonel George Hay, President of the Ottawa Bank, came to Bytown in June, from Montreal. He was for a considerable time confidential clerk to the Hon. Thos. McKay, and has ever since been a prominent figure in the growth of village to city of the Capital. When he came, Parliament Hill was "Barrack's Hill." He remembers Isaac McTaggart (nephew or brother of John

McTaggart, who was Colonel By's private secretary), taking him around to see the sights.

In my research I found that one Hay had suggested the Seal of Ottawa, and in fact the name of Ottawa for the city. On a chance I asked Mr. Hay if he was the man, and he modestly admitted that he designed the Seal, and had also suggested the name. The "find" was so good that I must give it. Being at the time possessed of artistic gifts, he was asked by one of the members of the city council to design a seal, which he did, and it was accepted. Its points were (1) the Canal Locks, (2) Lumber Industry, (3) the Union Suspension Bridge, uniting the two Provinces, (4) the Ottawa and Prescott Railway. The Crest was a broad axe, and the motto : "Advance."

"How did you come to suggest Ottawa as a name for the Capital?"

"Before coming here I clerked in a wholesale store in Montreal. The Hon. Alex. Grant, who then had a store at L'Original, would always have his goods marked 'Ottawa,' so when the question of dropping Bytown and taking up another name came up, this old mark came to my mind. I suggested it to Hon. Thos. McKay, and it was adopted."

Mr. Hay tells a good story of a new arrival from Scotland. In conversation with an Ottawan (who was much interested in him when he learned that the new comer was from his own part of Scutlan'), he was asked: "Did ye ken a mon by the name o' ——?" "Aye," said Sandy, "I kenned him weel. He was a muckle mon, but or'fond o' drenk. Ded ye ken him?" "Aye, aye, he was me faythe!" I purposely changed the name into a dash, as it—the name—is a familiar one here.

To talk to these pioneers is a rare pleasure, and I would that I might give more space to reminiscences of old times.

1846.—Samuel Bingham born.

1847.—Bytown incorporated, and John Scott, a prominent lawyer, was elected first Mayor. Town Council: Thos. Corcoran, Nicholas Sparks, N. S. Blaisdel, John Bedard and H. J. Friel. First Member of Parliament, Stewart Derbyshire, who defeated William Stewart, who succeeded Derbyshire.

1848.—Ottawa University established by the Right Rev. J. E. Guigues, first Bishop of Ottawa. First President, Rev. Father Tabaret, O.M.I., D.D.

1851.—First City Directory appeared this year .

1853.—The Ottawa and St. Lawrence Railway was built. Up to this time all actors had to walk to town.

Henry Franklin Bronson and sons came here from Moreau, N.Y. They soon became leading factors in the lumber trade. They were the pioneers in shipping sawn lumber to the States. The sons are still in active business, the Hon. Erskine H. (President of a number of Ottawa's great businesses), Frank P. and Walter G. (born in Ottawa). Mr. Bronson came first in 1848 to "spy out the land." He saw the great possibilities of the Ottawa as a means of floating logs, and the Chaudiere as a power for mill sites. Engineers told him, however, that the river could never be used practically.. "Its falls are too wild," they said, "and to make it practical would require a fortune." Mr. Bronson, in those early days, had not the fortune, but he had what proved far better, grit, courage, and excellent judgment, which he exchanged for the fortune. No, not exchanged, for in the end he had still all three, and the fortune besides. He built the first saw mill on the Ontario side. He was the first to use the iron frame for gang saws. He died in 1889. Mrs. Bronson, a lady of rare benevolence, is still living. To her suggestion (and much "else") the city owes the Protestant Orphans' Home on Elgin St. This family is always foremost in good works.

1854.—City was first lighted by gas.

1854.—Bytown assigned to the city of Ottawa, and went out of business. E. B. Eddy, "the Industrial King of the Ottawa Valley," came to Hull from Vermont. Besides many other things, he has become the greatest "Match-maker" in the world. P.S.—"No, I don't mean that at all!" This last remark was made to a spinster, who said she guessed she would go over to Hull while visiting the city.

1855.—Ottawa incorporated as a city. John Bower Lewis, Q.C., first Mayor.

1856.—D. Murphy, now M.P.P., worked his way to town. As he came up the river, he noticed that it wasn't being overworked, so he set about getting some barges and steamers together, until he is now with a fleet of barges carrying down a large part of the lumber sawed hereabouts.

1857.—J. R. Booth hand-sawed his way to Ottawa from Waterloo, Province of Quebec, and has been sawing a little ever since. This was a remarkable year. The greatest lumberman of his time—John Egan—died at 47, just as the greatest one of all time—in Canada—came in at 31.

1857.—Board of Trade organized, with a membership of 50. Little was done, however, until in 1891, since which time

Ottawa has, with reason, felt proud of possibly the best Board of Trade in Canada. They are live, up-to-date men, as the development of the city can well attest.

December 31st. H. Labouchere communicated to Sir Edmund Head, Governor General of Canada, that Queen Victoria had selected Ottawa for the Capital of the country.

1858.—On March 16th, the Governor General communicated this to the Legislative Council. This was not ratified by the Canadian Parliament until 1859.

1859.—Architects for Parliament Buildings, Fuller and Jones, for departmental buildings, Stent and Lavers. Builder for Parliament Buildings, Thomas McGreevy, (contract price, $348,500). For the departmental blocks, the contract was taken by Jones and Haycock, for $278,810. The contracts were taken much too low, and had to be largely increased. Mr. R. H. Haycock, manager of the Canada Life Insurance Co., is a son of the builder. He remembers when the Prince of Wales was here in 1860. Miss Emily Haycock, his sister, laid the corner stone of the eastern block. She still retains the little silver trowel and level used on that occasion.

1860.—The Prince of Wales—now King Edward VII—laid the corner stone of the present magnificent Parliament Buildings, in which, on June 8th, 1866, was opened the first session.

Ottawans rode on their first horse car.

Agricultural Society acquires Lansdowne Park for exhibition purposes.

1869.—Agricultural Society holds first exhibition.

1875.—Society holds Provincial Exhibition. In 1879 it took the form of a Dominion Exhibition; also in 1884. J. B. Lewis, barrister, was the first President, and Mr. A. S. Woodburn, Secretary. The latter always took much interest in the Society, being for many years its Secretary.

1869.—Ottawa *Free Press* began its efficient work on December 27th. C. W. Mitchell was editor and proprietor until 1903, when the plant, grown very valuable, was sold to a company, with Alfred Wood as managing director.

1875.—City Hall built.

Normal School opened its doors for the first time.

1882.—On October 23rd, the Canada Atlantic Railway ran its first train from Ottawa west.

The Langevin Block built by Mr. A. Charlebois and Mr. F. Mallette. Thomas Fuller was the architect.

1885.—The Ottawa *Journal* was started by A. S. Woodburn, as an independent newspaper, and has continued so ever since. It is now the *Journal* Printing Company, with P. D. Ross as managing director and editor. Mr. Woodburn was connected with the paper up to the time of his death in 1904.

1891.—Up the Gatineau by rail was made possible by the building of the Ottawa Northern.

Horse cars replaced by the electric system.

1895.—Ottawa held its great winter carnival, and ever since has been explaining that "It's not so —— cold after all!" But one carnival was enough.

1898.—Ex-Mayor Bingham presented Bingham's Park to the city. The same year this generous man made available a block for a children's play ground, where the little ones, from the richest to the poorest, may come and find every form of game for their enjoyment. Such citizens as Ex-Mayor Bingham are the real benefactors of a city. Long after he has gone will the little Ottawans throw up their hats and shout: "Three cheers and a tiger for good Mister Bingham," and if I were there I'd cheer with them! I love any man who loves children.

1900.—This was the year of the great Hull fire, which swept across the river (Ottawa), and burned the whole southern part of the city.

Mile Stones of a Century.

The foregoing are but mile stones here and there. There are many other mile stones, but the words and figures are so dim that even with the aid of all the historical *glasses* I could find, I could not make out the graven records. A new people think of "*how* we shall live" rather than giving any time to recording the "how."

Bytown Incorporated—Mayors.

In 1847 Bytown had grown to a population large enough for incorporation, which was brought about by Wm. Stewart, then M. P., having a resolution passed granting the right.

Following are the mayors of Bytown, wtih their terms of office:-

John Scott, 1847; John Bower Lewis, 1848; Robert Hervey, 1849; John Scott, 1850; Charles Sparrow, 1851; R. W. Scott (now Secy. of State), 1852; Joseph B. Turgeon, 1853; Henry J. Friel, 1854.

At the close of this year Bytown stopped and

Ottaawa born Jan. 1st, 1855—Mayors.

Ottawa started Jan. 1st, 1855. John Bower Lewis became the first mayor, serving during 1885-'56 and '57; Edw. McGillivray, 1858 and '59; Alexander Workman, 1860, '61 and '62. It was during his first term that the Prince of Wales visited Ottawa. In honor of this visit the "Mayor's Chain" was started, and received its first link. It has grown to many links. Henry J. Friel was again elected in 1863, and again in 1868 and 1869, during which last year he died. The next one to take the Mayor's chair was M. K. Dickinson, 1864, '65 and '66. He was a remarkable man, and one of the great figures of his time. Robert Lyon served the city in 1867; then as above Friel, held the office for two years; John Rochester, 1870 and'71; E. Martineau, 1872 and '73. It was during his term that Goodwin built the Wellington Street bridge across the canal. J. P. Featherston served two terms, 1874 and '75; G. B. Lyon-Fellowes, 1876; W. H. Waller, 1877; C. W. Bangs, 1878; C. H. Mackintosh, 1879, '80 and '81; P. St. Jean, M.D., 1882-'83; C. T. Bate, 1884; Francis McDougall, 1885-'86; McLeod Stewart, 1887-'88; Jacob Erratt, 1889-'90; Thos. Birkett, the present M.P., 1891; Oliver Durocher, 1892-'93; Geo. Cox, 1894; Wm. Borthwick, 1895-'96; next came, possibly the most unique mayor Ottawa ever had, by reason of his charity and the work accomplished during his term, Samuel Bingham, 1897-'98; T. Payment, 1899--1900; W. D. Morris, mayor up to 11 o'clock, 1901; Jas. Davidson serving the rest of 1901; Fred Cook, 1902-'03, and the office is now, 1904, held by J. A. Ellis.

"HOW IS CANADA GOVERNED?"

That is the first question asked about a country, "how is it governed?" Canada runs along so smoothly that one almost wonders that it is governed at all—you thought, I thought, we all thought, that the Queen and then King Edward, ran the affairs of this great Dominion, when, as you shall see, the rulers of the Home Government only know of the laws made here as they read about them as we would read about them.

King Edward is represented here by a Governor General, while the real work of the country is in the hands of the representatives of the people themselves, at the head of which representation is the Ministry, which at present is as follows, headed by:—

The Governor General.

Governor General.—His Excellency the Right Honourable Sir Gilbert John Elliot, Earl of Minto and Viscount Melgund of Melgund, County of Forfar, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, Baron Minto of Minto, County of Roxburgh, in the Peerage of Great Britain, one of His Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council, Baronet of Nova Scotia, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, Governor General of Canada.

Staff.

Governor General's Secretary and Military Secretary.—Major F. S. Maude, C.M.G., D.S.O., Coldstream Guards.

Aides-de-Camp.—Captain A. C. Bell, Scots Guards; Captain J. H. C. Graham, Coldstream Guards.

Comptroller of the Household.—Arthur Guise, Esq.

Private Secretary.—Arthur F. Sladen, Esq.

The Ministry.

(According to Precedence.)

The Right Honourable Sir Wilfrid Laurier, P.C., G.C.M.G., K.C., D.C.L. (*Oxon.*), President of the King's Privy Council for Canada. *First Minister.*

Minister of Trade and Commerce?

The Honourable Richard William Scott, K.C., LL.D., Secretary of State.

The Honourable Sir Frederick William Borden, K.C.M.G., B.A., M.D., Minister of Militia and Defence.

The Honourable Sir William Mulock, K.C.M.G., K.C., M.A. LL.D., Postmaster General and Minister of Labour.

The Honourable Sidney Arthur Fisher, B.A., Minister of Agriculture.

The Honourable William Stevens Fielding, Minister of Finance.

The Honourable Clifford Sifton. K.C., Minister of the Interior.

The Honourable William Paterson, Minister of Customs.

The Honourable James Sutherland, Minister of Public Works.

The Honourable Charles Fitzpatrick, K.C., B.C.L., Minister of Justice.

The Honourable William Templeman (*without portfolio*).

The Honourable Joseph Raymond Fournier Préfontaine, K.C., B.C.L., Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

The Honourable Henry Robert Emmerson, K.C., Minister of Railways and Canals.

The Honourable Louis Philippe Brodeur, K.C., LL.B., Minister of Inland Revenue.

(The above form the Cabinet.)

The Honourable Henry George Carroll, K.C., LL.B., Solicitor-General.

High Commissioner for Canada in London, The Right Honourable Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal, G.C.M.G., LL.D. (*Cantab.*)

This list will shortly be changed, but the powers that be were reticent as to the changes so I must leave it as it now stands.

CHIEF OFFICERS OF THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

Clerk of the Privy Council, John Joseph McGee.

Clerk of the Senate, Samuel Edmour St. Onge Chapleau.

Clerk of the House of Commons, Thomas Barnard Flint, M.A., LL.B.

Governor General's Secretary, Major F. S. Maude, C.M.G., D.S.O.

Auditor General, John Lorn McDougall, C.M.G.. M.A.

Deputy Heads of Departments.

Deputy of the Minister of Finance, John Mortimer Courtney, C.M.G., I.S.O.

Deputy of the Minister of Public Works, Antoine Gobeil.

King's Printer and Controller of Stationery, Samuel Edward Dawson, Lit. D., F.R.S.C.

Deputy of the Minister of Trade and Commerce, William Granis Parmelee, I.S.O.

Deputy of the Minister of Railways and Canals, Collingwood Schreiber, C.M.G., C.E.

Deputy of the Minister of Justice, Edmund Leslie Newcombe. K.C., M.A., LL.B.

Comptroller of the North-west Mounted Police Force, Frederick White, C.M.G.

Under-Secretary of State and Deputy Registrar General, Joseph Pope, C.M.G.

Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Francois Frederic Gourdeau.

Commissioner of Customs, John McDougald.

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior, James A. Smart.

Deputy Postmaster-General, Robert Miller Coulter, M.D.

Deputy of the Minister of Militia and Defence, Colonel Louis Felix Pinault, C.M.G.

Deputy of the Minister of Labour, William Lyon Mackenzie King, M.A., LL.B.

Deputy of the Minister of Inland Revenue, William John Gerald.

Deputy of the Minister of Agriculture and Statistics, and Deputy Commissioner of Patents, George Finley O'Halloran.

Deputy of the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, Francis Pedley.

Director of the Geological Survey—Vacant.

The following officers have by Statute the rank of Deputy Head.

General Librarian of Parliament, A. D. DeCelles, LL.D.
Parliamentary Librarian, M. J. Griffin, LL.D.
Registrar of the Supreme Court, R. E. Cameron, K.C.

It may be interesting to know something about how officers of the country are chosen.

OFFICE HOLDERS AND HOW THEY GET THERE.

In our country we elect most of our office holders. The most popular man among the people gets the "plum." As is too often the case, his only ability is that of "jollying." He can jolly himself into office, and do nothing after he gets there; and again, too often the worst element runs our affairs of Government, especially our cities, where the saloon-keeper has far more to say than have the best law-abiding citizens. Judges are often selected from this class, and they in turn sit in judgment over our better element. Ours is indeed a "free country,"—especially for those who, in many cases, should not be given so much freedom. Up here the better element are the people who are free, and the "hoodlums" have far less to say than with us. We pride ourselves too much on the word. We roll it (especially the "R") as a sweet morsel. "FR-R-R-EEDOM!' I used to roll it too, often, when I came up here, and for as much as a whole week boasted of our free institutions, and felt sorry for these poor Canadians who were ruled by a King, but at the beginning of the second week I found that all the *facts* that I had been acquiring about Canada during a number of years were not so at all. Then, I looked into their form of Government, and learned some more *facts,* which, in the second learning, I found to be correct.

In speaking thus plainly does not mean that I love my country less; it only means that I have less conceit of our institutions, as I find a whole lot of things up here very, very commendable, and after which we would not lose by following. I used to think, and many of you down home still think, that the King arbitrarily governs Canada, making or dictating its laws—while, in fact, he does not even suggest a law, and in no way governs, as we know the word.

See below how the offices are filled. From an office seeker's point of view, Canada is very, very badly run, but for the people, Canada has a beautiful system.

All Judges, from Supreme Court down to County Court, are appointed by the Federal Government, and cannot be removed except by Parliament. Police magistrates, notaries and justices of the peace, are appointed by the Provincial Governments. Sheriffs,

and all Clerks of the Court (except Supreme and Exchequer Courts, appointed by the Federal), are also appointed by the Provincial Government.

All city and county officials are appointed by the municipal aldermen and councillors, and do not go out of office on a change of aldermen or councillors, but may remain in during good behaviour, so that very few changes are made in civic officials.

The Federal and Provincial appointments are made during good behavior, which up here means a life sentence to office. Those elected are the members of the Federal Parliament, the Provincial Legislatures, city, county and township; aldermen (for cities) and councillors (for county and township); also school trustees.

The election of municipal aldermen is governed by the laws of each province, but the election is usually held once a year. The election for Federal members of Parliament is supposed to be held every five years, and for the Provincial Parliament every four years, but it often happens that the elections are held more frequently, for various reasons. The Senate or Upper House of the Federal Government is composed of Senators, appointed for life by the Governor General in Council. Lieutenant Governors (one for each province) are also appointed by the Governor in Council, for a term of five years, and may be re-appointed. The Governor General himself is appointed by the British Government for a term of five years, and is paid by the Dominion of Canada, £10,000 a year. He is the only official connection between Canada and the British Government, and his salary is all that it costs Canada to have the full protection of the Mother Country, which country has even to pay a duty on all dutiable goods sent here. The tie that binds the two is one more of sentiment than of anything stronger. If Canada should become independent to-day, Great Britain, from a financial point, would not lose a dollar. You didn't know this, eh? Neither did I when I used to feel sorry for poor Canada, when I thought of her as being under a monarchy. It is to smile when I now think of her as, in many ways, more of a free government than we are. I am sure that we are more governed by (late) Europeans than is Canada, and especially so by those Europeans who have so little governing rights at home, *none,* in fact, at home, and *all*—with us—they choose to take, and that is "everything in sight." Vide New York City. Yea, verily, ours is a free country—for the newcomers—and yet we should feel thankful that they can't take our Presidency. They would have had that long ago, but for the wisdom of the Fathers.

Canadian Elections.

Elections are not always held at stated times, as with us. Election day is often set arbitrarily. Sometimes these elections create great interest. Just now one is on for this week, in a

county a few miles to the west. It is for a single member of the Ontario Legislature. No other office is to be filled, but there is more excitement over that one than we would often see over the election of a President. "You're another." "You'd burn your grandmother's barn." "You stole that money, and you can't deny it." And many such terms of affectionate regard are bandied as freely as compliments at an old ladies' quilting party. One man says on the platform: "I'm afraid my life will be the forfeit." He's answered by the next speaker: "Don't worry, or lose any sleep, as there isn't one of your friends—the enemy—who would waste a penny on ammunition." Oh, yes; you must not think that we have all the platform fireworks, for we have not. Some of the pyrotechnics are very brilliant up here, rivalling at times the aurora-borealis. Down home a member may be accused of accepting a bribe, and he will deny it, and do his best to prove his innocence. I have in mind a case in this province where a member accused himself of accepting a bribe, and a long and very expensive trial was held to prove that he was a l—— I mean a man economical of the truth. They proved it, but the ex-member has taken the "stump" to try to convince the public that the trial was not fair. What do you think of that? He seems determined to find himself guilty.

Later.—The successful candidate spent over $7,000 for *legitimate* expenses—over $3,800 of it for livery hire. Livery business is very good up here.

Still Later.—The young man resigned after being elected. A long election trial was held in which facts (?) were brought out that showed that nearly, or quite, $100,000 were used by or for the two candidates, and nobody gained a thing but the livery stable men and the voters, many of whom up in that county, sell their votes as they would sheep pelts. No wonder it is said on good authority that there was "something decayed in Denmark."

Imagine Clark County, with nearly double the population in Springfield, (the county town), nearly twice as many voters in one town as there are in this half county in question! Imagine I say, Clark County spending $100,000 simply to send one man to the State Legislature, and then have that one resign rather than have all the facts brought out!

Boss Tweed, in his palmiest days, was a thumb sucking baby in politics in comparison to the variety they have up the river.

If the printer keeps the press open much longer there may be still further "later," as two *men* are about to run for a higher office in that county, and both have several "barrels"—the two *boys*, of whose campaign I have told you, only had a few small "kegs" of money.

It is fortunate that this county is the exception, so don't get the impression that corruption is the rule in Canada, and many of

the better element in this county, sorely regret the conditions brought about by the dealers in *pelts.*

Cabinet Ministers the Real Workers.

Speaking of office holders. There are many offices, as with us, mere sinecures, but there are others again which to fill is hard work. Of this number are the positions of the Cabinet Ministers. I have never seen men up here in any line of business or profession who have to work more hours than the Cabinet Minister. He is at his office early and late, and when Parliament is in session, he has to fill the position of member as well. He is paid but $7,000 a year, which must be inadequate for all that is expected of him. The Prime Minister gets but $8,000. In Australia, the Prime Minister receives in all $12,500, with much less to do than here. With Canada's vast improvement, and annually increasing wealth, these salaries, no doubt, will be increased.

I am much indebted to Ottawa's officers at the City Hall for many courtesies. These officers are: City Clerk, Mr. John Henderson; City Engineer, Mr. Newton Ker; Assessment Commissioner, Mr. A. Pratt; Treasurer, Mr. James Lindsay; City Collector, Mr. Geo. W. Seguin; Fire Chief, Mr. Provost; Superintendent of Fire Alarm, Mr. Geo. F. Macdonald. Some of these men have been in office a long while, Mr. Pratt for 28 years, and Mr. McDonald for nearly the same length of time. This system is far better than ours, as the officers are not dependant upon votes. Human nature is the same the world over. This fact is seen by another set of officers who are dependent upon votes and—well, New York has no patent on its Tamany Hall methods—so the Colonel says.

Canadian Justice.

They claim that their judges mete out a different brand of justice, and cite the "bad man" of the States who becomes a law fearing citizen when he gets to Canada. "See that man?" was asked. "Well he don't dare to return to your country. He was there known as a desperate character. Your Idaho (from there he came) either feared him or for some reason allowed him to 'run things' until the people ran him out of the country. We have made of him a new man. He knows that our judges have a little way of dispensing justice which will not brook any 'winking' at the law. We may be no better, and I am sure that our laws are no better, but you must admit that there is far less crime in Canada than in the States."

"To what do you attribute this fact?" I asked, and then he became critical and a bit sarcastic, saying by way of reply.

"Your judges have something more important to employ their time than the dispensing of justice (?)"

"More important!" I exclaimed, "what could be to them more important than doing their duty?"

"*Their next election!* Now in our country our judges are in for life, and are not worried as to how they can please the man who controls the votes; they therefore do very little 'pigeon holeing' of cases, for ward heelers, as I know is done in your cities. Do not think I would place all your judges on this low plane, but the temptation for re-election is certainly too strong for some of them. Again, our system is better; with you a man of any kind of character can become a judge, if he can get the votes of the people, while with us he is selected by men of judgment and must be of good character and ability."

His last remark brought to mind a good story apropos of a recent judicial appointment for one of the Provinces.

"Was afraid one of those——lawyers was going to get the job."

"Who got the place?" asked one neighbor of another speaking of a vacancy on the bench in their judicial district.

"'Who?' Why ——— ——— ———, and a good judge he will make."

"Indeed he will—a wise judge, a just judge. I'm delighted to hear he got it. Do you know that I was awfully afraid that one of those —— lawyers was going to get the job!"

It so happens that the appointee was himself a lawyer, but had been so long identified with national politics that even this neighbor had forgotten it.

He wasn't a Pillar.

Speaking of law, judges and justice, I am inclined to think that there is far more of justice in Canada than in the States. Here is a case in point that has just caught my eye. In an Ohio county, a young man stole $13. He got ten years in the State prison. I can well remember how, in the same county, an official stole $90,000, and was given one year. His bondsman, one of the finest men in the county, was empoverished for life, as he never recovered from the blow. Why this difference? No one can tell, but some did say, at the time, that "the official being such an *exemplary* man, and a pillar in the church, saved him!" It does seem too bad—this difference! I might moralize and advise Ohio's young men to become "Pillars" if they are determined to steal, and while they are at it, to make the amount thousands instead of a paltry $13—13 is so unlucky unless you are a "Pillar."

Two years for a hog—One for a man.

Here is another case that came under my personal notice, I was once in jail in Richmond, Kentucky,—"What! Oh dear no! Of course not that—am surprised you'd ask, knowing me so well."

"That's why I ask!" but I'm very patient and did no harm to the Colonel for this. But to tell you of the time I visited that Richmond jail. Passing a cell, I noticed a man busily engaged in saying things. He was quite emphatic in his remarks, and used language that would be too strong even for my Colonel. And yet I didn't blame him. He had just been given a two-years sentence for stealing a hog, while the man in the next cell had been given one year for killing his neighbor. People at a distance may wonder why capital punishment had been practically abolished in that State, but it is a plain case. They never hang Colonels in Kentucky.

He's Just the Same.

You always find the man who would keep you supplied with his brand of political idols. You find him at home where *his* Democrat is the only Democrat who has ever come down the pike —or his Republican is the only one left who ever ran for an office. Well, it's the same up here. You meet him on all occasions and he is sure—if you're in a hurry—to stop and tell you all about it. I met him last year when his idol was a Liberal. Now this Liberal was: "The finest speaker, greatest statesman—ah, look at that dome of thought!—most profound man in all Canada, a man whose name will go howling down the ages."

"Rather a noisy name!" I ventured.

"Well, I don't exactly mean that—you know what I mean, and *who* I mean."

"No, I must confess, I have no means of knowing. You change your idol so often."

"I change! *never!* my principles would not allow it!" and he was so offended that he would not speak to me for a twelve-month—I met him the other day—he was very cordial in his greeting, and seemed not to remember his anger of a year ago.

I will not offend this year, was my first thought, and that I might start right, I began: "Well, I've been studying that man of yours, I've listened to his speeches, have watched his every movement, and I must commend your good opinion. He is indeed a great man!"

"Great! why, he is the smallest potatoes in all Canada, the most insignificant, the——well I can't tell you how very small he is. It makes me half wild to even think of him. Why, his head is so small that it would get lost in a ten year old boy's hat, while his principles are—well the man is devoid of principles! He has none whatever—Kingston's boarding house is over-flowing with better and greater men."

"Why," said I, as soon as I could break into his tirade—"I thought this man was your ideal—you remember what a great one he was last year?"

"Last year!—last year, do you say?"

"Yes, last year. Don't you remember how great he was then? The head that now would 'rattle in a ten year old boy's hat,' was twelve months ago, 'a great dome of thought,' what has caused this change?"

"Oh, I see! Last year—why man, last year I was a Liberal!"

"What are you now?"

"I'm a Conservative—Conservative of the most Conservative kind, and with reason—*with reason* I say—do you know that man did me a great wrong?"

"No," said I condolingly. "I had not heard of it, I'm very sorry. Has he waylaid and robbed you?" I asked.

"Robbed me? worse than that. You remember my brother Tim? well Tim was on my hands and I could not get a thing for him to do, hunt the town over as I could, so I up and saw this man I'd always voted for, and asked him for a place for the lad, and do you believe me—what do think he said—'Let him pass a Civil Service examination and then come and see me.' Turned me down cold! *me* who had always voted for him. Ah, isn't that enough to turn one agin a man?"

"I can't see that you were wronged. Did he not say, 'let him pass a Civil 'ex. and then come to see me?'"

"Yes, he did, and that's what riled me! He knew well enough that Tim couldn't pass anything.,' Why the lad couldn't pass the bar, and that's easier than a Civil ex."

"Knowing Tim so well I'd say it was impossible!"

"What's impossible?"

"Why, for Tim to pass a *bar*!"

"Now, see here, don't get humorous. Its no laughing matter. Here I have the lad on my hands and he wouldn't give him a place. I tell you he's no good."

"Who, Tim?"

"See here, don't get personal! No, I mean the insignificant who refused to give the lad a place, and I a workin' for him and a votin' for him year in and year out. I tell you he's no good and I'm agin him."

* * * * * *

Later.—It's once more the great *Dome of Thought*—for Tim's got a "job."

SCHOOLS.

The schools of Ottawa stand high in a province whose school system is claimed to be one of the best in the world.

The widely known mathematician, Dr. J. C. Glashan, is Inspector of all city schools. Mr. Geo. H. Bowie is Chairman, and Mr. Wm. Rea is Secretary-Treasurer of the School Board, composed of three members from each ward.

There are 18 schools in the city, with 92 teachers, or with the principals, 118.

As elsewhere mentioned, in Ontario the Catholic schools are called Separate.

Mr. Terence McGuire is Chairman, and Mr. A. McNicoll is Secretary-Treasurer of the Board. Of the number of separate schools, seven are taught by 31 lay teachers and 12 Brothers, and seven are taught by 59 Sisters.

The school year is ten months.

Normal and Model School and the Collegiate Institute

occupy a large block just beyond Cartier Square, running from Elgin to the Canal.

The Collegiate Institute is under the management of a Board of Trustees other than the Public School Board. They are John Thorburn, LL.D., Chairman, G. B. Green, Thomas Birkett, M.P., Henry Robillard, J. I. MacCraken, D. Murphy, M.P.P., R. J. Sims, R. J. Small; Cecil Bethune, Secretary-Treasurer. The Collegiate is between the High School and College. The pupils have to pay $20 of the actual cost a year ($55) of education per pupil, the city paying the balance.

Pretty School Children.

That the school children of Ottawa are bright and intelligent, I need but refer you to the two pictures in the "Gallery," where you may see in "Pinafore" costume a number of them, boys and girls of the city schools.

HIGHER EDUCATION.

Had the Englishman who said that as soon as his children were educated he meant to go over to Canada, been unconsciously dropped down into Ottawa, and waked up to see this famous educational centre, he would have questioned the statement that he was not in one of his own educational centres. I had often heard of Ottawa's advantages, but had formed no real conception of the extent to which higher learning is carried here, until I visited the various colleges and schools. It is quite amusing, or would be if it were not so serious a matter, to think of the dense ignorance of both the United States and England regarding Canada. Many people who should know better, even wonder if Canada has ordinary school advantages, when really it is far advanced in public schools, universities and colleges. Next to Toronto and Montreal, Ottawa has the most complete and extensive system of education in Canada. There is here everything, from the kindergarten to the university and colleges, with their faculties in every branch of learning, and with business colleges that would do credit to any of our own great business centres,

Convents.

There is here a branch convent of the famous Notre Dame Congregation founded in the 17th century, by a number of devoted women from old France. This is the Convent on Gloucester Street, of which I have spoken elsewhere. It is under the charge of Sister Eugenia, Lady Superior, of Boston. While teaching all branches it excels in French and in music. As an illustration of its excellent system of French, I heard on Commencement Day, a beautiful little girl recite a long French poem. Her accent was most excellent, I wanted to commend her, but was afraid she might not understand English. Later on I ventured to tell her how well she had recited. Imagine my surprise to have her reply in even better English, and to find she was a little American girl from my own county, down home, and had never even heard French spoken before she came to Ottawa to school.

The Sacred Heart Convent, under the Grey Nuns, a like institution, is conducted on an elaborate scale. This latter school, known as the Rideau Street Convent, is famous not only in Canada, but throughout the States, where there are hundreds of an alumnæ, as the institution is old (founded in 1849), and very popular. This alumnæ have given a library, and fitted it up with rare taste. They have also furnished (in old colonial) the great reception room, a picture of which you will see in the gallery. The chapel (designed by Rev. Canon Bouillon) is after the Henry VII style—fan ceiling—in Westminster Abbey. It was in this chapel where we

heard the congregational singing of the pupils. More pleasing voices we had never heard—soft, gentle, and yet so strong, sweet and clear, that we were all but transported to where such singing is the rule. The famous writer known far and wide as plain "M. C." is a sister in this Convent, and is greatly beloved by all classes and creeds.

The Church of England has a ladies' school, under the charge of the Kilburn Sisters. It is growing to be one of the important schools of the city. There are a large number of private schools, probably the most important and best known is that of Miss Harmon's for young ladies, much after the style of the famous Ely Sisters' school in New York.

There is here a college, or rather a Conservatory of Music, of so high an order that it would do credit to any of our great cities. It is under Mr. H. Puddicombe, and a very able corps of teachers.

I once called to see the head of a great institution of learning. He was cold in manner. "What can I do for you?" he asked, as though "doing" people were in his line. I did not stay long, and never after thought kindly toward that "institution of learning." Oh, the contrast when I called at

THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

and met Father J. Edward Emery. O.M.I., D.D. He was so cordial in manner, and put me so at ease, that I shall ever think kindly, not only toward him, but toward the great University of which he is the head. It was the evening before our own

Thanksgiving Day.

Said Father Emery: "We have a large number of students from the States, and to-morrow, as is our custom, we give a dinner to them in honor of the day; will you come and join the boys?"

The Colonel and I were there, and we have ever since been trying to think of a day in our lives in which was crowded more real heart-pleasure. From the moment we sat down to dinner at mid-day, until darkness found us on our way home, there was not a thing to mar the enjoyment. The boys greeted us, in the great dining hall, with the most perfect college yell we had ever heard. The hundreds of voices were as one, so accurate the timing of each letter.

As at all dinners, there was the amusing. This day it was in the adjectives used by the chairman and the boys. I don't remember ever having heard so many in my old college days, at Delaware, Ohio, and no one of them (the adjectives) there had ever been used on the same subject as on this occasion. While

the "subject" knew how deluded were the users, yet he could not but appreciate and enjoy every one of them, and if during life any boy in that great hall gets "broke" and wants a "quarter," he needs but to ask, if "Rube" and the "Colonel" are in asking distance.

After the dinner, Rev. Dr. O'Boyle, professor of Physics and History; Father Fulham, Prefect of Discipline; and Professor Grey, of Elocution, showed us over a part of the great institution. To have gone through the various departments would have required far more hours than we had in the afternoon. The various departments are Theology, Philosophy, Arts, Science, Collegiate, Commercial, etc.

We most enjoyed Dr. O'Boyle's scientific work room, in the great Science Hall. It took me back years ago to Professor Seamans' department at Delaware, O. Jolly-loved-by-everybody Professor Seaman! As Dr. O'Boyle showed us the many new appliances, and told us of the many discoveries made during recent years, I could not but think that what I knew of science was very, very little indeed. So fast are new discoveries crowding in, that one must keep in touch with the progress, else one must feel very far behind, on entering the Science Hall of to-day.

The University of Ottawa, under Father Emery, is surely keeping abreast of the times. The new scientific appliances of New York are found here; the discoveries of the world are yet new when they reach this progressive institution.

"The Philosophical Course is both the crowning of the Collegiate course, and basis of all professional studies." This claim one cannot but see carried out, if one but look over the writings of some of the young men. I have read articles in the "Review," the College magazine, which seemed so mature that I could not but think that they had emanated from minds with years of training; and afterwards met the writers, whom I found to be beardless boys. Nor are they alone trained to write, but under the guidance of Professor Grey (himself a writer of note), a famous English elocution instructor, they are learning to speak as well.

* * * * * *

And—but, strange to say, just as I had finished the above sentence, the fire bells rang out, and to-night (Dec. 2nd, 1903). the Art Building of this great institution is in ashes. It started this morning, and has burned all day, and nothing but a few of the bare stone walls stand, where yesterday stood an institution I had, in one short week, grown to love.

Father Fulham, who was chairman at that Thanksgiving dinner, young, strong, and with a brilliant career before him, is dead, and I mourn him as a dear friend, though I had known him so short a time. In his effort to rescue others, he gave up his own life.

We think, at home, that we are quick to act in emergency, and rise out of disaster most readily, but when we think of the rapidity with which the mind of Rector Emery worked, not only that morning but since, we can but wonder at the marvellous energy of the man, and the wisdom he has displayed in the disaster. Even yet, while the fire was burning fiercest, he thought of the parents of the pupils, and knew of their anxiety, and before nine o'clock had telegrams sent broadcast, that the pupils were all safe, and by 10 o'clock had arranged for their transportation home. He seemed to think of everything, and while the ruins of the great building yet smoked, he had laid his plans for re-opening the schools on January 7th, 1904, with all classes running along as before.

A movement was set on foot to have the city vote $50,000 towards the rebuilding, but he said "No. Some might oppose, and for the sake of the harmony which has ever existed here, and which it is our great desire to maintain, I do not think it best. We will not ask the city's aid, but will welcome all individual acts."

The University will build at once, separate buildings, modern and with every improvement. The Science Hall, the Juniorate College, and some of the other buildings escaped the flames, and in these, with other rooms secured, the classes will go right on as before.

To show the kindness manifested by others of different faith, Henry J. Morgan, an Episcopalian, has undertaken to collect the nucleus of a library to replace the one burned, and from all denominations are pouring in offers to donate books. It looks as though it would require a large library building to contain this *nucleus.*

The people of Canada are broadminded and generous.

Sir Sandford Fleming, Chancellor of Queen's University at Kingston, is Chairman, and Sir James A. Grant, is Assistant, in the Committee for the collection of funds. Both of these great citizens are Protestants. All classes feel that this University, which has long been the pride of Ottawa, should be rebuilt, and that as speedily as possible.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE NEW UNIVERSITY.

"We meet at one gate when all's over,
The ways they are many and wide,
And seldom are two ways the same. Side by side
May we stand at the same little door, when all's done!
The ways they are many, the end it is one."

On May 24th, 1904, the corner stone of the new Arts Building was laid. One feature of the day's programme I cannot pass

over. It was the luncheon in Rideau Rink, near by, to which nearly 1,000 sat down. As I looked over the great audience, I could not but think how times are changed, and how the world moves toward that day

When men shall love their fellow-men,
Far more than man-made creed.

On the platform, which extended across the width of the great rink, sat His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, the Chairman of the occasion; to his right sat His Excellency Lord Minto, beside whom was His Excellency Monsignor Sbarretti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada; to the Archbishop's left was a man whose liberal mind has done so much to help bring about the very thing of which I write, a man whom we all love for his kindness of heart, his personal and mental worth, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore; and all along on either side of the tables of the platform, as well as those of the main body of the rink, were Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and those of many other creeds. Catholic and Protestant sat side by side in kindly sympathy.

Not alone in the association of the sects, but in the many most excellent speeches, was this kindness toward each other shown. Nor were the speeches entirely national. The Canadian is broad-minded, and takes in his brothers of all lands. He loves his own flag, and yet has a place for those of other lands. On this occasion, besides many small English and Canadian flags, there were two large ones, the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes, and among the toasts was "The United States," proposed by Dr. W. T. Herridge, "The Beecher of Canada," and ably responded to by our Consul General at Ottawa, Mr. J. G. Foster, a man whose worth does honor to our country.

As I listened to the able speakers of our great northern neighbor, I could not but feel the deep pleasure it is—and I trust the pleasure will long continue—to write of them, and to tell of their excellence, that my people at home may know them better.

I was particularly pleased with the speech of Judge Curran, of Montreal. It was able and eloquent, and cannot but do great good for the University.

All day long I could not but think of the one man who has silently brought about the phœnix-like movement of the University. Scarce had the fire begun eating away the great buildings, when this man was sending out telegrams broadcast, to the homes of the students, to allay the anxiety of those homes, and before noon he had arranged to replace the lost clothing of the boys, and had secured them transportation. While yet the great pile was burning hot, he was planning how that school might resume its work, one month away—and school resumed on time. Since then he has travelled thousands of miles, visiting other colleges,

in order that he might select the best features of each, and that he has selected well, the magnificent structure, whose corner stone to-day was laid, can speak. So silently has he worked, that only the few have seen the guiding hand, and that the world may know, I gladly pay this feeble tribute to Rev. Father Emery.

It was with just pride that we of the States listened to Cardinal Gibbons, at the laying of the corner stone. His address was eloquent and beautiful, and his sweet manner but intensified the love of all who heard him on this occasion. When he said: "Although, my dear friends, I am personally a stranger among you, your great kindness and hospitality have made me feel myself at home," when, I repeat, he said that, the cheers that went up from the assembled thousands must have made him know how welcome he was.

He spoke of the builders of Canada, the English, the Irish, the French. He would also have spoken of the most important of all, but he knew full well that we Scotch could speak for ourselves.

Lord Minto, in his address of welcome, struck a keynote when he said: "I join, I am sure, with all of you, in welcoming His Eminence to Ottawa, and in recognizing in him one who has, not only for many years occupied the position of a great dignitary of the Church of Rome on the continent of America, but who has done much by his distinguished influence to direct and control the modern thought and perhaps somewhat speculative religious tendencies of a new world."

Dr. Herridge, Presbyterian clergyman, in his eloquent speech at the luncheon, said two things which are very gems." It ought never to be a difficult thing to join firmness of personal conviction with respect for the views of others," and, " If there was not to be liberality and charity, hope for the future of the country would be given up."

Possibly the most eloquent speaker of the day was the Hon. Richard Harcourt, Provincial Minister of Education. One of his pretty sentences was: " The work of the universities are as stars of the night, to dispel darkness and ignorance." Some one sitting beside me remarked, as Harcourt arose: " Now you will hear one of our best provincial, if not Dominion, orators," and I had to commend the " remarker."

Another pretty feature of the luncheon was to see the representatives of an English and French University (Sir Sandford Fleming, for Queen's, Presbyterian, of Kingston, and Monsignor Mathieu, for Laval, Catholic, of Quebec) sitting at the same table, and to hear their kind words spoken for an English-French Catholic institution.

Unique Dinner.

In the evening, Speaker of the Dominion House, N. A. Belcourt, gave the most unique dinner possibly ever given in Canada.

It was given in honor of Cardinal Gibbons. Included among the guests were the Catholic Archbishop, Cardinal and Delegate, the Bishop of Ottawa, Church of England, Ministers of the Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregational, etc., churches, with Cabinet Ministers, leaders of the Government and the Opposition, Politics and creeds were forgotten, and for the time they sat as brothers of one great family, in a heart to heart communion.

It was not only unique, but beautiful, and pressaged the time:

When Jew and Gentile, sect with sect,
As brothers, hand in hand, march by,
And all the world shall love.

I spoke of the Belcourt dinner as being "unique," but for that matter, the Cardinal's whole visit has been unique. Ottawa, regardless of creeds or sects, has entertained him royally, and being in a way an international event, I have given it much space. Anything showing a kindly spirit between Canada and my own country is a joy to me to chronicle, for I love them both, and I shall ever say that which will in any way deepen the cordiality between the two.

ASHBURY COLLEGE.

If one may judge by the prominence of its shareholders, and the high standing of its pupils, there are few colleges in Canada that will equal Ashbury, on Argyle Avenue, which, under the able Head Master, Rev. Geo. P. Woolcombe, and his competent assistants, is growing, or rather has grown to the limit of its capacity.

It may well be called "The Rugby of Canada." To say: "I was a pupil at Ashbury" is at once an honor and a pride, for among its attendants are some of the best names in the Dominion.

OTTAWA LADIES COLLEGE.

The only Presbyterian Ladies' College in Canada (the property of the Church) is located in Ottawa.

It is on Bay and Albert Streets, running through to Slater.

It is a large stone structure, with spacious grounds.

It has been built with a view to the health and comfort of the inmates. It is ideally located, high and with a commanding view. While it is Presbyterian, there is no interference whatever with the religious preferences of its pupils. When "Helen" or "Pauline" begins to think of putting on "long dresses" again, the one serious question is, "Where shall we send her to school?" Too many think of mere culture of manner, rather than the men-

tal of "Helen;" the light and trivial, rather than the real; the social, rather than what "Helen" may learn that may be useful. On much investigation, I find that the Ottawa Ladies College has culture, social standing, and teaches so much of the useful, that were "Helen's" parents to know of it, the question of "where" would be easily answered.

All branches are taught, and by teachers specially fitted for their departments.

Music is given much attention in the College, and with the arrangement it has with the famous Canadian Conservatory of Music, near by, the pupils may have the benefit of as good musical instruction, as may be had in the Dominion.

The Board of Trustees contains the names of some of the best known ministers and laymen in Canada. This is especially true of the President of the Board and the Regent of the Staff. Rev. W. T. Herridge, D.D., and Rev. W. D. Armstrong, M.A., Ph. D.

The Principal is Mrs. J. Grant Needham, a lady of rare culture, a graduate of the Toronto Conservatory of Music Mrs. Needham is a member of one of the most prominent Presbyterian families in Canada, her father being a minister, while her grandfather, Rev. Donald McKenzie, was the pioneer Presbyterian minister of "Canada West." She is a neice of Rev. A. Cameron McKenzie, D.D., President of the Elmira, N.Y., Ladies' College. She is a lady of rare executive ability.

Miss Harmon's School

Mentioned elsewhere, is probably of interest to more Ottawa families than any other in the city. Since the grandchildren of the first pupils are now attending this famous school.

The sad drowning of Miss Harmon occurred while we were here, and the whole city seemed to feel it a personal loss, as she was greatly beloved, by all, regardless of class or creed.

METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE.

I used to wonder why it was that the Canadian boys could come to New York and step right into good paying positions, and in many instances soon take up our banking, railroading and other important branches; but when I see the high standard of the Canadian business colleges, I do not wonder at it. Take, for instance, the Metropolitan College, which, under the management of Mr. R. A. Farquharson, B.A., is reaching and meriting a fame that is going out and beyond the city of its location. What strikes one as a bit in advance of our own business colleges is, that if an appli-

cant cannot speak the English language, he is placed under the instruction of a special teacher of language, and ere long acquires a proficiency that is remarkable. At this school the very latest in books, both the best of our own as well as Canadian, are to be found, and a staff of teachers that know well each their particular branch, and how to teach it. Mr. Farquharson is a graduate of Queen's University, and was long Principal at the Richmond Hill School, so that he is capable not only as a teacher of business methods, but one capable of giving liberal instruction on other educational lines as well. The young Canadians are taking up a thorough business education more and more each year. They are beginning to appreciate the fact that they must have business training, else they cannot hope for other than a hard, manual plodding existence. The Metropolitan was founded in 1896. Two years ago it was taken over by the Federated Business Colleges of Ontario, which now controls thirteen of the most progressive schools in the province.

The influence of this Federation is far-reaching, business men look to it for capable bookkeepers, stenographers, typewriters and for thorough general business assistants, and what is a very important matter for the graduates, the schools do all they can to secure places for them—many now occupying lucrative positions.

Ottawa may well be proud of the Metropolitan Business College.

ATHLETICS.

While the national game, lacrosse, is played here by a team that even beat the Shamrocks of Montreal, other games have their devotees. Baseball is not as popular as in the States and in some of the other Canadian cities, and yet, it is played by the school boys. Cricket and Association football are played, too, but create but little interest. The greatest game of all, that which will make an Ottawan forget his dinner, is

Rugby Football.

Football is the game that has made Ottawa famous all over Canada. Father Michael Fallon, formerly of the Ottawa University, but now of Buffalo, New York, was possibly the greatest coach Canada has ever known. He brought the "Ottawas of the University" up to such high perfection in Rugby that they for years have been invincible, this year they won the championship of the Quebec Union.

The very air of the University is to this day permeated with Rugby, and the training seems not alone to have had its influence on the teams that play, but on every one of the hundreds of students in attendance at this great temple of learning; shake hands with one of the boys, and you will find your hand in a vise. Their muscles seem like bands of steel, so intense has been the training. It is said that when Father Fallon was here he had the team in such control, that every player was a perfect machine with brains, and when he set them going they worked together as work the wheels of a perfect watch. There has been no game ever invented which so tries the manhood of a student as does Rugby. Brain must fit with muscle, decision must be quickly followed by action, and tenacity of purpose bind the whole.

Hockey.

Next to football comes hockey, and it begins to look as though there might be a reversal of the two. In hockey, Ottawa is not

only famous at home, but her prowess is known throughout the States, wherever the game is played, and this winter, new laurels will doubtless be won by the All-Ottawa team that is to meet the great players of Pittsburg and other cities, where enough Canadians have been induced to come down to form teams.

The Ottawas won the Stanley Cup for 1903.

Basket Ball.

Nor are the men alone proficient in athletics. At some of the schools basket ball is played with such skill that our college girls might be taught many a new trick. It is played especially well at the Girl's Model School on Elgin Street. In some places the girls play hockey; this is more particularly so at Kingston, and the line of towns along the lake. If the reports of some of the matches between girl teams be correct, then one might well tremble to meet them—on the ice.

Later.—The boys have taken up basket ball, and already many teams are competiting for trophies offered by the *Journal,* and other enthusiasts of honest sport.

This leads up to

Skating in Ottawa.

There is no city on the continent where more attention is paid to skating than in Ottawa, and thanks to the interest taken in it by Lord and Lady Minto, it has been brought up to such a high degree of perfection, that it has become the very rythm of beauty in motion. Rideau Hall is the centre of Ottawa's winter sports. Here we find skating and tobogganing, under the auspices of their Excellencies, brought up to a marvellous degree of beauty. "Beauty," for the arrangement of the slides and rinks, with their innumerable lights, make the Hall at night a very bit of fairyland. Looking at it from afar, with its beautifully-laid grounds—vastly improved by the artistic taste of Her Excellency—the lights twinkling among the evergreens and shrubbery, glinting a miriad of diamonds on their snow-laden branches, the gaily dressed skaters flitting here and there in the merry waltz, or mazing into the march or labyrinth, to music that charms away the night, is a scene of beauty rarely found in any land. Here the elite of the city are wont to gather, when the ice is smooth and the air bracing, and while away the hours of night, and come again and again. never growing weary of pleasure so exhilarating.

We do not wonder at the popularity of the present occupants of the Hall, since to them Ottawa owes so much of enjoyment, and we can but think how they will be missed when they return to their home in far-away England.

Nor is it alone at the Hall where skating has reached so high an art, but all throughout the city are rinks, nightly filled by

beautiful women and gallant men. The figure skating is possibly unequalled anywhere for intricacy and real beauty, and the skill with which those figures are gone through is simply delightful to look upon. I would that I might describe to you, who are wont to see skating where there is no order, where everyone skates or falls at will, and all is chaos, the rare sight of possibly one hundred couples going through figures so intricate that it would turn dizzy the untrained skater. Take, for illustration,

The March.

The skaters line up on either side of the centre of a long rink, one hundred gentlemen on one side facing one hundred ladies on the other, as in Sir Roger de Coverley, with His Excellency facing his partner, and Lady Minto facing her partner, at the head. On the music starting up, the ladies counter march to the right of the ice until they meet at the lower end of the rink; then they join hands, the gentlemen giving his right hand to his partner, and skating to the place of starting, where they counter-march to the right and left in alternate pairs to the end again; here two couples join hands and skate back in fours; round again, then up in rows of eight. From eights they reduce back to single pairs by the same process; they then break off into alternate pairs again, right and left, and on meeting at the lower end of the rink, the pairs turning to the right let go hands, and the pairs turning to the left pass through between the gentlemen and ladies they thus meet. The same proceeding is repeated on the opposing pairs meeting at the other (or upper) end of the rink, the only difference is that the pairs that went through first now open out and let the others pass through. The entire number of skaters in pairs now come up the centre of the ice, until they arrive at the middle of the rink, then they let go hands, the ladies turning to the extreme right corner of the rink, and the men to the opposite corner; then both turn inward to the middle of the ice (forming thus the figure of a heart), and join hands and skate straight down until they arrive at the middle and have passed the last couple in the march, and then break off again, letting go hands, and again forming the heart as before, after which they follow the leading couple wherever they may lead, into other figures, generally into the one called the labyrinth, a wide circle round and round, ever growing smaller to the centre, then turning, reverse the circle outward again, after which the leaders skate the figure " S " down the rink, and as a grand finale, skate back down the middle. Can you follow this description? " No." Well, then, you will have to take many a lesson before you can follow the leaders through the march, as it is, if possible, more intricate than my attempted description.

Imagine this march gone through with the skaters each bearing a lighted torch, the rink being darkened, and then think of

how beautiful it must be to sit and watch it. I have rarely seen a sight so grand to look upon. Some of the ladies here skate more gracefully than any I have ever seen, Lady Minto being without doubt the best skater in Canada. Others skate marvellously well, Ladies Eileen and Ruby Elliot being of the number.

CHAMPIONS IN SPORTS AND GAMES.

Few cities have so many who have excelled in sports and games as Ottawa. So many indeed that were I to give a list, the names alone would make a volume. I must needs select a few of the older champions.

Hockey.

Dr. Halder S. Kirby, President of the Ottawa Hockey Club, was an old-time player, and has done much to promote this great winter game. J. P. Dickson, Vice-President of the Canadian Athletic Union, ex-President of Ottawa Hockey Club, Vice-President of Ottawa Amateur Athletic Association, Secretary of the 43rd Regiment, &c., has been prominent in hockey.

Lacrosse.

The first game of lacrosse was played in Ottawa by two teams of Indians from Caughnawaga and Cornwall, on the occasion of the celebration of the laying of the first Atlantic cable in 1859. The boys picked up the game at once, and its popularity has never waned. Some of those who were among the early players have since become Ottawa's most substantial men. Among the number are, and were (as many are now gone) such well known citizens as Thomas Birkett, M.P., Edward Cluff, Michael Cavanagh, J. G. Cullen, James Birkett, E. K. McGillivray, James Thompson, Geo. Varin, Thomas Russell, &c. And later Arthur Seybold, A. G. Pittaway, D. B. Mulligan, &c. The last named played here in 1890 and 1891. He and his brother, W. J. Mulligan, left Ottawa shortly after to go to the States, the latter to Louisville, Ky., while D. B., for the past few years, has been clerk in the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City. Their Yankee friends will be pleased to know that they have taken the Russell, the principal hotel in this city, and are fitting up in fine style.

Harry Ketchum, a lover and promoter of sports, was one of the most famous of his day in lacrosse. He is to Canada what A. G. Spaulding is to the United States. After graduating in active sports, he and his brother Zeb set up in a little way the handling of sporting goods, with all their stock in one window. That was but a few years ago, but so successful have they been

that they have added store after store and line after line—from a ball to an automobile. So popular have their goods become that the Ottawa boy don't think an implement of sport worth playing with unless it has on it "Ketchum & Co." Adolph Rosenthal was one of the '87 city championship team. Hugh Carson, of the old Capitals, from 1890 to 1897, was one of the best defences in Canada.

Alderman James Davidson is another famous ex-lacrosse man. When he was president of the Capitals the club held the championship of the world. I might have included "Jim" in the "Literary Ottawa," as he "throws" a very humorous pen.

Here is another unique Ottawan. He was for six years president of the Stars, out of which grew the Capitals—of which he was president for five years. Like most champion athletes, "Jim" has always been very popular. He has for seven years represented Wellington Ward in the City council, during all of which time he has been Chairman of the Board of Works, and when Mayor Morris neglected to watch the time, and let eleven o'clock slip by unnoted, and thereby "lost his job," Davidson was chosen to fill out the term.

There is one thing very noticeable in Ottawa, and that is, the best athletes become the most successful business and professional men—vide Ross, McGiverin, Ketchum, Carson, &c., each at the very head of his profession or business. Nor is Davidson an exception. Starting to work for 30 cents a day, he and his brothers have earned and lost nearly a quarter of a million dollars by fire (in 1903), and are just now starting the wheels of the largest and best equipped door and moulding mill in Canada. Besides this they have timber limits and mills up the Ottawa, all through their own efforts, and all three comparatively young men. Great country Canada for its young business men! They run the serious affairs of life with quite the same vim which won them championships in games in their earlier days.

Mr. James White, President of the Liberal Club, was once famous in lacrosse, having been for years president of the Capitals.

Curling.

The "roarin' game" dates back to the fifties, but Ottawa did not begin to "soop 'er up" to any extent until 1860, when Wm. Hutchinson and his four sons came from Montreal to locate in Ottawa. They were instrumental in reorganizing the game. George, the youngest of the sons—now dead—was unique in all Canada as "the wooden-legged curler." At the age of 7 he lost his leg in the Gavazzi riots in 1853, but for all that he was one of the best curlers in the country. He even played lacrosse as goal keeper. The Hutchinsons have here and in Montreal ten curlers in the first class.

The Ottawa team have taken more Branch and Governor General's cups than any other in the Dominion.

In looking over the list of curlers from 1860 to 1875, few remain. Among those who are left are such famous ones as John Manuel, the president of the Ottawas since 1895, W. M. Hutchison, Chas Magee, Neil Robertson, John Thorburn, D. Murphy, M.P.P., Sir Sandford Fleming, Jas. Skinner, C. Satchell, W. Young, J. P. Macpherson, N. Morrison, C. S. Scott, better known as "Charlie" Scott, who has been one of the best curlers in Canada. Colonel McPherson, J. D. Wallis, J. D. Paterson, E. Miles, C. Esplin, John Gilmour, J. H. Thompson, Dr. Bentley, Rev. D. M. Gordon, J. G. Whyte, Adam Dunlop, now of Winnipeg, H. Robillard, the famous poet, W. H. Fuller, now of New York City, R. C. Douglas, Dr. Sweetland, Sheriff of Carleton County, G. Stockand, Thomas Birkett, M.P., Capt. A. H. Todd and James Mather.

The first rink was a brick yard shed, near where the Drill Hall now stands. That was in 1862. The next was at the corner of Kent and Vittoria Streets, in a lumber shed of the late Allan Gilmour. In 1867 the club built a rink on Slater, running through to Albert, just east of the Opera House. After that they came back to Vittoria Street, where their rink now stands.

Curling is the sport never, or seldom, played by the sports. The Colonel says it's too slow, and yet if he had his choice he'd rather have a curler's name attached to a cheque than a player of any game he knows of.

In the winter of 1902 and 1903, a Scottish team toured Canada and the United States. They had such a "good time" that it took the Rev. John Kerr, the chaplain of the team, 787 pages to tell about it, and if he can curl as well as he can write, the Scottish team should be *muckle prude a' thare pracher.*

The Governor General's Club.

Lords Dufferin, Lansdowne, Lorne and Aberdeen took great interest in curling. The open air rink at the "Cabin," near Rideau Hall, was laid out by Princess Louise.

The Old Curler's Story.

"I think it was in Lord Dufferin's time when there was held in Ottawa, a great curling tournament. Teams were here from all parts of Canada. The one from Halifax won the championship, and we gave the visitors a banquet, at which there was much of good cheer. When it came time for the Halifax skip to speak, he arose and began explaining the secret of his team's success. "You ask us" said he "to give you the secret, well, gentlemen, as we have beaten you, and may never again have occasion to meet

you on the ice, I will tell you. We have a mascot—yes, gentlemen, a mascot—he it is who brings us good fortune. When we were ready to start on this trip, we looked about for a spare man—one who could bring luck to us—he is with us to-night." Here he stopped, and we all looked to see where they had their mascot hidden, for no spare (thin, boney, lean) man was to be seen. "Yes," he continued, "we brought with us a *spare* man, he will now address you." Then he sat down while we all looked toward the door to see him enter. Did you ever see D. C. Fraser, now Judge Fraser? If you have, I need not tell you our surprise at seeing, D. C. begin to rise in his seat. When he and his six feet two, and broad according, was all up, the skip said, "Behold our spare man." Well. the Judge was never before or since, greeted with a heartier round of applause and laughter, than when playing the part of the *spare* man that night at the Russell House."

Tennis.

Dr. E. B. Echlin, ex-president of the O.A.A.C., a champion of Canada, is known wherever this world game is played. P. W. Murphy, of the Bank of Ottawa, also excels in tennis, having been champion of the Valley. Ottawa has many lady tennis players of note, especially so Mrs. Sidney Smith.

Golf.

Ottawa has golf grounds and a club house equal to any in Canada, and possibly on the continent. Among those who excel are A. Z. Palmer, secretary of the Rideau Club; J. Roberts Allan, the Gormullys, father and son, Alexander Simpson, manager of the Ontario Bank. A. B. Brodrick, of the Molson's Bank, H. H. Hansard, J. A. D. Holbrook, P. D. Ross, G. H. Perley, Lt.-Col. Irwin, T. Mackerell, N. C. Sparks, E. C. Grant, etc.

Racquets.

John Gilmour, of frequent mention, is the champion racquet player of the Capital. He is also a famous fisher, and known by every "Walton" of note in America.

Hunting of Big Game.

Hon. John Costigan holds the unique record of "the greatest moose hunter in the world." He has in that record over 100 moose.

Colonel S. Maynard Rogers comes along with his fourteen, while our own late Consul General, Colonel Charles E. Turner, will return to the States with a record of much big game.

Dr. J. F. Kidd has, in his pretty home on O'Connor Street, some beautiful specimens of moose heads and deer antlers. The doctor cares less for numbers than for beauty of specimen.

Canoeists.

In a city of canoeists who excel, it would be hard to select the best. J. A. D. Holbrook has been one of the great enthusiasts, and has done much in promoting this sport, as he has in other things athletic.

Mr. R. H. Haycock was champion of Canada in single sculls, outrigged shell, for three years, 1868, 1869 and 1870. D'Arcy Scott was international champion for two years.

Ex-Mayor Samuel Bingham was once famous with the paddle. A good story is told of a race in which he took part in 1867. It was on the Ottawa River, near Rockliffe. A four-paddle crew were racing with four Caughnawaga Indians. The Ottawans were a little ahead, when Bingham's paddle broke short in two. Knowing that he was now of no use, and that he would be only dead weight, he jumped into the water and swam ashore —nearly half a mile away. The other three men won the race.

Football.

Ottawa is noted for its great number of football players who excel. No one ever did more for the game than Father Fallon, formerly of the University, but now of Buffalo, N.Y. He made the Ottawa College almost invincible. "Eddie" Gleason was one of his many pupils.

Few have been so widely known, however, as Hal B. McGiverin, President of the Rough Riders, and yet, if possible, he was more widely known (as captain of the Canadian team) in

Cricket.

Especially so in Philadelphia, and other of the cities in the States. The names "Hal B. McGiverin," and "Cricket" are very often associated by the old players of this "gentlemen's game." Like many another famous athlete, "Hal B." is fast climbing to the top in his chosen profession—that of the law (railway and parliamentary law specialist.) There are few young men in Canada with so promising a future. This last sentence is for the eyes of the old cricket players in my own country.

Others who played this game with credit are V. Steele, W. C. Little, A. B. Brodrick, and the late B. T. A. Bell. Original cricketers: Geo. Cox, Edward Bufton, Wm. H. Aumond, Judge Robert Lyon, Edward Sherwood (father of Colonel A. P. Sherwood), Campbell McNab, Godfrey Baker, the father of cricket (once postmaster of Bytown), Wm. Cluff, now City Auditor, and R. W. Cruice.

Skeeing and Snowshoeing.

C. Jackson Booth would possibly lead in those sports, the former of which is especially popular this winter. Captain W. T.

Lawless, now of South Africa, was the most fearless exponent of skeeing in Canada, and did much to popularize it here. He was also the most expert swimmer in Canada. J. A. D. Holbrook was another of the original skeers, but for that matter he was one of the "all arounds," as he was prominent in many of the old games and sports. Hugh Carson, in snowshoeing as in other sports, won many medals.

M. Kavanagh was once a famous snowshoe expert. In the early days (in the sixties) he even led the Indians in this as in other sports.

Clay Pigeon Shooting.

Fred Heney, the Reeve of Nepean, president of the St. Hubert's Gun Club, might be named as the champion shot of the Ottawa Valley. W. J. Johnstone is also a noted "pigeon" shot and true sportsman.

The St. Hubert's grounds are seen on the way up to Britannia Park. They are near Mr. Heney's magnificent residence—one of the finest specimens of old colonial in the country.

Dr. Horsey is another of Ottawa's good shots. The doctor should also be included among the old time experts in skating.

Tobogganing.

Once a famous sport, but now confined to Rideau Hall. The slide here, when lighted by its thousands of electric bulbs and Chinese lanterns, is one of the prettiest sights I have seen.

Shinny.

This is one of the oldest sports, and from which grew hockey. It is our "shinny on your own side" which we used to play on the "crick" down there by the old bridge.

Again I run across ex-Mayor Bingham's name. No wonder he loves children so much. I find he was one of the boys himself. In shinny he was an expert, with a goodly following of many old Ottawans, in which I find the names of the late Alexander Lumsden, Jas. Mulroney, Terrence O'Neill ("Trickey Terry"), John Bulger, James McLaughlin, Hugh Masson and many another, now gone.

Medal of 1852—A Find in Shinny.

Months after writing the foregoing, while looking up data a la Bytown, I ran right into a real "find" in shinny. It was a silver medal given in 1852. Mr. Hugh Masson, the last one of those who played in the match between New Edinburgh and Ottawa, is the holder. "Who were the players?" was my first question on seeing the relic of 52 years ago. "Of the Ottawa twelve I remember but one name," said Mr. Masson, "as I was then a

stranger, having just arrived. That one was James Peacock, the hatter. My friends being in New Edinburgh I played on their team. We were dressed in our Scotch costume, the Ottawas were 'plain clothes' men. Of our team I remember seven of the players: John Lumsden, father of Alex., D. M. Grant, Allen Cameron, Peter Fraser, Wm. McDonald, my brother Donald and myself. It was Christmas Day. The game was refereed by Captain John McKinnon, son-in-law of the Hon. Thos. McKay. We beat two to one. The medal was passed on to me; I am the last; all the rest have gone on ahead. I wonder will we have any shinny there?"

"Does it always require ice?" I asked, but he sat silently looking at the medal.

Runners.

Ottawa has been famous for its foot runners. It once had in "Johnnie" Raine the champion of all America, for a one mile race. Then there was "Bobby" Raine, "Pete" Duffy, Don Robertson, "Billie" Lepine, Clarence Martin, F. C. Chittick and James Nutting. while many an Ottawan will remember the fleet "Deerfoot" and the flying "White Eagle," the two Indian runners, whose swiftness was proverbial.

Hugh Carson, in the early nineties, won over thirty medals. His best distance was one-quarter mile.

George Carson and Harry Carleton were of the good ones.

Bowling.

Among those who have excelled in bowling are J. B. Watson, secretary of the Consolidated Electric Company, Dr. J. D. Courtney, a leading physician, D. E. Johnson, of Beament & Johnson and D. Turnbull. Most of these have been on the champion team.

Among the "All Arounds."

The Ross family may be put into a class by themselves, with P. D. Ross at the top. It is said that his father's home in Montreal at one time had much the appearance of a great jewelry store, from the many medals and trophies won by the three brothers.

P. D. Ross, editor and owner of the Ottawa *Journal*, was, in his college days at Montreal, the best mile runner at McGill University, and captain of the University football team. In 1883, he rowed stroke in the Toronto Rowing Club four-oared crew, winning the championship of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen, and in 1886 occupied a similar position in the Lachine crew, the best of that year. Later, coming to Ottawa, he was captain of the Ottawa Hockey team, the best of its day. He was one of the founders and the first president of the Ottawa Amateur Athletic Association.

It is a probably unique fact, that in one year three brothers were the best men in their country in three different lines of athletic sport. In 1883, P. D. Ross was stroke of the champion four-oared crew; W. G. Ross (now managing director of the Montreal Street Railway Co.) was champion at all distances of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association, and J. G. Ross (now head of the largest accounting firm in Montreal) was the champion snowshoe runner at all distances.

Among those of the old-time athletes, I find W. L. Marler, manager of the Merchants Bank of Canada. He excelled in lacrosse, curling, skating, hunting and fishing. He was a member of the Montreal Lacrosse Club, the first in that city.

R. T. Shillington, one of the leading druggists in the city, holds the unique record of having been on the three winning teams (in 1899) of hockey, lacrosse and football. Ottawa that year held the championships for these three games, something never known before or since.

W. F. Powell, "the Beauty of Carleton," was an expert in many lines, as was also Robert Sparks.

"Have you seen Tom Birkett?" asked a former Model School boy, "Why, Tom was the 'all roundest' in the whole school. I remember once he took five firsts and two seconds, and all the junior and open events, and when he got into High School, he took everything they allowed him to compete for. One day he took six firsts and one second. Why, I saw Tom stand and high jump 4.11 one day, and as for running, he could run the 100 yards dash in 10½ seconds, and he only a boy.

"In the relay bicycle race between Windsor and Montreal, he and three others, Adolphe Rosenthal, J. Hinton and George Harvey were the four selected from Ottawa, and I tell you they did us proud. Tom did the run from River Beaudet to Coteau, over a rough road, in a three minute clip.

"Yes, I tell you Tom Birkett used to be one of the athletes of this town, and even yet takes an interest in sports and games. He's a director of the O.A.A.C. Tom came well by his athletic trend, as his father, in his early days, was famous in sports, especially lacrosse.

"And speaking of school boys," he continued, "the late Will Kehoe, brother of Barrister Louis J. Kehoe. was possibly the best all-round athlete in the Ottawa College. He excelled in everything, all the way along through lacrosse, baseball, football, running, jumping—in short, in games and sports he was a marvel—and at the same time was a good student."

John Flick, or the Difference.

How well I remember when John Flick used to be the envy of all the rest of "us boys." John was the "champion" skater,

year after year. In winter none of the rest of us had any " show" with the little girls when " Tim " was on the ice, but when the spring thaws came and John's skates were laid away, John's prominence was at an end, for that was all he could do. Here in Ottawa the skater of winter is the lacrosse player or the canoeist of summer, or the football man of autumn. Here an athlete excels in many things, some of them in nearly everything. Orme Haycock, the best skater in the Ottawa Valley, and one of the best in Canada, has won the O.A.A.C. medal for all-round athletic sports.

Apropos of skating, we often had the pleasure, this past winter, of seeing Mr. George A. Meagher, the world's champion figure skater. He won the amateur skating championship of the world in Ottawa, on March 4th, 1891. The medal was presented by the Governor General, then Lord Stanley. Since that time Mr. Meagher has made two lengthy tours of Europe, winning many laurels, in Russia, Hungary, Austria and other countries. His medals seem countless. These have been presented by practically every skating club of any prominence in the world, while beautiful ones have been presented by H.R.H. Princess Louise, the Earl of Derby, the Marquis of Dufferin, the Countess of Turenne, and many other notables. His skating at Government House is a great feature. The very acme of beauty in motion is the skating of Lady Minto (one of the best lady skaters in the world), with Mr. Meagher as a partner.

Skating Carnival.

One of the prettiest sights I have seen in Canada was an ice carnival in the Aberdeen Rink. Some of the costumes worn were very beautiful, and all of them were pleasing. Lord and Lady Minto led in the figure skating, which for beauty and intricate motion was beyond description.

There was one skater at this carnival who did considerable falling. This was

Mephistopheles.

The wit from Toronto suggested as the reason that " Meph. don't seem to be used to ice."

In concluding this running talk on sports and athletics, I feel that I have but touched the subjects, and yet I may well ask to be pardoned when you take into consideration that not one of the games mentioned but might be subject for a volume.

OTTAWA GOLF CLUB.

"Colonel," said I, one day when we were talking about games and sports, "what game can be played by the fewest people, and yet is always played by the greatest number?"

"Rube, you've been drinking again! Why, man, how can the 'fewest' in any instance be the 'greatest' number? Give it up, what game is it?"

"Golf, Colonel, golf!"

"Golf? I see how it may be played by two, or even one, but how the greatest number?"

"Easy enough, Colonel, easy enough. It may, as you say, be played by two, or even one, but it is *always* played by 'The 400!'" It was fortunate for me that the Colonel was no golf player, else his aim at this point might not have been a miss.

The Ottawa Golf Club is no exception. It does not contain all of that mystic number, but it certainly is a very prominent part of it, and among the part are some very expert players, both ladies and gentlemen. To say this, however, of the Ottawans, where sports and games are in question, is merely to state a truism, as I have never seen a city where excellence in athletics was so general.

History of Golf in Ottawa.

In 1891 Mr. Hugh Renwick, of Lanark, Scotland, a golf enthusiast, came to the Capital. He was soon playing with an enthusiastic following, among whom were the late Mr. J. Lloyd Pierce, Lt.-Col. D. T. Irwin, Mr. A. Simpson, Dr. John Thorborn, Mr. S. H. Fleming, Mr. J. W. de C. O'Grady, and about 50 others.

The first site was a 50-acre tract along the Rideau River, south-easterly from the city. It was a nine-hole course. Many interesting matches were played on these links. The one in 1895, for the championship of Canada, being the most important. This was won by T. M. Harley, of Kingston.

In 1896 the growth of the city sent the club to their 108-acre 12-hole grounds, on the Chelsea Road, north of Hull, and when the great International Cement Company found them playing above invaluable material, they were again compelled to move, this time to their own beautiful grounds of 125 acres, on the Aylmer Road, along the Ottawa River, about three miles west of the city. These grounds are ideal. They seem to have been laid out by nature for such a purpose. The hazzards are sand bunkers. A little brook winds in around along the whole course. The view from the magnificent club house, just now completed, is very pleasing.

An 18-hole course has been laid out, forming a circuit of almost 3¾ miles.

The membership, limited to 250 ordinary and 150 lady associate members, is now full, and a number of candidates on the waiting list.

The officers are: President, George H. Perley; vice-president, E. J. Chamberlain; captain, A. B. Brodrick; secretary-treasurer, J. A. Jackson; committee, J. A. D. Holbrook, J. Roberts-Allan, Geo. F. Henderson, J. F. Orde and Lt.-Col. D. T. Irwin, C.M.G., A.D.C.

SUMMER AMUSEMENTS.

What with "Venetian Nights," "Parisian Nights," Arabian —no, I mean "Persian" Nights entertainments, at the various Parks around the city, and with the band concerts given weekly, the Ottawans who have to stay in town find much enjoyment. They don't have a hilarious time, as it is remarkable how little noise it takes to give real pleasure. It sometimes takes a good while to get through with these pleasures, however. The Colonel and I have been out already to some distant Park, and not got back until after 12 o'clock, and yet left large numbers there. (This last sentence will be better appreciated by the "large numbers.")

Apropos of the "hilarious," I must commend the perfect order of a Canadian crowd. It is never boisterous, and consideration for others is the rule. You see an occasional policeman, but he is usually there to be around in case of accident, or because it is his night off.

"Persian Night" at Rockliffe Park was an illustration of a summer night's amusement in Ottawa.

The trolley company had that beautiful pleasure park lighted up with so many thousands of Chinese lanterns that night seemed to be turned into day. Look in any direction you might, and the trees bore lights like fruit of all conceivable colors. The band furnished a programme of music that would have done credit to any of our best city bands. As I stood in that crowd of perhaps ten thousand people, I might shut my eyes and easily imagine that there were but few around me, so little the noise, and yet the cheerful faces all about showed that pleasure was general. I have come to know that even children can have "a whole lot o' fun" without annoyance to others by their boisterousness.

Just here will fit in a criticism. The Canadians say we Yankees speak too loud. The criticism is a just one, but while we may speak too loud, they in turn do not speak loud enough, and as a result it is usual that a question is answered by another, and that other is "*I beg your pardon?*" which means "I did not understand your question, will you be so kind as to repeat it?" Then, again, it seems to be a custom. One morning I enquired

of a maid. for the residence of one in that vicinity. She stopped sweeping, and began her answer: "He lives—oh, I beg your pardon?" She had heard the question and began her answer, then forgot that she had not first "begged pardon." I repeated the question in a much lower tone, when she readily pointed out the residence. This is not unpleasant, as they do ask: "I beg your pardon?" in so pleasant a voice and so courteous a manner, that I never mind having to repeat.

"Moving Pictures,"

Is the order of the *night,* this (1904) summer. So many thousands go nightly to Britannia that the road is taxed to its limit, but so well are the crowds handled, that none need remain out until breakfast, as was the case on "Venetian Nights" last summer.

MILITARY.

At the opening of the Rideau Canal, Ottawa—or then Bytown—became a military station. Two, and at times three companies of regulars were stationed here, on Barracks Hill, now Parliament Hill. They had little to do but, "Drill, Drill, Drill, ye Tarriers Drill!" On such occasions as "Stony Monday"—Sept. 17th, 1849—they had to quell small riots.

The Provincial Militia made Bytown life worth living, when the "Captains" and "Colonels" marched into town with their "troops," for annual "muster."

In 1854, two companies of volunteers were organized, one English speaking, under Captain George Patterson, a loyal merchant. The other company was made up of French speaking citizens, under Joseph B. Turgeon, with Dr. Beaubien assistant. These were known as No. 1 and No. 2 Rifles, but called by the expressive names of "The Sleepies" and "Dwyer's Divils." The Drill Sergeant for both companies, was one Tim Dwyer, a retired Sergeant of the Line. Tim had no trouble with the "Sleepies," but the other company played the very—well its own name, with his patience. While Tim knew tactics, he didn't know French. The French knew neither tactics nor Tim's English, but they finally mastered one command, and as Tim soon lost all hope of making them understand another, he used that one on all occasions. That one was, "stip round ye divils," and they "stipped."

The Ottawa Field Battery was organized September 27th, 1855, with Major John Bailey Turner in command. This battery is still in existence—48 years without a break. Jas. Forsyth was made drill master. His place was taken, years after, by Captain Forest. Captain Workman and Lieut. Chas. Aumond were connected with the Battery. The command has been under Captains Forsyth, Stewart, Hurdman, (now Lieut.-Colonel on the Regimental Staff) and E. C. Arnoldi, now in command as Major.

At Deseronto Camp, in 1903, this Battery carried off the highest honors in the Dominion for general efficiency. This was not unusual as it has done the same so long, that it has become *chronic.*

As a further bit of military history, the original members of the "old guard" living, are the first Paymaster, Richard Bishop, (later: died since these words were written) of Hintonburgh, his successor, a well known and active worker in many literary lines, A. S. Woodburn,* whose fund of knowledge reminiscent, is little short of marvellous—(I cannot but speak of him thus. When in search of data on any subject of the long ago, I was always referred to "A. S. Woodburn, see him, he can tell you," and he never failed to make good the confidence. He retired with the rank of Major) and one other, Lieut. Campbell Macnab, who is at present in the lower St. Lawrence. During the season he puts in his time hunting the porpoise, with all the vigor of youth.

Since 1855, a number of other organizations have come up and again disappeared. No less than seven companies of "Garrison Artillery" were at one time in active practice in Ottawa. They disappeared, and then, the 43rd Regiment took the place of the old Rifles and Garrison Artillery. In 1861, the late Judge Christopher Armstrong and W. F. Powell, M.P., were instrumental in working up an interest in things military in Carleton County. One company especially, formed at Bell's Corners, was the nucleus of *The Old 43rd Regiment,* better known as the "Carleton Blazers." But a simple mention of this regiment can be made. It took a whole book for Captain Ernest J. Chambers, R.O., to tell the history of it, and for me to say he has told it well and entertainingly, goes without saying to those who know this charmnig writer.

The Princess Louise Dragoon Guards.

This fine body of cavalry was organized May 23rd, 1872, and named for the popular daughter of the Queen, Princess Louise. It consists of two squadrons.

The Governor General's Foot Guards.

This regiment was organized June 7th, 1872, two weeks after the Princess Louise Dragoon companies. As its name indicates, it is the guard of honor to the Governor General of Canada.

Following is the order in which the various Ottawa Regiments of the militia, appear in "The Quarterly Militia List of the Dominion of Canada," for July 1st, 1904.

* I wrote this just before Mr. Woodburn's death. I will leave it with kind memories of the man and all he did for me.

Cavalry.

The Princess Louise Dragoon Guards.

(Organized 23rd May, 1872.)

Hon. Lieut-Colonel.—F. F. Gourdeau.
Lieut.-Colonel.—Robert Brown.
Majors.—C. A. Eliot, R. M. Courtney, G. A. Ryan.
Captains.—A. H. H. Powell, H. B. Borbridge, E. E. Clarke, J. A. Cameron.
Lieutenants.—H. P. Fleming, J. R. Munro, J. W. Bush, C. J. Burritt, J. R. Routh, W. R. Greene, J. P. Boyle, A. Ryan, J. J. Danby, L. S. Macoun, D. J. McDougal, P. C. McGillivray, R. O. Croll, T. R. Brown, D. W. Moore, D. C. Merkley, G. A. Noonan, J. D. Robertson.
Paymaster.—W. H. Cole.
Adjutant.—J. R. Routh (lieut.)
Quartermaster.—J. St. D. Lemoine.

Artillery.

Ottawa Field Battery.

(Organized 27th Sept., 1855.)

Major.—E. C. Arnoldi.
Captains.—A. H. Bertschinger, E. W. B. Morrison, D.S.O.
Lieutenants.—C. H. Maclaren, E. R. Tooley, H. H. Cameron.
Medical Officer.—E. B. Echlin.
Veterinary Officer.—Alex. W. Harris, D.V.S.

Engineers.

Ottawa Company—(Organized 1st July, 1902.)

Major.—C. P. Meredith.
Lieutenants.—A. P. Deroche, E. P. Fetherstonhaugh, O. Higman, jr., R. S. Smart.
Medical Officer.—W. I. Bradley.

Infantry.

The Governor General's Foot Guards.

(Organized 7th June, 1872.)

Honorary Colonel.—His Ex. The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Minto, G.C.M.G., P.C., Governor General.
Lieut.-Colonel.—Sydney C. D. Roper.
Majors.—E. E. F. Taylor, Henry A. Bate.
Captains.—Douglas R. Street, C. F. Winter, William T. Lawless, Donald H. McLean, Agar S. A. M. Adamson, F. A. Magee, G. D. Graham, J. F. Cunningham, F. C. T. O'Hara, J. G. Maclaren.

Lieutenants.—E. E. Prince, E. J. W. Mosgrove, J. F. Gilmour, J. F. Watson, F. D. Hogg, G. McG. Maclaren, J. M. Bate, T. W. Alexander, A. C. Ross, J. A. Mackenzie, G. G. Chrysler.
Paymaster.—R. Gill.
Adjutant.—C. F. Winter.
Quarter-Master.—T. G. Rothwell.
Medical Officers.—J. F. Kidd, G. S. MacCarthy.
Chaplain.—Rev. H. Kittson.

43rd Regiment, "The Duke of Cornwall's Own Rifles."

(Organized 5th August, 1881.)

Honorary Colonel.—General H. R. H. George, Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, K.G., etc.
Honorary Lieut.-Colonel.—W. White, C.M.G.
Lieut.-Colonel.—S. Maynard Rogers.
Major.—Richard A. Helmer.
Captains.—Stuart E. de la Ronde, J. H. Bollard, D. W. Cameron, J. H. Dewar, A. de Mowbray Bell, R. G. Stewart, J. A. Ewart, R. Blackburn, R. G. Cameron.
Lieutenants.—J. A. Armstrong, G. L. Blatch, A. J. Matthews, R. J. Birdwhistle, H. A. Folkins, J. P. Dickson, G. A. Bell, A. A. Pinard, C. M. Edwards, E. R. McNeil, W. S. Wood, E. A. Olver, G. P. Matthewman, T. F. Elmitt, S. J. Stevenson, A. L. Ogilvie, R. S. Simpson, O. K. Gibson, E. C. Woolsey, J. E. Snowball.
Paymaster.—E. D. Sutherland.
Adjutant.—D. W. Cameron.
Quarter-Master.—J. E. Hutcheson.
Medical Officers.—J. D. Courtney, F. W. Birkett.
Chaplain.—Rev. J. M. Snowdon.

Army Medical Corps..

(Authorized 1st July, 1899.)

Officer Commanding.—A. T. Shillington.
Subaltern.—J. W. Shillington.

Unattached List.

Colonel.—L. F. Pinault.
Lieut.-Colonels.—Hon. E. G. Prior, L. W. Coutlee, F. G. Stone, F. White, C.M.G.
Hon. Major.—A. Benoit.
Majors.—H. J. Woodside, E. H. T. Heward, W. J. Neill, E. C. Cole.
Captains.—F. A. O'Farrel, H. F. Wyatt, H. G. Bate, W. R. Ecclestone, W. Price, J. R. Miller, S. H. Capper.
Lieutenants.—G. B. Cameron, H. W. Frink, G. I. McAlister.

The soldiery of Ottawa are a fine body of men. The popularity of military matters has drawn into the various organizations the very best element of the city. I was about to say: "The rough element have nothing to do with military affairs," then I stopped for a moment to think, why say that when Ottawa prides herself on not having a "rough element," and after months of a sojourn among this people, I am pleased to say she has all reason for the pride. I have never seen a city so free from this class, and Ottawa is to be congratulated.

Incidents and Humor of Things Military.

It was our pleasure to meet and know genial Colonel Wm. White, Honorary Lieutenant Colonel of the 43rd. For twenty-seven years he was Secretary of the Canadian Post Office Department, and for nine years Deputy Postmaster General of Canada.

I had heard that he had command of the first Guards in Ottawa during the Fenian Raid in 1866, and knew he must have some good stories apropos of those stirring times. My guess was correct.

"We were stationed in the Skead building," began the Colonel. "It stood on Wellington Street, where now stands the British American Bank Note Company's fine structure. As we had no notion of the extent of the raid, we were suspicious of every stranger, and at night we were ordered to make all persons, we did not know, give an account of themselves. Some were too indignant and others too "full" to answer questions, so we "ran" them in.

"I shall never forget one man who did not get over his indignation all night, for next morning when one of the guards, an awkward wag of a country boy, went to take him before Colonel Wiley, the fellow would not move, so the guard prodded him with his bayonet. When he was arraigned before the Colonel, he began at once, "Colonel," said he, boiling with rage, "I prefer charges against this lout of a fellow." The Colonel, who enjoyed a joke, could hardly keep up the dignity of the bench, but turning asked the guard very seriously, even sternly, "Here, my good fellow what have you to say to this man's charges? He says you prodded him."

"Jedge, ef yer don't mind, I guess he's right about it," said the guard, scared like.

"Yes, and you admit that you really prodded the man?"

"Yeas, Jedge, I cain't lie, I cain't lie if yer put me up for it. I prodded 'im."

"Why did you prod him?"

"Wull, Jedge, yer see when I was a startin' to bring him to yer I told 'im to travel."

"Then what did he do?"

"He jest wouldn't travel."

"And then what did you do?"
"Wull, honest, Jedge, I prodded 'im."
"Well, and what did he do?"
"He travelled."

A Travelling Arsenal.

"N. W. Bethune, was then—37 years ago—as now, in charge of the telegraph office, now the G.N.W., then the Montreal Telegraph Co. He feared that Fenian spies might get possession of the office, and use it to send dispatches, so he hunted around for arms to protect himself. After hunting the town over, he found two dilapidated horse pistols and a shot gun. The pistols were too large to get into his pockets, so you might see Bethune any day going back and forth to his house, looking more like a travelling arsenal than anything I can think of. I am sure had he been attacked, and he had fired any 'gun' of his battery, there would have been far more danger of there being one Bethune less than any fewer Fenians."

I told the Colonel the story of the reporter and his icicle, and the real reason of the sudden termination of that Fenian raid, and he thanked me, for said he, "I never knew before why it came to such an abrupt stop, but I see now." (You will find the Reporter's Story under "Newspapers.")

The Old Cavalry Colonel's Story.

"Oh, yes; it must have been more than a quarter of a century ago," said the old Colonel, when asked to tell the story of Jack ——, one of his troopers, a brave Irish lad, who lay dying of consumption. "We had gone up to see him—a number of the boys and myself—and as we sat talking, trying to chirk him up, the Dr. (a member of the regiment), came in with a cheery, 'Brace up, old man; we're going to have our annual mounted drill, and we want you to be out with us.'

'No, Doc. dear; Jack's nixt roide will be out over the hill to the graveyard beyant the Rideau. But, till me, Doc, do ye think the byes wull turn out at me funeral?'

'Certainly, Jack; if it comes to the worst, they will, but we hope it will be a long time till that day.'

'Now, till me, Doc.; wull they hall me on the cannon, loike I was a warrior?'

'Yes, Jack; with the old flag wound 'round you, and your helmet and sword placed on top.'

'An' Doc. dear; wull they have me ould harse Wraggles lid behoind, wuth me boots turned wrong furninst, an' toide wuth crape, the same as they did at Charlie's funeral?'

'Yes, Jack; old Wraggles will be there. He has been with you too long not to be with you at the last.'

'Wull they have the band followin', and playin' the march, the same as at Charlie's?'

'Yes, Jack; and the band will be there, for all the boys love you very much.'

'Oh, won't that be foine! An', Doc. dear, till me ony this wan more quistion. Whin the byes raich the yard, wull they foire three volumes over me grave the same as at Charlie's?'

'Yes, Jack; they will fire three *volumes* over your grave.'

'My, my, Doc., won't that be foine! Won't that be foine!'

"An', Doc., dear; ye'll foind me purse thare in the cubbard. Take out suthin' for the pall-bearers, as it may be a cowld day."

"Jack, will I treat them going or coming?"

"Going, Doc., going—fer I'le not be wuth 'em whin tha come back."

"And the poor fellow seemed really delighted with the prospect. It was to us most pathetic, for we all loved Jack dearly. He had been a faithful trooper—never missing a drill, and ever ready to do his duty without question. He lay still for a long while, then all at once tried to raise himself up in the bed, and began again to talk—this time more to himself and to his old horse than to us.

'Wraggles, Wraggles, me faithful harse, an' ye'll be wid me to the last. Ha, ha, manny's the long day we have bin togither, ye and I, Wraggles. It was a colt I found ye. I knew thin that ye'd some day be a grate harse—an', whist, Wraggles, do ye moind the staple chasing we've had togither?' At this he seemed almost transformed with delirium. 'Whist, Wraggles, come, bye, now they're off! Hurray! Hurray! Ah, ha; ho, ho! Ye tuk that wan will, Wraggles! Now, brace for the nixt. Whoop, we're over! Whare's thare thurrobrids now! Ahn, ahn, me faithful bye! Ho, ho, now for the wather jump. See, see, Wraggles, the oies of the thousands ar ahn us! Make the jump o' yer loife, an' make that jump the ricord. Whoop, we're floing, Wraggles. Whoop, we're over—an' ye've made the ricord!'

"It was poor Jack's last effort. After that we could only get from him meagre words. We all knew the reason of his temporary delirium. He was riding over again a steeplechase he had once ridden, when both he and old Wraggles were young. He spoke truly, they had indeed made a record, which to this day stands unbroken. I forget exactly, but the 'water jump' was over 30 feet, some say 35.

"Poor Jack died within the week, and we carried out his request to the very letter, for we all loved him." and the old Colonel wiped his glasses, for they were very dim.

Courtesies Exchanged.

When the first contingent was in South Africa, the boys were stationed next to the famous Royal Gordon Highlanders, between whom and the Canadians there began a friendship that death alone will sever. The Gordons have, since the war, sent a beautiful

trophy to be shot for at the Rifle Range, and just now the boys are getting ready two moose heads mounted on maple leaf shields, to send over to the Gordons. Thanks to Major Rogers, I saw the heads and the inscription on the shields: "Presented to the First Battalion, Royal Gordon Highlanders, by the Second S.S. Battalion, Royal Canadian Regiment, as a memento of their association in the Nineteenth Brigade, South African Field Force, 1899-1900."

Historic Gun.

There is, in the Ottawa Drill Hall, a gun that is unique in that it was the means of making three Victoria Cross men in one engagement. On a brass plate on the gun carriage is the simple story, "For the saving of this Gun in the Rear-guard Action at Lilliefontein, Transvaal, November 7th, 1900, the following honors were granted:—

Victoria Cross.

Lieut. Cockburn, Royal Canadian Dragoons; Lieut. Turner, Royal Canadian Dragoons; Sergeant Holland, Royal Canadian Dragoons."

Distinguished Services Order.

Lieut. Morrison, "D." Battery, Royal Canadian Artillery. To a man up a tree, the wonder is that there were not four V.C.'s, with the one left out at the head of the list. (This is *not* on that plate on the gun carriage.) The following were the non-commissioned officers and men of No. 5 gun, Subdivision "D" Battery, R.C.A., in charge of the gun on that day:—

Sergeant Curzon, Gunners Ketcheman, Thorne, Lane, Bramak, Gamble; Drivers Henry, Sullivan, Lafleur; Trooper Haycock, R.C.D. (attached).

The men under Lieut. (now Captain) Morrison saved the gun from being taken by the Boers, notwithstanding the fact that they had done well to have escaped capture with no encumbrances, as they were all but surrounded by overwhelming numbers. In the face of this they fought their way out, and brought with them old No. 5.

Captain E. W. B. Morrison is editor-in-chief of the Ottawa *Citizen*. Lord Roberts, in speaking of this, said: "I have no praise too high for the devoted gallantry they all showed in keeping the enemy off the infantry and convoy."

Saw Service on Both Sides.

In the officers' mess of the 43rd, where the Colonel and I had much hospitality shown us, we saw another "gun" with a history. This gun is a musket. It was captured by the Boers from the

Seaforth Highlanders at Magersfontein, and recaptured at Paardeberg, February 27th, 1900, by the Canadian troops, and presented to the 43rd Regiment officers by Major S. M. Rogers (now Colonel Rogers). In this mess room are seen several things of special and pleasing interest to Americans. The first is

Riel's Prayer, or Proclamation.

The original proclamation of war against the Dominion of Canada, written personally by Louis Riel, in 1885, (preceding the North-west Rebellion) on the back of a holy church picture, was captured by "Gat." Howard at Batoche, and afterwards presented by him to this regiment, who treasure it very highly among their many interesting souvenirs.

In the mess they also have a large oil painting of Major A. L. ("Gat.") Howard, which he ordered before his leaving for South Africa, where he so nobly fell. This picture is one of three which he had Col. A. P. Sherwood have painted for presentation to the 90th Regiment of Winnipeg, the 10th Royal Grenadiers of Toronto, and this one for the 43rd, as a souvenir of his association with these corps during the North-west Rebellion of 1885. He also gave a valuable sterling silver Cup for an inter-company competition in the 43rd.

Major A. L. Howard.

This name is of international fame. Beginning his career with us, he ended it with his life in Canada's honor.

It has been so long since he left New Haven that I will give a few refreshing lines biographical.

Arthur L. Howard, of New Haven, served in the First U. S. Cavalry during our Civil War. Later he was with General Ord in the Indian Wars in the far west, mostly in New Mexico. He is said to have had command of the first machine gun battery in the United States.

When the Riel Rebellion began in the North-west, in 1885, the Canadian Government sent to Connecticut for some machine (Gatling) guns. Word came back, "The guns will be of little use unless you have a man who understands handling them."

"Send us the best man you can find," replied Canada, and Captain Howard was sent, having obtained permission from the Governor of Connecticut to leave the State.

The work he did in that war is history. He became so famous from the way he handled the Gatling gun that he was at once and ever after lovingly called "Gat." Howard.

At the close of the Rebellion, he saw an opening for a cartridge factory, and the Dominion Cartridge Company at Brownsburg, P.Q., was the result. He later opened a factory at Capellton, near Sherbrooke, P.Q., which is still managed by his son.

When the South African, or Boer, war began, he came at once to Ottawa, and not only offered his services to the Governor General, but would have equipped a battery of machine guns at his own expense; but the Governor could not accept the latter, however much he appreciated the noble offer. He did accept his personal services, and "Gat." went with the first contingent of artillery. He was given charge of the quick-firing guns attached to the First Canadian Mounted Rifles.

Brave even to recklessness, "Gat." Howard knew no fear in the line of duty. This daring led him to his death, on February 17th, 1901, at Swaziland. Those with him at the time tell how that when the Boers had slain most of his men, they called out to Howard, "Throw up your hands," and then shot him down, when they might have made him a prisoner.

The boys say, "No braver or one more loved than he fell in that war."

The work he did for Canada made his name an honored one. He became a hero, and to-day holds a place in the affections of this people, who often speak lovingly of "Dear old Gat. Howard."

A large silk flag—the Stars and Stripes—hangs in this mess room. It is the gift of the people of Burlington, Vermont, on the occasion of a visit of the regiment to that hospitable city. My authority for the "hospitable" is not personal, as the pleasure of a visit has not yet been mine. The authority is the boys themselves, who never tire of telling how "Burlington has entertainment down to the very point of perfection."

One Hundredth Regiment.

In 1858, during Governor General Head's term in Canada, much of interest transpired. The two most important events being the changing of the Capital to Ottawa, and the organization of the 100th, or Prince of Wales, Royal Canadian Regiment. It was recruited from Quebec and Ontario, with the object of taking part in the Indian Mutiny, or Sepoy Rebellion, but reaching England too late to take part in helping to quell the mutiny, it was sent to Gibraltar.

Of the 16 commissioned officers but few are alive. Of these, two are now living in Ottawa, Lieut. (Capt.) Brown-Wallis, originally from Port Hope, and Lieut. Charles Henry Carriere, of this City.

Of the others still living, there are Lieut. Ex.-Deputy Adj. Genl. T. J. Duchesne, of Quebec, Ensign John G. Ridout, of Toronto, Ensign H. E. Davidson, of Hamilton. Those now in England are, Capt. Henry Cook (now Major-General), Capt. Henry G. Brown (now Colonel), Capt. T. W. W. Smyth (now Colonel), and Capt. R. B. Ingram (now Major). The regiment is now the

Prince of Wales Leinster, (Royal Canadians). The Recruiting Depot is Birr, Ireland.

Mrs. Thomas Ahearn has written, for the Historical Society, a very able and comprehensive paper on this famous regiment. The original colors may be seen in the Parliament Library. There is little but the staff left, but that "little" speaks volumes for the gallant men who followed it.

Can't Kill Him.

Ottawa has a well-known military man, who has died or been killed more times than any living man on the continent. One of his greatest pleasures now is to read the beautiful and touching obituary notices that he has received from time to time. If he grow despondent and out of conceit with himself and the world, all he needs to do is to turn to these notices, and read how much he is mourned every time he dies, or is killed. Here is a bit of "machine work" that I give, even at risk of another obituary—*not* his:—

He was drowned in the wreck of the Asia,
He was scalped by Poor Lo at Cut Knife—
Was missed when they called—when found he was bald,
And bald he will be all his life.

The fates were against him again,
In the war with the Boers in S. A.,
He was slain and left dead on the field,
Though not near the battle that day.

My story might here have an end,
Were it not that he died once again,
This time 'twas the fever that carried away
My hero at Magersfontein.

The Major, now Colonel, has died many times,
Yet after each death gained renown—
Though dead in a wreck—in battle twice slain,
He is still the livest in the town.

OTTAWA MUSICAL.

Ottawa is a musical city. This does not alone mean that it loves music—all cities do that—but Ottawa loves music of a high order, which must indicate that it is musically cultured. The stranger has little opportunity of knowing the accomplishments of the individuals, and must gain a knowledge of a city's worth, in any line, by what he may causally observe. We praise that which we understand and appreciate. The audience cheers that which pleases it, and if that audience be a representative one, we need but listen to the class of music (if at a concert) it cheers, to know its degree of musical culture, and not only *what* it cheers, but how it responds when really good music is rendered well.

I am writing under the inspiration of the concerts given by

The Coldstream Guards' Band,

on Sept. 25th, 1903. The selections were of a high order, the execution rarely equalled, and the enthusiasm of an Ottawa audience was a revelation. We had been told of Ottawa's musical culture—that afternoon and evening, we knew it for ouselves. Every good selection was so enthusiastically encored, that we could scarce believe that we were in a Canadian audience. We were carried back home where demonstration is the rule. How I did wish for that man who said Canada was not patriotic. Why, bless you, when the band struck up patriotic airs, it had to respond at times to four and five encores, and, this, too, before an audience composed of the best people of Canada, and joined in by all, from the Premier to the page.

This band made a tour of Eastern Canada. The banquets and public ovations given it everywhere it went, should have made the boys carry back a most pleasant memory of this country. They were so pleased with their Ottawa reception, that they returned three weeks later for a second visit. The largest rink in the city was engaged, and yet hundreds were turned away; as not even standing room was to be had.

Mr. J. Mackenzie Rogan is an ideal bandmaster. He never detracts from the music by unnecessary gesture; his slightest wave of the baton being caught by the men quite as readily as though he made of himself an armed "windmill."

In speaking of his tour through Canada he said: "We have been received everywhere with great hospitality. We have played to one half a million of people, and I have been surprised to find the Canadians cultivated up to a hearty appreciation of Wagner, Tschaikowsky, Grieg, and the symphonies of the older masters."

Ottawa has a fine Choral Society, under the directorship of Mr. J. E. Birch. It was organized in 1897, and recently reorganized. It has one hundred and fifty selected singers, and this winter will give Dvorak's "The Spectre's Bride," and Elgar's "The Banner of St. George."

That Ottawa is musical may be indicated by its having almost one hundred music teachers.

Organists.

There are in the various churches most proficient organists, a few of whom we have heard, and can speak their excellence. Messrs. J. E. Birch, J. A. Winter (late of St. James' Methodist, Montreal), whose bi-monthly recitals in All Saint's Church are musical features; C. E. B. Price, F. M. S. Jenkins, Mrs. F. M. S. Jenkins, Arthur Dorey, Mr. and Mrs. Tasse, A. Cramer, Jas. A. Smith, Miss Alice Belanger, Mr. M. E. Dionne, Mr. A. Tremblay, a talented composer as well.

Pianoists.

Mr. H. Puddicombe, Mrs. F. M. S. Jenkins (sister of the late Poet Lampman). Mrs. Arthur McConnell, Mr. Ernest Whyte (Composer), Dr. T. Gibson and Mrs. G. Lampman (mother of the poet).

Mandolinists.

William Herbert and George Alfred Peate, probably the best mandolin players in America, are now Ottawans.

Violinists.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Heins, Miss Honor Clayton and Mr. A. Tasse, Musical Director of Russell Theatre.

Vocalists.

Ottawa has so many singers that a list would be mistaken for a musical directory. In the church choirs there are some very pleasing voices. A few of the Sopranos are:—Miss G. Mainguy,

Miss Sanford, Mrs. J. Angus McKenzie, Miss Wilson (this name being that of so many musically talented, that each may prefix her own initials), Miss Edith Stephens and Mrs. Robt. Hupp.

Contraltos.—Miss Lillian Ostrom, Mrs. Godwin, Mrs. D. K. McIntosh, Mrs. R. S. MacPherson, Mrs. W. Surtees and Mrs. W. Noofke.

Tenors.—Mr. W. H. Thicke, Mr. G. de V. O'Hara, Mr. E. L. Horwood, Mr. A. E. Ecclestone, Mr. J. MacCormac Clarke, Mr. Robt. Hupp.

Bass and Baritone.—Mr. Cecil Bethune (possibly the best baritone in the city), Mr. H. E. A. Hawken, Mr. Gordon Shephard, Mr. T. Cuthbertson, Mr. S. E. de la Ronde, Mr. Chas. Boehmer.

As in most of the Canadian cities the Catholic churches of Ottawa give great attention to music. Following is a list of soloists of the more prominent choirs of this church.

Sopranos.—Mrs. A. Arcand, Mrs. N. M. Mathe, Mrs. Cardinal, Mrs. Joseph Mahon, Mrs. Chevrier, Miss Belanger, Miss Alice Belanger, Miss Agnes Duhamel, Miss Doyon, Miss Barthe, Mrs. L. Laframboise, Mrs. J. Roberge, Mrs. Lemaire, Mrs. Alex. Spenard, Mrs. R. Carter, Misses E. Chouinard, F. Lavoie, A. Provost.

Contraltos.—Misses A. Martin, A. Lefebre, A. Bigns, A. Trudel, L. Leblanc, L. Carter, R. Poulin, Langlois, Leprohon, N. Richardson, C. Cadieux, Nannie Girouard (daughter of Judge Girouard), Mrs. J. A. Faulkner.

To the list, among Contraltos, I must needs add the names of Mdlle. de Jaffa, of Government House, and Mrs. A. M. Davis, of Rideau Convent. And just here the Col. onel says: "Don't forget, among Sopranos, that sweet voice of little Miss Babin, we heard at the Convent."

Tenors.—Prof. Casey, Messrs. L. P. Desviens, A. Lafontaine, N. M. Mathe, A. Leclerc, A. McNickoll, F. X. Talbot, G. Emond, E. Cardinal, A. Dubois, — Gauthier, T. Dubois, Nap. Taylor, Joseph Diguer, I. Champagne, J. Morin, J. B. Rioux, A. Belanger, R. Carter, J. Blois.

Bass.—Messrs. Eugene Belleau, A. Drouin, E. A. Bourcier, Rev. Father P. Granger (leader), Wm. Carter, J. Langlois, F. Roberge, R. Devlin, P. Pelletier, J. E. Marion, I. Proulx (son of the member for Prescott), J. Proulx, M. Dugnay, Edm. Cusson, F. X. Saucier, M. Dupoint, D. Dion, G. Vincent, D. P. Dermette, T. Aumond, J. Conway.

A Great Musical Leader.

The man who has done more to develop the latent musical talent of Canada than any other is a resident of Ottawa. He is Charles A. E. Harriss, of "Earnscliffe," (the late Sir John A. Macdonald's magnificent old home.)

Mr. Harriss undertook the herculean task of bringing together, not alone the singers of any one city, but at enormous expense of money and energy, organized choruses in nearly every city in Canada, and in two years had 4,000 trained voices singing in the various places. He brought Sir Alex. Mackenzie to conduct the concerts of a line of cities clear across the continent. His work will be continued. Ottawa should be proud to be thus the centre of so great a musical field. As indicating the interest manifested in Mr. Harriss' work, at Winnipeg, at one of his afternoon symphony concerts, parents brought their children, to the number of 1,000, to listen to classical music, starting them thus early to love music of high order. This speaks a volume for Winnipeg. Mr. Harriss has just begun his great work. He should have the hearty co-operation of all musical Canada. In the Syllabus of the Royal Academy of Music, and the Royal College of Music, of London, England, of which His Majesty the King is Patron, and the Prince of Wales is the President, we find that Mr. Harriss is the Hon. Director of examinations in Canada, which fact tells more than anything I might say of his ability as a musical director. Mr. Harriss is also a composer of ability.

Guy Mainguy,

whose music name is Sopra, is no prophet, if we may judge from the honor paid him in Ottawa, his boyhood home. But, then, that voice of his would command "honor" among the most critical in any country. It is a pure soprano, with high register, and so delightfully pleasing (it requires both words to express it) that we sat spellbound in the Russell Theatre, through a programme of no less than twenty-four songs, mostly classical.

He is the son of Le F. A. Mainguy, chief draughtsman of the Post Office Department. He has been under the management of the great Raphael Roche, in London, under whom are such artists as Ludwig Wullner, Madame Jean Rannay, Senor Rubio, celloist to the late Queen of Spain, and Senor Guetary, formerly of the Royal Italian Opera. His stage manner, or rather its lack, is most pleasing. "How like Colonel Wm. De H. Washington, when he was a boy of twenty," said *my* Colonel, who is always pointing out similarities when he sees anyone especially pleasing in manner.

I might fill pages about this wonderful Ottawan, and yet no one could know, from any words, the marvel of his voice. One must hear him, then one will *feel* its charm.

There is another boy soprano with a fine voice—Grant Powell, son of Dr. R. W. Powell. He is but fourteen, and yet has a voice of natural sweetness and rare culture.

* * * * * *

Before manuscript had grown to book, I had found enough of "Music," to have filled a volume all to itself. This was written in 1903.

Many changes might be made in it, no, not changes, but additions. In the Catholic churches the voices of the ladies are no longer heard in the choirs, to the weakening of the choirs. There were many musical events during the winter, which quite convinced me that I had not been too emphatic. What was most surprising was to hear children from six or seven to fourteen years rendering classical music, and so well that it was pleasing to listen to.

Apropos of music in Ottawa, here is something that may surprise those who think of Ottawa as a "by town." I have never seen, either in Boston or New York—our centres of music—a more beautiful or so well appointed music store as one on Sparks Street. It is that of J. L. Orme and Son. It is double width and four stories high, the third story being used as a hall in which are held select musical recitals. On each Saturday afternoon during the winter a pianola recital is held, at which are seen many of the music lovers of the city.

The real beauty of this great music house is seen in the second floor, a short description of which will convey some notion of the taste shown by the Ormes. It has four exquisite art rooms, each brilliantly ornamented and decorated with furniture of the Empire style; in old gold of mauresque type; also a la Marie Antoinette.

This store is one of Ottawa's points of interest, especially so for tourists of a musical turn.

In searching for names of old Bytown times, I found that in 1844 Paul Favreau—still living—organized a brass band. The old clipping which contains the names, has no date, but that matters not, 'tis Favreau's brass band we're after, and here it is: Bill Burney was leader (this is wrong, it was Wm. Billbournie, as I find in another record that he was once a bandmaster in the British army; then again I have found those who know him well. One says, "people who did not know, thought his last name was two, 'Bill Burney.' I knew Billbournie to be a band man.") The other members, were J. B. Turgeon, Paul Favreau, Ned Dehorsy, Ned McCarthy, James Johnson, Agapit Lesperance, Joseph Lesperance and Louis Tasse.

ARTISTIC OTTAWA.

Ottawa, like Montreal, has few public Art Galleries, but many private collections. I have spoken elsewhere of the National Art Gallery at Queen and O'Connor Streets.

Among the private collections the following have possibly the most choice in the City: Government House—Rideau Hall—Sir Sandford Fleming, Hon. A. G. Blair, John Manuel, C. A. E. Harriss, James Woods, Rev. Geo. F. Salton, Berkeley Powell, M.P.P., Alex. Lumsden, G. H. Perley, W. Y. Soper, J. J. Gormully, W. H. Davis, H. A. Bate, J. P. Featherston, John Christie, and David Maclaren.

At the Exposition held in September, in Lansdowne Park, there was a fine loan collection of paintings. Among the number were two from the brush of Ireland, President of the Royal Society of London, loaned by Peter Whelen.

Artists.

Ottawa has few professional oil painters, but of the number is Franklin Brownell, of world wide reputation. We saw, while in Ottawa, an exhibition of his work in the Wilson Gallery on Sparks Street; its beauty is its freedom from "pose." Every picture is just as one would see it in life. Aside from this great artist are the Misses Stratton, Miss Patti Jack, Miss Lockwood and Miss Currie, of the Ottawa Ladies' College. Ottawa has another artist, one whose work just now is attracting much attention in the United States, where it is being hung side and side with the best. I refer to H. H. Vickers.

The Woman's Art Association

hold annually an exhibition of paintings in oil and water color, in the Art rooms of Mr. James Wilson, 123 Sparks Street. This Association extends over the whole of Canada, with branches in the chief cities. At their exhibition this year were specimens of the work of many of Canada's foremost women artists; of the

number were Mrs. Dignam, of Toronto, the President of the Association, Mrs. Walter H. Clemes, of Toronto. Others from Toronto: Mrs. Uniache Bayley, Miss Alberta Bowers, Miss M. E. Good, Miss Edna Hutchison, Miss Agnes Johnson, Miss Minnie Kallineyer, Miss Estelle Kerr, Miss Fanny L. Lindsay, Miss Elsie Loudon, Miss M. Logan, Miss Hattie McCurdy, Miss Carrie Sinclair, Miss Florence E. Sigsworth, Miss M. Scroggie.

Ottawa: Miss Cartwright, the talented daughter of Sir Richard Cartwright, Miss May Stratton, Miss Lily Stratton, Miss Patti Jack, Miss Parris, Miss Lockwood, Miss L. Moir.

Hamilton: Miss Rose A. Baine, Miss Clara E. Galbraith, Miss Mary Hore, Miss Emma Knott.

Kingston: Miss McDonald.

Belleville: Miss Emma Clarke.

St. John, N.B.: Miss E. A. Woodburn, Miss E. S. Tilley, Miss C. O. McGiverin, Mrs. Silas Alward, Miss H. M. Holly, Mrs. Alward.

One, in looking over this list, will naturally wonder why the largest city in Canada is not represented, and again will naturally remark that Toronto leads with sixteen artists, with St. John and Hamilton well represented. A number of our own ladies had some fine work at the Exhibition here. Mrs. Scott and Miss McConnell, of New York, and Miss Ida Mitchell, of California, had beautiful rose pictures. Lady Wuytiers, of Holland, and Mrs. Holmsted, of England, also had pictures.

This Association is doing a great work, not only in advancing the Arts of Canada, but are reviving and fostering Indian work, and the work of the various strange peoples who are coming to the country. There was a large display of Doukhobor and other handicraft.

The women of Canada are most progressive in every line for the higher advancement of the people.

Charles Eugene Moss.

Speaking of Art and Artists, it will be of interest to many an Orange (N.J.), citizen to have me speak of Mr. Charles Eugene Moss, who was once a resident of that beautiful suburb. He came to Ottawa, in 1891, as master of the Art School, married an Ottawa lady, Miss Annie Hunton, returned to Orange in 1894, where he remained three years, returning to Ottawa in 1897. He died in 1899. He was a portrait and landscape artist, excelling in landscape. He worked both in oil and water colors, some of his work in the latter, I have rarely seen equalled.

Mr. Moss was reared on a Nebraska farm, but worked more on the barn doors than in the fields. A wealthy uncle, seeing his

work on those doors, said "Charlie's place is not on a farm; he shall go to Paris," and "Charlie" went to Paris, and became a pupil of the great Bougereau, in genre pictures, and of Bonnat, in portraiture. Some of his work was accepted and hung in the American Society of Water Colors. I often see his home here, now occupied by another talented young American. It is just as he left it; pictures hang all about the walls in different stages of completion, as though he had but just gone out for a little stroll, gone out for a sketch for further work, but he will not come again, his work is done. I predict that it will grow in value as the years go by, for it is work that appeals to the lover of the beautiful in nature. It appeals to the heart.

Mr. Moss and Mr. Brownell (both Americans, the latter born at New Bedford, Mass.) were much together in life, both in Paris, under the same great masters. When Mr. Moss returned to the States, Mr. Brownell came to Ottawa, to take his place as head master of the old Art School.

Mr. Brownell has exhibited his pictures in many of the large American cities, where his work is greatly admired. "At the Spring" is on exhibition at the St. Louis Fair. It is a most commendable work.

Apropos of this Fair, Canada has there a large collection of the work of Canadian artists. The Agricultural Department, under Minister Fisher, has: "The Development of Canada in Picture." I bespeak for the Canadian Building my American readers, attention: See it and you will find that my pen work is not overdrawn.

Growth of Art in Ottawa.

Until within the last score of years but little attention has been paid to Art in Canada. The artist had been given scant encouragement by the men of means, and for the reason that these men were too intent on "hewing" out their fortunes, to think of luxuries. A new generation is growing up, men who see a something behind the dollar, and that something is bringing out the artistic side of this grand country.

There is in Ottawa a good representation of this new generation, a man who, while his wealth grew, never allowed the dollar to hide the something behind it. And in

James W. Woods,

the true artist has a most liberal patron. I said, "true artist," and with reason. I have never seen a private gallery so free from inferior pictures as that of Mr. Woods.

Among the Canadian artists, who have contributed to his choice collection, I noted the names of Vickers, Brownell, Moss, Spurr, Miss Patti Jack, McConnell, Bell Smith, Kreigoff, Verner,

Atkinson, Forester and Knowles. Of the Dutch school of painters, he has pictures of Pieters, Israel, Weissenbruch, DeBock, Deweeile, Steelink, Naakin, Kuyprus and Artz. Among the English artists are the names of Hughes, Tom Field, Bishop, Kinnaird and Stewart L. Forbes. Of the French painters, he has works of Delarey, Corot, Beaudin and Coté. And last and greatest of all, he has

A Rubens.

It is that of "Aenias Saving His Father," I have never before seen a more beautiful Rubens. Like the Murillo, in the Archbishop's Palace, mentioned elsewhere, the coloring is marvelously clear.

I have stolen space, to give an example of an Ottawa Art Gallery—that my far away reader may know the artistic taste of this beautiful city of the North.

H. A. Bate.

One of the true patrons of Canadian art is, Mr. H. A. Bate, or as he is familiarly known, "Harry Bate." In his beautiful home on Wilbrod Street, may be seen some of the best work of such well known Canadian artists as, Brownell, Vickers, Bell Smith, Jacobi. Paul Peal, Brymner, Miss Spurr, Sherwood, Lawson, Henry Smith, Coté, Chaloner and Verner.

Besides his large collection of paintings, Mr. Bate has gathered from all parts of the world rare specimens of coins, medals, Indian curios, arms, etc. One medal is especially rare, that struck for the taking of Detroit in 1812. He has one of each of the English muskets, from the old flint lock to the present magazine gun. Mr. Bate has long taken great interest in things military, being at present a Major in the famous Governor General's Foot Guards Regiment.

Possibly the rarest collection in Ottawa of curios from India, is that of Colonel Graves, on Besserer Street. The Colonel had long been stationed in India, and while there gathered specimens of the works of that wonderful people. "No two localities," said the Colonel, "make the same kind of work. Often a single curio will be made by one man, and when he dies, the art dies with him. That is why the Indian curio will ever remain rare."

In the Parliament Building, there are numerous galleries well worth visiting for those who like portrait art. Here are to be seen the Governor Generals from Monk to the present; Speakers of the Senate and House; also excellent portraits of three of the Premiers, Sir John Thompson, Sir John A. Macdonald, and the Hon. Alexander McKenzie.

An Art Critic.

Doubtless the best art critic in Ottawa, and one of the best in Canada, is the Rev. Dr. Geo. F. Salton, of the Dominion Metho-

dist. His lectures are rare treats to the lover of the beautiful in picture, while his sermons on Art are crowding his large church almost to the very aisles. In his extensive tours throughout England and the Continent, he has collected many fine works. He has also the work of Canadian artists, as well as some of our own best painters' pictures.

"The Chestnut Grove," by Homer Watson, whom Dr. Salton kindly terms, "The Landscape Artist of Canada," was reproduced in the London Art Journal. King Edward has one of Watson's paintings. The Doctor has several of W. St. Thomas Smith's Marines. This artist is considered the marine painter of Canada. He has a very fine reproduction of one of Rosa Bonheur's "Cattles," done by Dominte, a well known Parisian painter.

In his collection of water colors he has some exceedingly fine specimens. Lady Wuytier's "Poppies" is considered to be one of the best ever sent to this country by this talented lady. The coloring is marvelous for its richness. "The Rendezvous," by A. T. Van Laer, a New York artist, was said to be the best water color in the recent Pennsylvania Art Exhibition, and was reproduced as such by the New York *Tribune*. It is pleasing to find the picture in Ottawa, and to hear the learned Doctor speak in such kindly terms of praise of this rising young American artist.

Ottawa, however, is not the exception, there are those here who see only the practical. Art or picture to them means nothing. I had occasion to ask of one the loan of an old photograph, in which he himself figured prominently, I wished to reproduce it as of general interest. "Yes, I have it," said he, not kindly, "but what is '*in it*' for me?"

"Nothing, not even yourself, as now I do not wish it!" And you will have to be content without the group, with him as the central figure. He was the rare exception, as nearly everybody else has been so delightfully kind that I shall ever think of Ottawa and art, together.

Thirty Cent Chromo.

Speaking of artistic taste, and knowledge of art, I am reminded of its lack. A lady, once pointing to a picture in her beautiful parlor, said: "Do you see that painting, well I once attended an auction sale of household goods, and just before the things were put up the auctioneer, seeing me looking at this painting, remarked, in an undertone: 'That's a little gem. Now, there are few here who know its value, and if you are wise you will get it.' I bid, and it was mine *at less than ten dollars,*" and she smiled her pleasure. I did not tell her how true the auctioneer spoke when he said: "There are few here who know its value." It was a 15 cent chromo in a 30 cent frame. This was *not* in Ottawa.

The Chiaro-Scura Club.

Some of the young artists of the city have formed an Art Club—the Chiaro-Scura—and are doing very commendable work. It has a membership of twenty-four. Its President is Mr. L. F. Taylor, of the Public Works Department, and Mr. Frank Hazell, of the *Citizen,* is Secretary-Treasurer.

It was Reginald Gaisford, a member of this club, who designed the cover of The Strathcona Edition of this book, The Hub and the Spokes. He is a talented young Englishman, with the Georgian Bay Canal Company.

Henry Harold Vickers—Artist.

Ottawa will some day wake up to the fact, that she has within her borders, an artist, whose fame will yet add honors to his adopted city.

In visiting the various Art Galleries, private and public, I occasionally saw pictures marked "Vickers." I asked of the many "who is Vickers?" The "many" replied, "we do not know!" I asked of the few, and their enthusiasm would have compensated the artist for the disregard of the many, could he have heard their kindly praise.

Henry H. Vickers is an Englishman, born at Dudley, in Worchestershire. He studied in the Birmingham and Midland Institute, under Henshaw. His works were exhibited in the Royal Worchester School, and received merited commendation.

He inherits his artistic talent from both his father's and his mother's families, his grandfather being the well known landscape painter, Alfred Vickers, and his uncle, Alfred Henry Vickers, of almost equal note.

He came to Canada more than a score of years ago, but not until Mr. George B. Hamilton, of Washington City, and Mr. Eugene D. Howell, of Detroit, Michigan, saw his work, was he known outside of a small circle. But, through these two gentlemen, his paintings have found a place alongside of those of some of the greatest artists in America, nor does his work lose by the contrast, as there is a beauty about it which marks it as the work of a master.

His pictures are growing in demand since the wise collectors are quietly adding "Vickers" to their list.

His fame as an artist has grown more from his small paintings than from his larger work. There is a delicacy of finish, which gives to these gems a rare beauty, and is wholly pleasing.

There is ever to me, a delight in predicting good, for those whose ability warrants the good. It is, therefore, a pleasure to predict that the time will come, when the work of this artist will command prices which would now be looked upon as beyond reason.

That talent is inherited is seen in the sketches of Mr. Vickers' ten year old son, Reginald, who is already doing work far beyond his years. This boy has always been

A Pushing Artist,

and in saying this I speak advisedly. When but five years old he used to paint little pictures for his friends, and lest his friends would not accept them, he gave them no choice, but, like Whittier, with his early poems, was want to carry them around and *push* them under the doors of the friends, and then run away lest he be detected. Reginald is a *pushing* artist, and will yet make his mark, and that will be the mark of generations, for it will be "Vickers."

WINTER IN THE CAPITAL.

Ottawa Lecturers.

Winter Ottawa far surpasses Summer Ottawa in pleasures, both intellectual and physical. This is natural, but is more marked here than in any Canadian city we have visited. Socially there is possibly more gayety in Montreal,—Ottawa runs more to the intellectual. Throughout the winter, many lectures are given before churches, societies and clubs. In this, Ottawa is wonderfully favored in having enough home talent, of a high order, not to have to depend upon outside sources. Our great Stoddart is scarcely more entertaining in his lectures of travel than is the Rev. Dr. George F. Salton, who is giving semi-monthly illustrated lectures, in the Dominion Methodist Church, on his travels. His word pictures are marvels of beauty, while some of his canvas views are unsurpassed. This is especially true of his Paris views which are said to be among the finest ever brought to America.

Before the Ottawa Literary and Scientific Society were delivered lectures by such well known men, mostly Ottawans, as Sir Louis Davies, Rev. Geo. F. Salton, Dr. Robert Bell, Mr. J. S. Plaiskett, Prof. John McNaughton, of McGill University, Dr. Leonard Vaux, Rev. Robt. Hutcheon, and Mr. Thomas McFarlane. One subject is of special interest to all of Canada, and that is

"Our Forest and Its Preservation,"

by Dr. Robert Bell, F.R.S. Canada cannot too soon become "wise" on this matter. We once thought our forests were inexhaustible, but when too late we saw our mistake. Canada should learn from our error, and not delay preserving this, one of her great resources of wealth. I have spoken elsewhere of the semi-monthly lectures before the Canadian Club. All this tends to the intellectual advancement of the city, and accounts for Ottawa, possibly standing second to none of its size on the continent, so that if any of you down home, think that Canada's

Washington is not up-to-date, you want to come up and spend a month among these "Northern Lights."

Ottawa has numerous other lecturers of note: Rev. Dr. W. T. Herridge, "the Beecher of Canada," Prof. Prince, of the Marine and Fisheries Department, Mackenzie King, Deputy Minister of Labor, Rev. Norman McLeod, Dr. J. G. Rutherford, Rev. T. W. Gladstone, Mr. Geo. A. S. Gillespie and others. Mr. Benjamin Sulte, of frequent mention, is one of the most remarkable speakers in Canada. He has delivered over three hundred lectures, and has never written out one of them beforehand. His very conversation is a delight, for he always says something. He is almost a counterpart of the late Max O'Rell—the photograph of one might well serve for the other.

Many of the other writers are entertaining lecturers as well as writers. Among the authors we find such names as Wm. Wilfrid Campbell, Lawrence Burpee, Canon Low, Dr. Charles Morse, A. C. Campbell. Prof. Jas. Macoun, and his son, J. M. Macoun, and J. H. Brown. Then, in various branches of the Government, and in other callings, are men who would have made their mark on the lecture platform. Among these are Dr. Haanel, Ph. D., Col. W. P. Anderson, C.E., J. F. White, J. Francis Waters, M.A., A. J. Jolliffe, Otto J. Klotz. Wm. J. Topley, an entertaining talker on Art, Anthony McGill, Canon Kittson, Capt. C. F. Winter. Besides these there are numerous others, for to entertain by mind-effort seems first nature with the educated Ottawan

I have never heard a more beautiful lecture on Lincoln, than "Log Cabin to White House," by a former Ottawan, Rev. Robt. E. Knowles. It is delightful to hear, in a foreign land, one's home idol so charmingly spoken of as Rev. Mr. Knowles spoke of dear "Old Abe."

Which One Lectured?

On leaving a hall, one evening where we had been attending a lecture, the Colonel asked. "Rube, which one of those men lectured, the first or the last?"

"Why, the first one, of course; the last one was only proposing a vote of thanks. Colonel, you are very, very verdant at times."

"Well, how could I tell, when the last man spoke far longer than the first one, and seemed to know so much more about the subject than the other fellow? I thought the first one was a sort of an introducer."

"Oh, I see; well one might look at it that way!" said I.

I have spoken of the winter sports, skating, skeeing, tobogganing and hockey, but after seeing the great game of hockey played between the Winnipeg Rowing Club and the Ottawa Hockey Club for

I feel that I know more about this lightning express game than ever before. I have never seen war, but I have seen Rugby football, and judging from that I must conclude that war is only play compared with hockey when the Stanley Cup is the stake. Both teams claimed that the other was rough, the first game of the three, but it was so hard to determine which was right, that the stitches taken in the heads of the players had to be counted. Winnipeg won on the contention by three stitches, but when the Ottawas showed up the cut feet it came out a tie. Just here would be the place to say "but joking aside," but he of the broken thumb says, "it's no joke."

It was in the new Aberdeen Rink, in Lansdowne Park, where the games were played. Two out of three, and Ottawa won the first and last, Winnipeg winning the second by 6 to 2.

I used to wonder why Canadian men were so strenuous, and now I find that the women of Canada. are quite as full of endurance as her men. On the night of the last game the thermometer stood lower than any night since 1896, and yet in that great cold storage the ladies sat, watched and cheered, until nearly midnight, with nothing but wraps and enthusiasm to keep them warm. No wonder that Canada is such a country of strenuous men and fair women.

Hockey is immensely popular. Their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Minto, and many of the elite of the city, were in attendance at these games. The Ottawa team is composed of young men of the highest circle in the city, and are very popular.

Lady Minto, who is withal a clever writer, in an article in "The Badminton Magazine," on skating, says in part: "The reason of this wonderful proficiency is not far to seek. The Canadian boy can skate as soon as he can walk. It matters nothing to him if he skates on ice, or snow on the frozen sidewalk or road; it becomes second nature; his balance is perfect, and his confidence complete." A visit to any of the many rinks will make one very naturally exclaim. "Lady Minto might have said 'Canadian boy and girl'" for the proficiency of some of these dear little girls is nothing short of marvellous. They remind one of the swallows on the wing, so easy they flit about over the ice and seem never to tire.

While on "ice" and winter pleasures, I may say, that a very pretty feature of entertainment, is the occasional

Monday Afternoons at Rideau Rink.

One or more of the society ladies will send out invitations for a skating reception and supper at Rideau—the fashionable—Rink. The rink is engaged for the afternoon (always Monday)

and evening, and the ladies entertain as if giving a dance at their own houses.

At Homes

are very conventional in Ottawa, or I might say in Canada. The hostess seldom introduces her guests. To the stranger calling, this is embarassing, but for the callers of the city, it is taken for granted that they know each other.

New Year's Calling.

Calling on New Year's Day is confined almost exclusively to official circles. The Governor General holds a reception in the Eastern Block, which is attended by a large number of gentlemen—from 100 to 1000 paying their respects, as the Governor is very popular. Lady Minto's popularity is shown not only on New Year's Day, but at all functions at Rideau Hall. Her cordial manner at her home is proverbial.

Most of the wives of the Cabinet Ministers are at home on New Year's Day to their friends.

OTTAWA LITERARY.

Ottawa has many poets and writers, some of them of not only national, but even of world-wide fame; so many are there that in a work of this nature, I can but give a list of them, as to give details of their works would require a volume, nor am I able to give a list in proper order of prominence. Out of courtesy, however, to him who has done so much in giving to the world the biographies of the great men, and noble women, of Canada, I will head the list with Mr. Henry J. Morgan, LL.D. Mr. Morgan has written more books on biographical subjects than any other Canadian writer.

He was pioneer in two branches of literature in Canada—Canadian biography and Canadian bibliography. These publications are to be found in all the principal libraries of the world. No Canadian has done more to make known the intellectual resources of this country. His works would form a small library in themselves. His three latest publications: "Canadian Men and Women of the Time," "Types of Canadian Women, Past and Present," and "Canada, its People and its Institutions," have greatly added to his much deserved literary reputation.

Many of the readers of Harper's, the Atlantic Monthly, the Century, and other high-class magazines, will be surprised to hear that Mr. William Wilfrid Campbell, whose poems have so delighted them, is an Ottawa man. He is not only a true poet of nature, but a strong prose writer as well. In strength of expression he is not unlike his great relative, Thomas Campbell, whose "Pleasures of Hope" has long delighted the world.

Mr. Benjamin Sulte, President of the Royal Society of Canada, might well head any list of Canadian writers of prose and French lyrical verse. He is Canada's best informed historian, or as Mr. Sulte himself would say: "A Historical Bookkeeper." He has the rare faculty of making every word count.

There is a book which I found invaluable when writing of Montreal and the country adjacent to St. Louis. It is full of data pertaining to the settlers of early days, when Canada was

a wilderness. That book is "Lake St. Louis and Cavaliere de la Salle," by the Hon. Desire Girouard, D.C.L., LL.D., (and son D. H., now deceased), Judge of the Supreme Court of Canada. It was written in French and translated by the Judge. He has recently published a Supplement, translated into English by Mr. Augustus Power, K.C. It is a valuable work showing years of research. Both volumes are beautifully, and most profusely illustrated with full page pictures, ancient plans, maps, etc. The book is highly appreciated by connoisseurs.

The publishers are Poirier, Bissette & Co., of Montreal.

The hundreds of thousands of readers of the "Youth's Companion" will be glad to see the name of Mr. E. W. Thompson, whilom revising editor of that great favorite among our young people. He will be better known, however, as the author of "Old Man Savarin," and other tales, as the "editor" is too often swallowed up by the publication.

W. D. LeSueur, LL.D., essayist of a high order.

Lawrence J. Burpee, essayist and magazine writer of much ability. His style is so mature that on meeting him one almost involuntarily exclaims, "Why, you're only a boy, when I thought you might have been gran'pa." His style is "mature," not old; and withal very pleasing.

There are two stories which have for years held a firm place in my memory, stories whose author I had never known until to-day. "The Dodge Club," and "A Manuscript Found in a Copper Cillender" are the stories. They created world-wide interest when they came out in Harper's years ago. They were anonymously written. To-day I learned that they were both by the late Jas. De Mille, an uncle of Mr. Burpee.

Mrs. Anna Howells Frechette, prose. Mrs. Frechette is a sister of our own great author, William Dean Howells, and wife of Achille Frechette, brother of the poet, Louis—who is himself a poet, but better known as an artist. This is indeed a literary and scientific family on both sides, so that it is no surprise to find their daughter, Miss Viva, an artist of much promise.

J. H. Ritchie, County Crown Attorney for Carleton, writer of society plays, well known in the United States. He won a $300 prize for the best society play offered by a Philadelphia stock company. He is a son of the late Sir William Ritchie, Chief Justice of Canada.

A. D. DeCelles, Litt. D., F.R.S.C., General Librarian of Parliament, historical writer, was given a prize by the Academie des Sciences, Morales et Politiques, Paris, in 1897, for his "Les Etats Unis" (The United States). M. DeCelles is a relative of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Errol Bouchette, member of a very noted family, running back through to the early days of the New France. Mr. Bouchette is a well known writer of economics, which he illustrates through the form of a novel.

Duncan C. Scott, poet and prose writer, famous as one of the best short story writers of the day.

W. Chapman, poet. A book of this famous poet is now in the press in Paris, and will be issued early in 1904. It is looked forward to with much interest.

Leon Gerin, F.R.S., prose writer, political economy, and social science.

John Henry Brown, poet.

Frank Waters, poet, essayist and lecturer.

J. E. Caldwell, poet.

Gordon Rogers, private secretary of Mr. G. F. O'Halloran, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, prose and poetry. Many a reader of American magazines will recognize this name as that of a writer of short stories of great strength and charm. Mr. Rogers inherited, from his father, the late Christopher Rogers, of Mercer County, Pennsylvania, the faculty of story-telling, as 'tis said that the senior was unexcelled as a racconteur.

Remi Tremblay, prose writer and poet.

Alfred Garneau, poet and prose writer.

George Johnson, Dominion Statistician, and a very able essayist and author. Mr. Johnson is a versatile writer. He started in by proving the exception among preachers' sons, and not proving the exception among Nova Scotians. He was a newspaper man as far back as the sixties, was a militia captain in 1866, and would have seen service had not the Fenians so quickly grown tired of Canadian climate. He travelled extensively in Europe in 1876 to 1880. Fortunately for Canada, he did not accept flattering offers and remain, as they wanted him to do. In 1881 he was Chief Census Commissioner. In 1886 he went to British Columbia with Sir John Macdonald. In 1887 and 1888 he was with Sir Charles Tupper in Washington, at which time he met and saw much of Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. He was once the President of the Press Gallery, and attended the first Parliament in 1867. He is the father of the Year Book. He is the author of many works valuable to Canada. He is now getting out a work for "Canada at the St. Louis Fair."

All writers should pat the heads of small children; then, if by rare chance they become great, it will be a life-long joy to the *patties.* Now one of the pleasures of Mr. Johnson is to remember having been patted by "The Father of American Humor," Judge Haliburton, of "Sam Slick" fame. "This does not al-

ways hold good," said the Colonel, at this point. "I once had a teacher, who has since become a famous writer, but I just can't work up any sentiment about the patting he was wont to give me in the early days of my career. He did not use his hand, however, which may have made the difference. He used a small limb of a tree, which struck me at the time as being a club."

"And doubtless should have been, but 'that's another story.' Colonel, was he the teacher-author who wrote that *touching* story, 'How to *raise* boys?'" but he only gave me a sort of an Oh-don't-get-funny look, as he changed the subject to the war in the far east.

"Col. D. Streamer" is a familiar nom de plume to many English and American readers, who have enjoyed "Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes," and other books of verse by this clever writer.

It will be pleasing to those readers to know that Harry Graham, A.D.C. to His Excellency, Lord Minto, is quite as delightful a Captain as he is a "Col." Nor is the Captain a book writer alone. During our stay in the Capital, it was our pleasure to see and hear his "Bluebeard—A Musical-Mellow-Farce," at Rideau Hall. After three hours of smiles, we could not think of a single minute of the time in which we wished to make excuse for lack of excellence by reason of "only amateur acting." I have rarely met one so clever, so versatile, as he.

Ottawa has many able writers on special subjects. Some of them have written largely in their various lines, and are widely read.

Sir James A. Grant, M.D., is a prolific writer on medical subjects.

Sir Sandford Fleming, K.C.M.G., one of the greatest civil engineers of his time (he it was who surveyed the Intercolonial and the Canadian Pacific Railway across the continent). Besides writing on engineering, he has written on many political subjects pertaining to Canada and the Empire. Sir Sandford is called "The Father of the Pacific Cable."

E. R. Cameron, Registrar of the Supreme Court, is an able writer.

Dr. Robert Bell, D.Sc., Contab. LL.D., F.R.S.C., Deputy Head and Director of the Geological Survey Department, is a most able scientific writer and lecturer.

A. Colin Campbell is the author of a valuable work: "Insurance and Crime."

Dr. J. C. Glashan, writer on mathematical subjects. The Doctor stands at the head among mathematicians in Canada, and has few equals in America.

M. J. Gorman, K.C., legal writer.

Chas. A. Morse., LL.D., B.C.L., D.C.L., Deputy Registrar of the Exchequer Court, essayist. Contributor of the Boston Green Bag and American Law Review. Assitant editor of the Canadian Law Journal. The doctor, although but a young man, has earned all of his degrees.

C. H. Masters, K.C., official reporter of the Supreme Court, legal subjects; editor of the Canadian Law Journal.

I have often wondered what would be the sensation of pleasure to the author, who could write a book, that would make the students of the world's doings, with one accord, rise and exclaim, "Great! The result of marvelous research! Unique of its class! The one full, precise, and definite authority in existence!" That sensation of pleasure must have been Dr. A. G. Doughty's, and his collaborator, G. W. Parmelee's, for in their

"Seige of Quebec, and the Battle of the Plains of Abraham,"

recently published, they have produced that which stands alone, the wonder of research.

For nearly one and a half centuries have the writers of many lands written of that world-famous siege and battle, but most of them have been content to write of hackneyed facts, the later depending for their information upon the earlier historians, but these authors have gone to the very source, and found so much that is new and valuable, that their six volumes seem new history of those stirring times.

Dr. Doughty has recently been appointed Dominion Archivist. He has now in hand the collecting and arranging in system of the valuable archives of the Dominion. That these archives are rare and valuable is evidenced by the fact, that even our own searchers for the old in Western American history, come to Ottawa rather than Washington for the earliest data.

The Doctor is the author of other works of note, especially that of 'The Citadel and the Forifications of Quebec," and in collaboration with N. E. Dionne, "Quebec Under Two Flags."

There may be, and no doubt are, a number of other writers, but the stranger can scarcely hope to be wholly accurate in all lines, especially the "stranger" who is wholly accurate in none. And if I have failed to give a list complete and left out any, who are "just as good as him," I beg humble pardon of that "any."

Truly Ottawa is literary!

It will naturally follow that the Capital is a city of readers. Ottawa is as much up to the times in "what's worth reading" as any of our own cities. All the magazines of any note are to be had at the bookseller's stand, and the Ottawan is not only quick to know "what's to read," but is prompt to secure it. For

this reason there are a number of very much up-to-date bookstores here.

Curiosity led me to ask of the various dealers the six best selling magazines or periodicals, with the following result. I began at the Russell House, where C. M. Jolicoeur has one of his three places, the other two being a bookstore on Rideau Street, and a stand at the Grand Union Hotel. His six were Munsey, Argosy, Strand, Pearson, McClure and Smart Set.

James Hope & Son: Ladies' Home Journal, Munsey, Strand, McClure, Harper's Monthly and Pearson.

C. Thorburn: Strand, Ladies' Home Journal, Munsey, McClure, Argosy, and Pearson, with Everybodys coming up as a good seller.

Fotheringham & Popham: Strand, Everybodys, Ladies' Home Journal, McClure, Munsey and Argosy.

James Ogilvy (who has just moved into one of the best appointed stores in Canada): Strand, Pearson, Munsey, Ladies' Home Journal, Argosy and McClure.

When I asked J. G. Kilt, he replied: "It would be hard to tell. I sell, all told, 265 different magazines and periodicals."

A. H. Jarvis, of "The Bookstore": Ladies' Home Journal, Munsey, Pearson, Woman's Home Companion, McClure and Frank Leslie's. I was pleased to find in his list the

Woman's Home Companion,

which, he says, "is fast taking a place alongside of the Ladies' Home Journal." I say "pleased," for it comes from my old home, Springfield, Ohio, and apropos of which city, it may not be known, but it is a fact, that more copies of daily, weekly and

Springfield, Ohio, a Periodical Centre.

monthly publications go out from its presses than from those of any city of its size in the world.

Large numbers of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other newspapers are received here daily. From New York they reach here early in the evening of the day of publication. Among them are The World, American, Herald, Telegraph, Post and Tribune. The Boston Herald and the Globe are very popular. From Chicago are the American, News, Tribune, Inter-Ocean and Record-Herald. Possibly the two most popular American weeklies are the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post and the Utica Saturday Globe. Of the latter one newsdealer sells 400 copies each week.

NEWSPAPERS.

The newspapers and other publications of the city are well conducted and enterprising.

The Citizen, morning, evening and semi-weekly (Conservative). It is published by a limited company, with Mr. Wm. M. Southam, managing director, Mr. Harry S. Southam, Secretary-Treasurer. Managing editor, Mr. E. W. B. Morrison; night editor, Mr. B. B. Keefer and Mr. T. W. Quayle, news editor.

The Ottawa Journal, evening and semi-weekly, (Independent), by a limited company with Mr. Philip D. Ross as president. The company also publishes the Ottawa Valley Journal. Editor-in-chief, Mr. Philip D. Ross; managing editor, Mr. George H. Wilson; city editor, Mr. W. H. Macdonald; news editor, Mr. C. H. E. Askwith. Robt. B. Faith is editor of the Ottawa Vailey Journal.

The Ottawa Free Press, evening and semi-weekly, (Liberal.) Mr. Alfred Wood, managing director; editor-in-chief, Mr. Hadden Taylor, our old friend of the Montreal Herald.

Le Temps, (Liberal), is the only French daily published in the Province of Ontario. F. V. Moffet, manager.

The weekly newspapers are:-

The Canadian Farmer, Rideau Press Publishers.

Danebrog, editor C. C. Myer.

Dominion Presbyterian. Publisher, J. T. Pattison.

Events, Mr. A. J. Magurn, editor. Mr. Magurn also publishes The Canadian Parliamentary Guide, giving the names and biographical sketches of the members and officials of the Government, a most valuable work.

Hull City Advance. Editor J. T. Pattison.

L'Ontario Francais (Liberal).

United Canada (Independent.)

Semi-Monthly, Der Kanadische Kolonist.

Holiness Era.

Young People's Guide.

Monthly: The Canadian Mining Review.

The Gatineau Beacon. Editor, J. T. Pattison.

Patent Review.

Annually: Mr. Henry J. Morgan of frequent mention, publishes his "Canadian Men and Women of the Time" and "Canadian Parliamentary Companion," two very noted publications with a circulation bounded alone by the English language. The former book is to be found in almost every library of any note in the world. His next volume will be "Canada, it's people and it's Institutions".

University of Ottawa Review.

There is a publication here worthy of more than a passing note, worthy in this, that it is conducted by young men, some of whom, scarce out of their 'teens, and yet so ably is it conducted and so full of well written matter that one might look upon it as that of men trained to the work. I refer to The University of Ottawa Review.

The editorial staff contains students of the University from not only many parts of Canada, but from the United States as well—from our own country are many students in attendance, more particularly from the Eastern States.

Editorial Staff: J. E. Burke, '05, W. Cavanagh, '06, P. Byrnes, '05, J. Downey, '05, G. Bushey, '06, J. Freeland, '05, J. Torseney, '06, W. P. Derham, '06, J. Tobin, '06, T. Sloan, '06, A. McDonald, '06, G. O'Toole, '06. Business managers: J. C. Walsh, '05, J. George, '06.

The young business managers are clever writers as well as managers. I judge from some of their productions.

Ottawa being the capital, the newspapers of the Dominion send some of their brightest young men to represent them during the session of Parliament. The "boys" in many instances represent a number of papers besides their own, as their capacity for work seems almost limitless. Their motto is to "get what you're sent for," which makes apropos

A Good Reporter's Story.

(The "Good" refers to the story.)

In 1866 during the Fenian Raid a reporter then young but still on active duty here in Ottawa, was sent to get a report of a secret meeting to be held by a Fenian Committee. But then let him tell it for himself: "You see it was this way. I had heard of this meeting and told 'the old man'—'get the story' was all he said. Well, I found that the committee was to meet in the top floor of a three story building. I found the place, but all the doors were locked tight and no possible way of getting in. Looking 'round, I spied a large icicle that hung from the roof to the ground. I did not hesitate a moment as the 'old man' had said 'get the story.' Well sir, I climbed that icicle and for two hours hung just outside the window of the committee room, and next morning our paper had a three column verbatum report of that meeting. It was a bomb shell thrown into the Fenian camp. It was a sensation to the public. It broke up the raid and the war closed. The 'old man' raised my salary $1.37, but I have never since felt kindly toward the Canadian Government. You see the militia who had started to drive the Fenians back, have all been 'medaled' and

quarter-sectioned, for doing nothing but watch the Fenians run, while I, who really broke up the whole business, have not, to this day, gotten even 'honorable mention.' Rube, said he, in closing could your Yankee reporters beat this?

"Great Scott, no! Our icicles grow too small!"

Boys of the Press Gallery.

Arthur Beauchesne, Le Journal, Montreal; P. E. Bilkey, Telegram, Toronto; J. A. Brousseau, Le Temps, Ottawa; Gerald H. Brown, The Witness, Montreal; Fred. Cook, T. Passingham, A. D. Ramage, Mail and Empire, Toronto; W. H. Dickson, M. O. Hammond, Charles A. Mathews, The Globe, Toronto; James Dunlop, A. B. Hanney, The Herald, Montreal; J. A. Fortier and H. F. Fortier, La Patrie, Montreal; H. F. Gadsby, Star, Toronto; John A. Garvin, Bernard Mullin, The News, Toronto; W. H. Greenwood, The World, Toronto; C. H. E. Askwith, Journal, Ottawa; H. R. Holmden, (president of the press gallery), Frank MacNamarra, F. H. Turnock, Star, Montreal; S. L. Kidd, John Scott, Gazette, Montreal; Rodolphe Leferriere, (secretary of the press gallery), La Presse, Montreal; Wm. Mackenzie, Free Press, Winnipeg; J. M. McLeod, Citizen, Ottawa; A. J. Magurn, Events, Ottawa; Marc Sauville, Le Canada, Montreal; M. O. Scott, Spectator, Hamilton.

In the "Art Gallery" you will see a group of the "boys" taken around the Queen's Monument.

Moral Tone of the Canadian Press.

There is a marked difference between the newspapers of Canada and those of the States; most of the dailies of the Dominion are semi-religious. There is a greater difference in the sensationalism of those of the two countries. Here, like the New York Times, they print "all the news that is fit to read." They are more careful about their facts. The Colonel says that he has noticed that most of their facts are true, and that they seldom have to correct on Saturday what they said on Thursday.

At first one finds oneself missing the sensational, but later on life is far more content without it.

Sunday newspapers, with few exceptions, must be brought from our American cities.

Les Majeste.

Taking the Canadian press as a whole, I am much pleased with it; and yet I must confess that in Germany there is more

careful editing than is occasionally found here. If the following instance were to occur in that country, the paper would run some risk of being "up" for *Les Majeste.* In a good Liberal paper appeared this: "Sir Wilfrid Laurier and—were presented medals commemorative of—". Immediately above this item was, "To the feeble and weak, take Scouts—Disolution—it is sustaining and good for the nerves." And speaking of "nerves." the very next item beneath the "medal" presentation was about somebody's brand of tobacco being "hard to get". Of course this had no reference to the lost cigarette bill, which had just been up before the House. But to continue, the next item below was "Three murderers hanged"—I hardly need say that this was a States' item, as they have so few occasions of this nature in Canada that they must depend upon us to furnish them. In the column to the left and almost beside the "medal" item, you are given the valuable information that "Somebody's Food is three times better than anybody else's, while the "Liniment ad", just below, is followed immediately by another tragedy, "A love tragedy," in which the lover slays his sweetheart and shoots himself. Of course this too, was in the States, as they don't love to that extent up here. I might continue, but these, which are exactly as I give them—will illustrate the *Les Majeste* point I raised.

Nor is Canada alone moral as to her press. One day I heard a member of Parliament in a casual conversation say: "Canada should never become a part of the United States. It would lower our standard of morals too much."

"Yes, Colonel, I said, an M.P."

" Well, he ought to know."

"That's the worst of it, Colonel, he *did* know. Big as he was I took him to task about the assertion, and found that he was all ready and waiting for just such a patriotic country's defender as your brother Rube. Next time I will go and look up data before I start in on that line of defence. Why, he handled figures equal to a Glashan, especially on

Divorce and Divorce Laws.

"Take," said he, "your divorce laws. They are simply abominably wicked. In some of your States there is hardly a semblance of marriage. They simply herd together."

"Look here," said I, "that's pretty strong."

" Facts warrant it," and would you believe me, Colonel, that M.P. just reached into his other pocket and drew out such data as this, and said, "Read for yourself." (I wont name the town in California as it's a friend of mine). "One divorce to five marriages. Rhode Island, one divorce to eight marriages. Massachusetts,

one to 18, while taking the United States as a whole, there is one divorce to every one hundred and eighty-five marriages."

"Well, how does that compare with Canada," asked the Colonel.

"That's where the M.P. proved his point. Now would, or could you, believe it possible, Colonel, that side and side could stand two countries with such a horrible difference in that human condition, which should be looked upon as the most sacred of all conditions. Now, listen: while we have in the States one divorce to 185 marriages, Canada has only one divorce to 63,000 marriages.*

"What do you think of that, Colonel?"

"It's Damnable—and in writing that down, don't fail to put in a large "D". It is enough Rube, to make one ashamed of one's country, and to think that our gullible voters will keep on sending lawyers to make our laws, who for gain, will continue to frame divorce laws with such big holes in the frames that a home may be pulled through and broken into bits on the rocks, while the law making lawyers complacently stand and rub their hands while their victims are counting out their fees. Fees, fees. All for fees. Yes, Rube, be sure you put in a big 'D'."

"When I got through reading this, I bethought me of an engagement I had in Hull, but the M.P. said, "Hold on, I'm not through with you yet, I want to tell you that you Yankees have too little respect for Sunday for us. You don't respect that day as much as the heathen Chinee respects his day of rest."

"Yes, but my dear man I have an engagement in Hull."

"And I want to tell you that in many of your cities and in all of your great cities, your saloon element runs your municipal affairs absolutely. And moreover—"

"Colonel, at this point I bolted for Hull, to keep my engagement. That M.P. will never see me again if I see him first, but really, Colonel, if what he said was true about divorce, it was a long shot."

"Yes, with another "D," said he emphatically.

Some might call the laws up here "Blue," but I have noted very carefully that more people are made happy by reason of their enforcement than are inconvenienced thereby. Take this city for

NOTE.—This number, though given as accurate, is an error. The facts, however are nearly as strong, and the facts are these: In 33 years there have been but 315 divorces, granted in all Canada, New Brunswick leading with 111, while Prince Edward Island has not one to her discredit. There were 661 divorced people living in Canada in 1901, but, to show that most of them were divorced elsewhere, Ontario is credited with 229, while there have been in 33 years but 51 divorces granted in this Province.

The reasons are plain: The Catholic Church will not allow it—its members not wishing it—and the Protestants are ashamed to so dishonor themselves. Have we become degenerate in thinking so lightly of the disgrace? It looks it! But I must stop talking of the subject lest it be that I will not need the Colonel to do the strong language part for me.

instance,—stores close at 6 P.M., except on Saturday. All saloons close at 7 P.M. on Saturday. All cigar stores and saloons are closed on Sunday. One saloon supplies drinks to each 844 of population; New York City requires one to each 250. Ottawa just now is agitating one saloon to each 1000 population, and has almost enough Aldermen convinced that their heads will drop, next election, if the ratio is other than 1 to 1,000. Ottawa is a great city for "long shots" when morality is the stake, and a great deal of this is due to the healthy moral tone of the newspapers.

Later.—The " heads " will not drop as it is now " 1 to 1,000."

Bytown Press.

The Independent, a Liberal paper, was started in 1834, by Jas. Johnson. It was the first. It was followed in 1836 by the Bytown Gazette, Conservative, conducted by the famous Dr. A. J. Christie. Dawson Kerr started the Advocate in 1842. In 1843 a Mr. Harris launched the Packet, which became the Citizen in 1851. It went through many hands before it finally reached it's present high position among Canadian newspapers. In 1849 The Orange Lily budded out, for Dawson Kerr and Wm. P. Lett. It bloomed into the Railway Times, then faded and died, as have so many other Bytown and early Ottawa newspaper "buds." Henry J. Friel was in various ways connected with the early papers.

Importance of the Press.

Few people take into consideration the vast benefits of the press, to a new country. They too often think that they have fully compensated their newspaper, when they have paid their bills for advertising, or brought in a bushel of turnips on account of their subscription. They seem not to think, that but for their struggling " weekly," their very existence would often not be known to the outside world. I have learned more of the great North-western Country, through the "weeklies," on file in the Senate Reading Room, then I could possibly have learned in any other way. Village after village, town after town, are there read, and known of for the first time.

If I were thinking of emigrating to a new country, I would first seek out the files of the newspapers of that country, and from the support given them, would judge where best to go, to find a people of enterprise, and a locality with progressive notions.

Growth of the Press.

Many who read these lines will be surprised to learn of the rapid growth of the Canadian press. In 1864 there were, all told, but 286 newspapers in Canada; in 1874, 456; 1881, 567; in 1891,

829; in 1902, 1236; and now (1904) the number is reaching beyond 1,300. It is not a wonder that a knowledge of Canada is rapidly spreading to all quarters of the world, and too much credit cannot be given to the progressive press of the Dominion.

THE OLD BOYS AND THE OLD SONS.

Ottawa is so full of "Old Boys" and "Sons" galore, but in looking over the list I find the "Old Girls" as scarce as in any other city I've seen. As elsewhere stated, there are no "old girls" in Ottawa. If it were not general the world over, I'd think it was owing to the youth microbes in the atmosphere. Not only Ottawa, but all Canada is full of Bonnie Scots. Ten generations ago I was one myself—of the Wallace and Ross clan—and to this day I have a kindly feeling toward the auld hame of my forbears. Stevenson, in his Silverado Squatters, said: "The happiest lot on earth is to be born a Scotchman," and "life is warmer there and closer; the hearth burns more redly; the light of home shines softer on the rainy street; the very names endeared in verse and music cling nearer round our hearts." No music will quicker touch my heart to-day—ten generations removed—than do the simple ballads of that land of rocks and gallant sons, and so you will have to pardon me for giving precedence to

The Sons of Scotland,

who have in Ottawa a large Camp, with George Gibson as Chief, and John Gordon as Secretary.

St. Andrew's Society

too, are sons of the land of Burns. It is the great social society, and is composed of some of the most prominent people, business and professional in the city. It was established in Ottawa in 1845—fifty-nine years ago. J. G. Turiff is President, H. H. Rowatt, recording secretary, and John McLachlin, corresponding secretary.

Sons of England.

This is a large society, with many branches or lodges. Luke Williams is the Deputy Chairman of the district. As I said, it has many branches, such as Bowood, Derby, Queen's Own, Russell, Stanley, Tennyson, Lion (Boys of England), and the Ivy.

Just here the Colonel remarked "What an appropriate name, 'Ivy,' something that clings."

"And," said I, "see, Colonel, this particular branch is 'Daughters and Maids of England.'"

"Yes," said he, "that is why I said the name is appropriate."

"Oh, I see, you refer to the "clinging" feature. Yes, Colonel, it is appropriate, their memories cling to Old England." I didn't catch his remark at this, but I heard "dense" and "stupid," and such words in it. Of the Ivy, Miss Anna Norris is president, and Miss Caroline C. Orton is secretary.

St. George's Society

is the great English society. It has branches in all parts of the world, wherever enough of the sons of that wonderful Island can get together for a nucleus. It is here very strong. Its president is J. P. Featherston, Clerk of the Court, and secretary, R. Patching, of the Department of the Interior.

St. Patrick's Society.

Part of the time during the "ten generation" sojourn, was spent in Ireland, and the songs of Moore are ever sweet songs to me.

The Great Orders of Masons and Oddfellows

are very strong in Canada, and have large membership in Ottawa.

The Free Masons

have no less than twelve different branches of the order here. The District Deputy for Ottawa district is Rt. Wor. Bro. N. W. Cleary, Renfrew. The Board of Relief are George Ross, John Robertson, Rev. T. W. Garrett, J. C. Kearns, secretary-treasurer; F. C. Lightfoot, D. J. McCuaig and W. Northwood. Masonic Hall Committee: S. A. Luke and Wm. Rea, the secretary-treasurer of the Public School Board.

Independent Order of Oddfellows.

This order also has numerous branches in the Capital, including a female branch. The Board of Trustees are George Bell, chairman; J. M. Baldwin, treasurer; H. J. Guppy, secretary; J. Smith, E. B. Butterworth (now Grand Master of the Order in Ontario), H. Chapman, F. H. Gallagher, A. E. Ripley and T. H. Doherty.

One of the societies of great prominence throughout the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario is

St. Jean Baptiste.

J. U. Vincent, president; E. Lafontaine, first vice-president; G. O. Lizotte, second vice-president; J. M. Briand, secretary; Charles Bettez, treasurer.

Ancient Order of United Workmen

has ten lodges in Ottawa, and is very strong here. D.D.G.M.W. Dr. A. A. Weagant, and Grand Organizer, James Drew.

Catholic Mutual Benefit Association

has seven branches. Deputies for Ottawa district: J. A. Doyon and T. Smith. Advisory Council for Ottawa: M. J. O'Farrell, president; A. Bedard, secretary; R. Devlin, treasurer.

There are so many branches of Foresters, and so many members of them, that it is no wonder General Roberts thought that there wasn't any cleared land out here for "manoeuvring purposes." (If you catch this, just drop a card.)

Ancient Order of Foresters.

D.C.R., Thos Jones.

Canadian Order of Foresters.

D.D.H.C.R., Geo. Barwell.

Catholic Order of Foresters

has eleven Courts. Provincial Chief Ranger, C.S.O. Boudreault; Provincial Vice-Chief Ranger, Rev. D. A. Macdonald, Crysler, Ont.; Provincial Secretary, V. Webb; Provincial Treasurer, Geo. W. Seguin.

Independent Order of Foresters.

This is the largest of all. It has in Ottawa thirteen Courts. H.C.R., Prof. John Herald, M.D., B.A., Kingston; A. W. Fraser, K.C., P.H.C.R.; W. E. Crain, M.D., Crysler, H.V.C.R.; G. L. Dickinson, High Secretary, Manotick; J. S. R. McCann, H. Treasurer; J. T. Basken, M.D., H. P.; I. N. Marshall, Brockville, H.C.

Knights of the Maccabees.

Angus C. Whittier, record keeper of Capital Tent, and H. H. Bailey, record keeper of Ottawa Tent.

Loyal Orange Association

has eight lodges. W. R. Smith is secretary of the Ottawa district.

Loyal True Blue Association

has two lodges. Henry Meech is secretary of Enniskillen.

St. Vincent de Paul Society.

John Gorman, president; E. P. Stanton, vice-president; E. L. Sanders, secretary; and W. L. Scott, treasurer.

Of the French Council of St. Louis, F. R. E. Campeau, president; J. P. M. Lecourt, vice-president; E. Laverdure, secretary; Joseph Vincent, treasurer.

There are a number of temperance societies, and from the rare sight of a drunken man on the street, they do much good.

The W. C. T. U.

is very strong in Ottawa. The building on Metcalfe Street is large and very pretty. It has the support of the best people in the city, many of them being active workers. Mrs. S. W. Borbridge, president; Mrs. Walter Rowan, corresponding secretary; Mrs. W. A. Warne, recording secretary; Mrs. Walter Odell, treasurer.

There are, besides the "Sons" and "Old Boys" from across the water, a number of associations from various places throughout Canada. From the counties of

Leeds and Grenville

there are several hundreds now in Ottawa; some of them are amongst the most prominent in the city. "Its object is to promote good fellowship and to revive old recollections." It was organized about a year ago, and has already a very large membership.

Possibly of all the Societies, clubs or associations in Ottawa, the one whose influence could be made to be felt more widely for the city's good than all others is

The Canadian Club,

organized but a few months. It has already a membership of over 700, and growing to the limit. Its object, while decidedly social, can be made of far-reaching good. Every fortnight is held, either a mid-day luncheon of a half hour, with a half hour address from some one of its brilliant membership, or an evening dinner, with a more extended address on subjects of interest to Canada. The Colonel and I had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Benjamin Sulte at one of the luncheons. Mr. Sulte is Canada's most capable historian. He is withal so charming a speaker that his half hour seemed but a few minutes.

The following from the constitution will better give the object of the club than I could tell you: "It is the purpose of the club to foster patriotism by encouraging the study of the institutions, history, arts, literature and resources of Canada, and by endeavoring to win Canadians in such work for the welfare and progress of the Dominion as may be desirable and expedient."

The officers are: President, Lieut.-Col. A. Percy Sherwood, C.M.G., A.D.C., Commisisoner; first vice-president, W. L. McKenzie King, Deputy Minister of Labor; second vice-president, D. Joseph McDougal, barrister; secretary, Hamnett P. Hill, barrister; treasurer, Plunket B. Taylor, banker; literary correspondent, Arthur F. Legatt, journalist; committee, John R. Reid, J. D. Courtenay, M.D., Jas. W. Woods, Fred Colson, Rev. W. M. Loucks, John F. Waters, Stewart McClenaghan, Auguste Lemieux.

Canada has a great future, and seems to be just now waking up to the fact. These clubs are springing up all over the Dominion, and will go further toward cementing the good sentiments for Canada's upbuilding than anything that might possibly be done. Party politics and sect religion are unknown within its halls. A Conservative may make a motion and a Liberal second it, or a Presbyterian minister propose a measure, and as likely as not it will be furthered by a Catholic priest. Such kindly feeling must, of necessity, bear good wholesome fruit for

The New Canada

which I have seen growing by leaps and bounds during our three years sojourn in the country.

L'Institut Canadien.

This society is possibly the oldest of its kind in the city. It was organized in 1852. It has in its membership very many prominent among the French citizens. Its purpose is to promote loyalty and kindly sentiment, and has done much good. Its president is A. T. Charron; secretary, A. A. Lapointe; librarian, T. L. Richard; treasurer, J. E. Marion.

The Elks.

Canada will have the good things of life (social). For a long while we selfishly held from the Canadian the rite—I mean the right—of Elkdom, but within the past few months, the bars have been dropped and the way the young men of snap and go are taking up the order here is good to see.

One, uninitiated, can only know an Order by the men it attracts. In the States it is the man of snap, push, enterprise, life, who becomes an Elk. The very initials of the Order indicate the

membership—C.B.P.O.E., "Can't Be Passed or Excelled."—"Best People on Earth." They are the men who are first to help their fellows, unquestioning—and never for policy.

My impression of the Order may be biased by the boys down home (Springfield, Ohio), and if you knew them, you would pardon anything I might say of the Elks. Well I remember the stereotyped expression—speaking of some new enterprise which they took up: "It will go for the Elks are behind it and it *did* go—with emphasis on the G.

The dropping of the bars indicates a forward movement toward cementing a friendship between our two countries that must last for all time. We need not—and never will be—politically one, but in neighborly fellowship and love I shall hail with joy the day when one banner, inscribed "Brothers," shall float over our two countries.

There is possibly no one order so free from drones, as the Order of Elks. The very word means "an animal that is ever on the alert and moving." A word of advice to the "Dead Ones"—*Don't join the Elks.* This advice seems to have been followed in No. 4 Lodge, even before I gave it, if I may judge from the officers chosen, a list of whom I give.

A. Taillon, P.E.R., manager Banque Nationale; R. G. Code, E.R., barrister; C. B. Pratt, E. Lec. K., barrister; Walter McDougall, chaplain, law clerk; W. C. McCarthy, Secretary, barrister; Russell Blackburn, Treasurer, financier; Chas. M. Wright, E. Lead, K., Sheriff of Wright County; A. L. Ogilvy, W..... W. F. Powell, G., chief of police; Harry C. Ketchum, Aide, leading sporting goods dealer of Canada; Dr. D. H. Baird, Esquire; H. Rosenthal, T., jeweler; Dr. O. K. Gibson, W. J. Chapleau, musicians for the Order.

Trustees: H. I. Beament, J. H. Lewis, B. Slattery.

Assistants: Arthur Brophy, N. Champagne, M. Lapointe, Alex. McDougall, J. F. Gobeil, D. G. Gilmour, Geo. J. Bryson, Jr., P. Baskerville.

Reception Committee: Stewart McClenaghan, Dr. Matthewman, R. G. Cameron, Newton J. Ker, E. A. Olver and T. Caldwell.

A BEAUTIFUL SOUVENIR.

"What cities did you visit? What did you see in this or that one while in Canada?"

These questions are the first asked when the tourist returns home after a delightful summer's outing. To depend upon one's memory at such a time will result in little of pleasure to tourist or

listener, but when one can sit down with a book of views, he can not only tell what he saw, but each picture will call up a memory, and he can live over again the pleasures of his visit.

Canadian cities are now being illustrated in so many forms that the stranger is at a loss to know what book to buy or what souvenir to carry home. As I wish "The Hub and Spokes" to contain just what the tourist should know before coming to Ottawa, I cannot do better than to tell him what I found to be the very best form in which to get the most interesting sights illustrated in the best way, and that is

Ottawa, the Capital of Canada, illustrated.

The pictures are not only beautiful in themselves as works of art, but they are so well chosen that no point worth seeing is left out. The Parliament and all of the public buildings, the parks, river views, statues, street scenes, bridges, water falls, views of the Experimental Farm near the city, &c. In short, what would cost very many dollars as separate pictures are to be had for a trifle, and in a form easily handled.

This advice is far more of interest to the tourist than to Messrs. A. H. and S. J. Jarvis, the publishers, and 'tis a pleasure to give it.

YORK COUNTY LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPANY.

The York County Loan and Savings Company is a unique corporation, with main offices in Toronto, and branch offices in other Canadian cities. The Ottawa branch is in the Bank Street Chambers, under the superintendence of Mr. F. J. Goodchild, assisted by Mr. J. M. Skead, grand-son of Robt. Skead, an old-time Ottawan of much prominence.

I said it was unique. Mr. Joseph Phillips a man of great executive ability, but with little capital, started it in 1891. From the small beginning it has grown not only as a savings institution, but has branched into many lines. It publishes "The National Monthly," which in two years has outgrown all other magazines published in Canada. And just here, I must stop to say that it is bound to succeed since it has discovered the key. *It pays its contributors enough to keep in Canada the work of Canada's best writers.* It will go far to encourage and bring out the best.

This company have recently gone into life insurance, and with the largest agency force in Canada, "wrote" over one million insurance in four months, up to January, 1904. Again, it has hit upon a new idea. Although "old line," it collects weekly, making it possible for the poorest to carry insurance.

Within a few weeks it has added the manufacture of pianos, and by April will be turning out 50 Liszt instruments per week. It purposes selling, through its great corps of agents, direct to the buyers, at a large saving to its purchasers.

The York County has other lines. It deals in real estate, building and selling houses. In this it has the right principle. It develops rough farm land into park-like beauty; then building thereon, makes a profit, not only on the buildings themselves, but on the great enhancement of the value of the land itself.

It is no surprise to be told that the company has never lost a dollar for its investors.

Yes, the "York County" is unique.

OTTAWA A CONVENTION CITY.

Ottawa is called "The Convention City," and why should it not be such? As Mayor Cook very happily put it, in one of his many addresses of welcome: "This is your city as well as ours. It is the Capital of this great Dominion, and all the people should feel that they have a right to use it." Yes, but my dear Mayor, what about the Yankee conventions that are growing wise and coming to Ottawa to do their conventioning? You make them, every one, feel that they, too, own the city. Honestly, and on the quiet (this to my home people, looking for an ideal city for holding a convention in Canada), I never saw so unselfish a people as these Ottawans. Why, bless you, when a convention comes to town they treat it as though it was "dead broke," and hadn't a dollar to spend. I've seen places where the citizens stood around as though the visitors were so much money, and each one ready to get his share; while, as for entertainment, the convention paid for all it got. Now, here, from the minute a convention gets inside the corporation until it says a regretful good-bye, it hasn't a blamed thing to do but have a good time. Result, every convention that comes to Ottawa spreads the news, and that's what I would like to do, for these people are so delightful in their entertainment that it is really a pleasure to say pretty things about them.

Ottawa is in truth a Convention City.

POLICE FORCE.

As referred to elsewhere, we find the Ottawa policeman a man far beyond the ordinary city protector. He is a man who thinks as well as protects, and in courtesy might well be taken as a model by many a man whose only claim of gentleman is the one he him-

self so strenuously makes. Ottawa is justly proud of its police force.

I have spoken of the high degree of morality which I have found general in Canada. You will better appreciate this when I tell you that 58 men have little to do in the way of making arrests in this city of nearly 70,000—one man to 1,200. At this rate New York City should be protected by 3,000 policemen, while instead it has now about 10,000. Of the 58 on the force, all but 14 are Canadian born, and nearly all members of some church.

The few arrests made during the year are mostly for small offences. The men are nearly all six feet tall and well proportioned. A number of them are fine athletes, Mortimer Culver being the champion shot thrower of Canada, as well as excelling in many other athletics.

Wm. F. Powell is the Chief of the force, and a most capable one he is.

THE DOMINION POLICE.

There is a Dominion Police force of 37 selected men, under Lieut.-Col. A. Percy Sherwood, C.M.G., A.D.C., Commissioner, whose prowess as a curler I told you in "The Wandering Yankee." The duties of these men are to protect the Capitol buildings, and to go as detectives into any part of the Dominion on Government business. They are a bright body of stalwart men. Kennedy, the famous "Rough Rider" football player, is a member of this force.

Colonel A. Percy Sherwood

is worthy of a more than casual note. He was until recently the Colonel of the 43rd Regiment, President of the Canadian Military League, Vice-President of the Canadian branch of the Royal Caledonian Curlers Club, and a member of the Executive of the Dominion Rifle Association. He commanded the Canadian Rifle Team that competed in 1903 at Bisley, England, and when the Canadian Club was recently formed, the Colonel was chosen its President. When I say that he is immensely popular, I say it with reason.

THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES MOUNTED POLICE.

One of the most prominent bodies of men in Canada are the North-west Mounted Police, under Colonel Fred. White, Comptroller. This force is made up of 500 men in the North-west Territories, and 300 in the Yukon. There is no body of men in

the world whose duties are so varied as those of this force, and no force in the world where so few protect so vast an area as do the North-west Mounted Police—*one man to* 500 *square miles of territory*. If the result of their work was not being seen in the perfect government of that great area of country, one might smile at the thought of such a thing being possible.

Apropos of their duties. They act in the capacity of police, lawyer, prosecutor, advisor to the new settlers, and sometimes act as Indian agents. In short, they are emergency men, capable of doing anything that may need to be done in their territory, where there may not be any other, properly commissioned, to do it. They are a fine body of capables, many of them college graduates.

Colonel White has been at the head of the force since its organization in 1873, before which time he was private secretary to Sir John A. Macdonald. Like Colonel Sherwood, he is a most charming gentleman, and again like him, most popular throughout the Dominion.

FAMOUS CANADIAN ARCHITECT.

Ottawa, as I have said, has some pretty churches, but there is one worthy of more than passing note. For two reasons worthy, first for its interior finish, but more for the wonderful mind that designed and carried it out. I refer to the Basilica, the Roman Catholic Cathedral, on Sussex and St. Patrick Streets, and the man who designed the interior work was

Rev. Canon G. Bouillon.

It is so natural for the distant reader who sees mention of a man's name in a book of this kind, to look upon that man as of local interest, and of local interest only, but I felt to-day, when I met and conversed with Canon Bouillon, much as I know I should have felt had I been accorded the rare privilege of meeting and conversing with Michael Angelo. And why not, when he has designed a greater than St. Peter's in Rome. Have you yet heard of the design for

Nova Sancto Sophia?

A church of such marvellous magnificence that its cost will reach thirty-five millions of dollars. You have not? Well, the designer of this marvel of the world is a Canadian, born in Quebec, and now an Ottawan. You begin to be interested now, don't you? The local interest widens, and the eyes of the world turn towards Ottawa, for here lives the man whose brain is to give to the world a more beautiful church than St. Sophia in Constan-

tinople, and a larger one than St. Peter's in Rome; larger as to capacity, and more costly by ten millions of dollars.

St. Peter's is 400 feet wide, 700 feet long, and 400 feet high, and holds 50,000 people. Nova Sancto Sophia is to be 400 feet wide, 500 feet long, and 450 feet high, but so designed that its capacity will be 60,000 people. The beauty of St. Peter's is in the detail; that of the Nova Sancto will burst upon the beholder the moment he enters the door, as the design is such that the whole interior, even to the great dome, is seen at once. And that dome! St. Peter's is 120 feet across at the base, this one is to be 200 feet across.

I spent hours looking over the details of the plans, and yet I could not grasp their magnitude, and the beauty of the whole seems but a marvellous dream. You would not want me to mar your conception of the beauty by a description, even had I the many pages it would require for a bare outline.

"Tell you of the man himself?" How natural; we all want to know "the man." He is tall, six feet, well proportioned, and stands straight as an arrow. His face and eye are kindly, and his manner is so modest and retiring that you must know his worth from seeing his work, and not from the man himself, as he makes no effort to impress you, as many another would do who had designed a simple dwelling. He is quite grey, but his face is not old. He was born a genius, as Michael Angelo was born. No amount of study or research could have enabled him to have designed Nova Sancto Sophia; it was an inspiration.

"Where will it be placed?" It is not yet determined, but the city on the American continent that is chosen will hold an object of interest unsurpassed by any other in the world.

It was in the entrance hall of the Archbishop's Palace, adjacent to the Basilica, where I saw the most beautiful

Murillo

I have ever seen. It must be at least two and a half centuries old (Murillo was born 1618, died 1682), and yet its colors are as clear and beautiful as though but of recent origin. It is only the half of the original picture, the other half being in the British Museum. It was buried in France during the French Revolution in 1793, and years after found by two workmen, who cut it in two, the figures allowing the division. This part, which seems so complete that you must be told that it is not the whole, is that of Joseph on his way to Egypt, the other half shows Mary and the Child Jesus. Joseph in this part is reaching out a cup getting water from a cleft in a rock, while beside him is seen the head of the docile ass. This part is a picture 4½ by 6 feet. If ever you come to Ottawa, go to see it; you will find no more beautiful in Canada, and few on the continent, equalling it in richness of coloring.

Here are copies of some of the celebrated paintings of the world, especially those of the Transfiguration by Raphael, and The Communion of St. Jerome, by Dominicin. The originals of these two are in the Vatican at Rome, and are priceless in value. It has been said that these two pictures are of greater value than all the other paintings of Europe. They occupy a large gallery to themselves.

The contents of this sketch are the "finds" which make glad the heart of a writer.

UNDER PATRONAGE.

I used to think—and you, no doubt, still think—that "under patronage of" or "maker to" some high dignitary, means that any one who, by chance, had done work for the said high dignitary, might make those claims. Not so; one must not only have proven ones worth, but must have the consent of the person or persons who are claimed as patrons.

The honor is often confirmed "By Appointment." As an instance, the Topleys, the famous photographers, whose work will add so much to this volume, are: "Photographers by appointment to His Excellency, the Marquis of Lorne, and Her Royal Highness, the Princess Louise." It was rather an odd coincidence that when the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York—Prince and Princess of Wales—were here in 1901, that Mr. Wm. Topley and Mr. Wm. Notman, of Montreal, were selected to tour the continent with their Royal Highnesses, odd in that these two firms were once together.

The pictures taken on that Royal tour are works of Art. In my "gallery," you will see a few of the pictures taken by them at that time, and I may, in later editions, give the "Topleys Across the Continent, with the Duke and Duchess." In two groups may be seen all the Governor Generals and their wives since Confederation. This was a veritable find, but "finds" are the rule. Mr. Wm. Topley has been here, I was about to say for generations, photographing everything and everbody of interest, or of note, and to him I am indebted for many of the pictures of people long gone. They sat for him as now their grand-children are sitting for him.

It has long been the custom of Royalty, when visiting in Ottawa, to visit this famous gallery. The Duke of Albany, Prince Leopold, is probably the only one who broke the rule, and he is said to have regretted that his three hours stay in the city would not allow him time to follow the precedent.

W. B. EDMINSTER AND THE INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE.

Again, "this is but a little world after all!" One day at the Bank Street Chambers, I ran across Mr. W. B. Edminster. I had lost all track of him since long ago, in New York City, when he was on his way from Japan to St. Louis, with the body of his friend, the great newspaper man, Colonel John Cockerill.

"Hello, W. B. What are you doing in Ottawa?" I asked.

"Why, I've been here a year."

"Last man I expected to see, and yet I might have known that you would find your way to the Washington of Canada. What are you doing here?"

"I'm with the

International School of Correspondence,

Assistant Superintendent. I have charge of Eastern Ontario, and part of Quebec."

I ran back, in mind, to one day in Scranton, Penn., in the early nineties, when I heard them talking about this school —how that some day it would have pupils in all the adjoining States, but I did not then think to ever find one office in a foreign country, which had enrolled 2,500 students, (as has been done in Ottawa), nor do I think they did either.

"Come upstairs to our office and I'll tell you some things that will surprise you," said W. B.

I went up and was greeted by a phonograph in French—"Coma vou portay vou Missure?"

"Tray be a—and how's yourself!" said I.

"Who taught that thing to talk so well?" I asked.

"That 'thing,' as you call it, is one of our greatest teachers. It is the most perfect linguist in the world. It talks all languages, and what's more it speaks each accurately. Sit down and listen." I sat down, W. B. gave me a book, and as I read or followed the words, the 'thing' pronounced each syllable slow and distinct.

"Why," said I, "I could learn French without even going to Hull. What's it for anyhow?"

"To teach, as I told you. In Scranton we have Professors of all languages. Books from primer to readers are prepared in lessons. The Professor reads each lesson into the phonograph, and the cylinders are sent out to pupils in all parts of the world. The languages are thus learned much more readily and accurately than by any other means."

"Great teacher is the phonograph—but tell us something about your school. I've often heard about it, but only in a general way."

"In 1891, Thomas J. Foster invented the system of instructing by means of text books, sent to students, no matter how far

distant. The student prepares his lessons as though to recite orally, and right here is the difference—and advantage. He writes them, and it is a well known fact that nothing so firmly fastens in the mind a truth as to write it. These written lessons are sent to Scranton, corrected—if need be—advice given, and the subject made plain, and returned. All branches are taught by a corps of 2,500 competent teachers. Young men who have not the time or means for a college course, may go right on with their work, studying at night and at leisure moments, and in a few months time are capable of taking a position far above the one they might have been compelled—by incompetency—to follow, the rest of life."

"Tell me about the growth of the School. That is the best proof of its proper system."

"Here are a few things. It employs 3,200 people. It sends out over 15,000 pieces by mail ever day. Using as it does $500 in stamps daily, it has made Scranton a first-class post office, along with New York, Philadelphia, Boston, etc. Thirteen years ago it had one course of instruction, and enrolled its first student. It now has 152 courses and over 700,000 names on the roll. It has some of the finest buildings in Scranton; one just completed cost $500,000. It has more young men filling high salaried positions than any other school in the world. This last fact is Mr. Foster's proudest claim. He has made the world happier by his being, and happier himself for it!"

Mr. G. A. Weese, of Bancroft, Ont., has charge of the Ottawa office.

Mr. F. T. Rawley, of Montreal, looks after the Quebec towns along the Ottawa River.

Many a member of the New York Press Club will be pleased to hear this about "W. B.," and not only the Press Club, but all throughout the States, where he was well known, when with Major Pond and the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, of Boston, as assistant manager. He was with Bill Nye, James Whitcome Riely, Remenyi, Ian McLaren (Dr. Watson), Ovide Musin, and many others of world note.

He is very pleased with Ottawa, in fact, with all Canada, but then W. B. always was a man quick to appreciate beauty in country and worth in people.

CEMETERIES.

Ottawa has two beautiful cemeteries—Beechwood and Notre Dame. They lie to the east of the city. In both there are some very beautiful monuments and vaults. Some of the fine monuments and vaults in Notre Dame are the Rogers, Mackay, Goodwin, Warnock, Macdonald, Major, Brophy and Davis. Among

those in Beechwood are the Masonic Plot, J. R. Booth, Philip Thompson, Nicholas Flood Davin, Thos. Birkett, M.P., Colonel Allan Gilmour, Senator Clemow, Nicholas Slater, Hon. Thos. McKay, S. Howell, D. Ralph Bell, John C. Edwards. The last four are vaults.

HOSPITALS AND ASYLUMS.

Ottawa has eleven hospitals, and nearly as many asylums and homes of all kinds, for children and old men and women. It is most commendable to see the care that is taken of those who need kindly attention. It makes one feel that Ottawa is not only a beautiful, but a most benevolent city; nor is this kindly care each for the other of its people peculiarly Ottawan; even small Canadian towns look to the care of its citizens. Our "poorhouses" are unknown here. The unfortunate one is not made to feel that he or she is the ward of the country or city. In heart sympathy Canada is far in advance of our country.

Benevolent and fraternal societies are very numerous in the cities. Their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Minto take great interest in charities and good works in Ottawa. The Aberdeen Association, of which the Countess of Minto is Honorary President, has for its object the supplying of good literature to the new settlers in Canada, especially in the North-west Territories. Then, there are literary, scientific, medical, and all kinds of associations and societies.

The Humane Society, after our Bergh system, is doing much good. I have seen here what I have never seen elsewhere, little drinking troughs along the sidewalks for thirsty dogs. This one thing marks Ottawa as a most humane city, and I would that the custom were general. It costs so little, and would be a boon to "man's truest friend," of which "friend" Ottawa and Constantinople promise to become rivals.

The care shown by the Ottawans, not only toward each other, but toward the lower animals, places them far up on the plane of excellence, and makes the casual stranger admire them, and the rest of us love them, for their kindness of heart.

I find myself becoming quite enthusiastic over these citizens of Canada's Washington, and you would not wonder at it if you knew them.

Dr. H. Beaumont Small recently read before the Ottawa Medical-Chirurgical Society, as the President's address, a most admirable paper on

THE DOCTORS OF OLD BYTOWN DAYS,

in which paper I find the names of men, for whom a tablet of remembrance should be placed in the new Carnegie Library, as none are so worthy as they, who during the hardships of those early times, did so much for the builders of the future Capital.

Monuments are reared for the warriors, who leave suffering in their wake, while men whose lives are spent in relieving suffering, are all too soon forgotten, when the grave hides them from sight.

The Doctor told of the epidemics of Asiatic cholera in 1832, '34, '49 and 1854; the typhus fever of 1847; and the ague—since changed in name to malaria, but the "shakes" remain the same—which shook the builders of the canal until their bones seemed all but out of joint.

In that paper, which the Doctor kindly loaned me, I gleaned much of general interest. and found many names—some familiar, others now unknown, save to the few, and by them almost forgotten.

In the following order I find the Doctors, who lived and practiced in Bytown, from its origin in 1826, to its demise on Jan. 1st, 1855.

There were a number who were transitory, at the military barracks, and then were off to other stations, but the first regular practicioner was the famous

Dr. Alexander Jas. Christie,

who came in 1826, and died in 1843, aged 53 years. He was another of "the first to secure a town lot in Upper Town," at the North-West corner of Wellington and Lyon Streets. It was known as Wm. Stewart's house. He afterwards built a large stone house, nearly opposite Christ Church Cathedral, in the rear of 399 Sparks Street. In the war of 1812 he was an army surgeon, and was wounded in the thigh while on duty, which resulted in a limp for the rest of his life. He established the Bytown Gazette in 1836. It was the first paper in town, but one—Jas. Johnson's Independent, of 1834.

Dr. James Stewart

came next, in 1827, and remained until his death in 1848. He resided on Rideau Street, almost opposite Nicholas Street. He was very successful and very popular, holding during his life many prominent offices. He was a member of the first Board of Health. He was Coroner in 1845. Dr. Small says that Stewart Street was named for him—others claim that it was named for the well known Wm. Stewart, M.P.—by whose resolution Bytown was incorporated in 1847. Dr. Stewart married the widow of Captain Lett, father of Wm. P. Lett. His daughter became Mrs. MacCraken, mother of Mr. J. I. MacCraken, a leading Ottawa barrister.

Prior to 1830, there were other doctors in Bytown, but of whom Dr. Small could find little mention. They were Drs. Tuthill, Rankin, Gillie and McQueen.

Dr. Tuthill

came with Col. By in 1826, as an Assistant-Ordnance Surgeon. He remained in charge of the Military Hospital until 1832.

Dr. John Edw. Rankin

was in charge of the workmen on the canal. He was not here long—returning to England. He was an Army Surgeon in the Crimean war in 1854—which same year he returned to Canada, and settled in Picton, Ontario. where he died in 1878, aged 81.

Dr. J. D. Gillie

resided near the south-west corner of Sparks and Lyon Streets, at 342 Sparks. He was an intimate friend of Dr. Christie, whose son, Mr. John Christie, has a quaint old silver snuff box, presented to his father, by "his friend Dr. Gillie." He died in the late thirties.

Dr. Thomas Fraser McQueen,

came in 1827. During the Cholera Epidemic in 1832, he with Dr. Scott, of Prescott, had charge of the cholera sheds from Cornwall to Brockville, in which latter city he died in 1860. He married a daughter of Colonel Fraser, M.P., of Fraserville, who is now living in Ottawa.

Next we find one of the most eccentric characters, who ever lived in Bytown,

Dr. Edw. VanCourtlandt.

He came in 1832. 394 Wellington Street was his residence, and was looked upon at that time as a mansion. He died in 1875.

If we may take Wm. P. Lett's word for it, the old Dr. must have had a lonesome time on the "other side" when he got there, unless he depended for a welcome upon the late patients of other doctors, for see:

"When to that distant coast he'll steer,
No crowd of ghosts will hover near,
And cry out 'Van, you sent us here!'"

Viewing the situation from the distance of over a quarter of a century:

'Twould be, I'd think, a dangerous guess,
For Will-i-um to make,
To e'en suggest that Van could "steer"
To "coasts"
Where "ghosts"
In "hosts"
Would know and make—outcries of fear.

Dr. Hamnett Hill

first came to the township of March, in 1837, where he practiced until 1841, when he came to Bytown, and resided first at what is now 425 Wellington Street, and later at the corner of Broad and Wellington, which home was destroyed by the fire of 1900. From the data given and the interesting features of Dr. Hill's life and works, I cannot but look upon him as one of the great physicians and surgeons of all this country of able men.

Dr. Samuel John Stratford

came to Bytown in 1831. In 1832 he was placed in charge of the Military Hospital, during the cholera epidemic. He left in 1836, went first to Woodstock and later to Toronto. He was writer, lecturer, and editor, as well as physician. He died in New Zealand.

Dr. Alfred Monson.

followed Stratford in 1836, and was given charge of the Garrison in Bytown, which position he held until 1852, when he left for Montreal, and later went to Hamilton and Toronto.

Dr. Frederick Monson,

brother of Alfred, came here in 1839, remained until 1845, then went to Montreal, and later settled in Niagara.

Dr. Stephen Charles Sewell,

a McGill College lecturer, came to Bytown in 1852, and remained until his death in 1865. He was Consulting Surgeon to the Protestant and General Hospital. His residence was the house next to the Perley Home on Wellington Street, formerly occupied by Dr. Hill.

Besides the above, Dr. Small mentions by name, Drs. Barry, Robinson, St. Jean, O'Hare, Holmes, Lecroix, Robillchand and Beaubien, but says, that of them there was little to be learned.

Of the first named, if I were asked to speak, *a la Lett* from facts gained from that old time versifier, I might say:

Edward Barry gets one full page
Of story, suited quite for modern stage.
Now Ed., you see, was J.P.—M.D.
—Both titles now, too oft M—T—
And for himself put both to use—
In fact he'd often both abuse,
When J.P.'d get "dry" M.D.'d prescribe,
When M.D. was "full" J.P.'d proscribe,
And read to all the law would he,
And send all three to Coventry.

"*If you were asked,*" said the Colonel, "I don't think after that, that you will be." He is *so* critical.

The foregoing is but a hurried glance over a paper, that does great credit to Dr. Small—a paper that should be seen by every one, who has any interest in the old town and its people.

Besides the Doctors, he wrote also of the Early Hospitals, the incorporators, the Boards of Health, bringing in names indelibly engraven into the history of those days. The Doctor in speaking of the Hospitals said: "Bytown was favored from its very foundation." Colonel By, on his arrival with his little army of workmen, at once erected a Military Hospital, on the site where now stands the Statue of Queen Victoria, on Parliament—then Barracks—Hill. In 1845, the General Hospital was established by the Grey Nuns, from Hotel Dieu, Montreal. The first Hospital was a frame building on St. Patrick Street, near Sussex. The building is still to be seen as numbers 163 to 169. This was used until 1847, when the epidemic of typhus fever, necessitated greater accommodation. The new building was erected on the site of the present Hospital on Water Street.

Read over these grand old names and see the men of affairs, who lived here, almost at the very inception of the town. They are the

First Board of Health.

Reverends S. S. Strong (father of the Judge), Wm. Durie, Thos. Wardrobe and Mr. Telmon; Doctors Hill, Monson, Van Courtlandt and Barry; Simon Fraser (Sheriff), Daniel O'Connor, Joseph Aumond, Edw. Smith, John Burrows, Andrew Drummond, Geo. Patterson and Geo. Sumner. Sheriff Fraser was Chairman, and Rev. S. S. Strong was Secretary.

Incorporators of the Carleton County General Hospital.

John McKinnon (son-in-law of Hon. Thos. McKay), Geo. Patterson, Wm. Stewart, M.P., Dr. Hamnett Hill, Archibald Foster, Roderick Ross ("Roderick of the Sword") Robert Heney, jr., Jas. MacCraken, sr., Francis Abbott, Thos. Langrell, Thos. Hunton, Richard Stethem, Geo. B. Lyon, Wm. Harte Thompson, Hon. Thos. McKay, John Thompson, Edw. Malloch, Jas. Peacock, Geo. Hay (present President of the Bank of Ottawa), Alex. M. Grant, Wm. Porter, Henry McCormac, John Forgie, Edw. Armstrong (The Judge), Jas. Rochester, Carter A. Burpee, Edw. Sherwood (father of the Col.), Dawson Kerr and Thos. G. Burns.

THE OTTAWA STEP.

"Colonel, what have you noted as unique in Ottawa?" I asked, one beautiful day, on Sparks Street.

"What? A number of points,—but none so marked as that Ottawa Step."

"'Ottawa Step.' Give it up. What is that?"

"Why, have you not noted the walk of the ladies? Did you ever see such grace and firmness of step? They move as though they had an aim in life, and few there be who glide along purposeless. I have never seen in any city more grace of movement than in Ottawa. That, to me, is what I note as most unique."

"Colonel, now that you mention it, I must confess that I, too, have noticed it. To what do you attribute it?"

"Skating. Skating, Rube, gives a grace and firmness of step, acquired in no other way, and since all Ottawans skate—as in no other Canadian City is it so general—it follows that the Ottawa Step is unique, and I like it. Especially is it remarked among those who play hockey, curling and golf. And note, too, Rube, the excellent taste shown in the dressing of the ladies."

When the ladies are in question I always bow to the Colonel's opinion,—and in this case to bow was most natural.

I have seen few cities where the correct in dress is more noticeable than in Ottawa. This is especially remarked at Government House functions, or in Parliament, on State occasions, where may be seen gowns which only "Parisian dreams" will justly describe. But what, however, is possibly a better guide to the correct is the millinery, since gowns are becoming individual "creations."

"Joe," I asked of J. O. Bourcier, "Joe, I want to know how the millinery styles of Canada in general, and Ottawa in particular, compare with those of New York?"

"They are practically the same. Were you to be dropped into either city, and not know to which you were coming, you could tell no difference from the millinery of the ladies.

"Why, the fact is, that most of our fashions come directly from New York, the extreme styles of both cities come from Paris. You have doubtless noted that Ottawa is remarkable for the correctness in dress, of both the ladies and gentlemen?"

"Odd, but that is almost the exact thought that was in my mind when I called in for your opinion."

"Yes, it is often remarked by those who visit the various cities of the continent, that Ottawans are good dressers; there is much wealth here, and the concomitant good taste makes of the Capital a very pleasing city to visit. But for that matter most of our cities have of recent years kept pace with our neighbors across the line. In all our Canadian branches we carry practically the same line of goods, the styles being the same in each."

"One thing, Rube," broke in "Chick" Gordon, who had been listening to Joe expatiate on fashions in millinery, "the Canadian girl looks more to taste than to the extremes in style; you seldom see poor dressing while good taste is the rule."

"Chick is right," said the Colonel, "good taste is the rule; even Bulwer would have had but little criticism to make in Ottawa."

"Why Bulwer?" asked Joe.

"Don't you remember what he said in Pelham? 'The correct in dress pleases without attracting attention,' and that we have often remarked in Ottawa."

From dress, taste and fashion, the conversation ran along until it had reached "the one thing necessary":

"Wealth—Money."

I soon learned what I had not known before.

"Do you know," asked Joe, "that Ottawa has more rich young men than any place of its size on the continent? Well, it has," and then he began naming young men who in their own right have from "plenty of money" up to one half to a million, "and," he continued, "while some of them are unnecessarily "near," most of them are free with their means, and none of them are spendthrifts. Again, we have no leisure class. The young men are nearly all actively engaged in business."

I could not help thinking of another Ottawan who, when talking on the same subject, said: "We have in the valley a few whom W. H. Fuller, a former well-known Ottawa poet, must have had in mind when he wrote that prize poem in Munsey's for February, one verse of which ran thus:—

Up in Mars.

"It really makes them stare,
When they see a millionaire,
Who devotes himself to hoarding up his pelf;
He works himself to death,
With scarce time to catch his breath,
And gets mighty little pleasure from his wealth.
They manage those things better up in Mars,
And probably the same in other Stars;
They hold money's only use is
For the good that it produces—
That's what they think about it, up in Mars."

He might have gone further, and said of him who looks upon wealth simply as so much money to buy selfish necessities and no luxuries:—

In that which smacks of art,
He takes mighty little part,
And looks down upon the man whose aims are high.
If you'd ask for art a lift,
You would find his only gift,
Would be a heavy, long-drawn, tired sigh.
This man would not be It, up in Mars,
And probably fare worse in other Stars,
It would seem to them too funny,
To make a god of money,
So he'll have to migrate elsewhere than to Mars.

Young Men in Business.

Apropos of young men in business, Ottawa has, in Mr. S. McDougall, the youngest city bank manager in Canada. He is the son of Mr. J. L. McDougall, Auditor General of the Dominion, and thus, by inheritance, competent.

The Sovereign Bank, of which he is local manager, is practically conducted by young men, the General Manager, Mr. D. M. Stewart, is himself but thirty-three years of age. The marvelous strides which this young institution has made, and is making, proves what the Canadian boys may do. It is but a little over two years old, and with a capital of $1,300,000, and a reserve of $325,000, it had assets of over eight million dollars at the end of the second year.

I used to wonder why it was that the Canadian boys never had any trouble in getting a situation in New York. It was like this. Boy enters office, store, or warehouse, "Good-morning. I'm looking for a situation!"

"Nothing for you to-day," boy starts away, when employer calls: "where are you from?"

"Canada!"

"Oh, well, wait a minute, I'll see," and the boy goes to work next day. I asked a big employer once. "Why this preference?" He gave a wise look as he said: "The Canadian boy likes to keep at it! He is absolutely honest; then he has a whole lot of good sense, and soon learns and becomes valuable. While other boys—too many of them—are busy having a *good time,* the young Canuck is busy thinking out the best way of becoming useful to us. That's why the preference! Do you know," he continued, "that some of our most successful business men are Canadian born? You see they come down here with their good constitutions—(you know they are nearly all athletic and tough, can stand anything)—and our swift ways of doing business don't tire them out, result, in two or three years time they are in the maelstrom, the great scathing whirl of business, and can stand it, while the boys who were looking for the "good time" have found it, and are still having it." He was an enthusiast on the Canadian boy, and said many other good things about him.

From Messenger Boys to Capitalists!

The "boys," however, from whose good works Ottawa has perhaps benefitted more than any others, are Mr. Thomas Ahearn and Mr. W. Y. Soper. From telegraph messengers, they have, by their own unaided efforts, not only gained unique success for themselves, but have done incalculable good for the Capital. Beginning as messenger boys, they became expert telegraphers—and then developed into electricians without peers in the Dominion.

In speaking of his start in life, Mr. Ahearn once said: "I started as a messenger boy, and am proud of it! I tried to do my work well—I never loitered by the way—I did not have time, as I needed every minute to perfect myself in telegraphy. The boy who loiters by the way, when sent on an errand, too often remains the errand boy throughout life." There's a whole sermon in that sentence!

When but a youth of 18, he went to New York City, went as an expert with the Western Union. He was there on the memorable "Black Friday," when fortunes melted away in an hour, aye as frost in a breath. In 1881, with Mr. Soper, he started an electrical business. Started in a very small way, but the boys with a purpose became the men of success.

First to Cope With Snow.

Ottawa's snail line of cars attracted their attention, as it had attracted the attention of others—but the others had seen the snow of winter, and looked upon the running of cars by electricity, during the winter months, as an impossibility. No place in the world had successfully coped with snow of any depth. In fact it was only in Richmond, Virginia, and possibly a few other places, where the trolley had proved a success, even under the most favorable climatic conditions. But what to the others was an impossible barrier, was to Messrs. Ahearn & Soper, a solvable problem. They became the pioneers in running cars successfully in countries of heavy snow-fall. Montreal, with its tinkling horse cars, stood critically waiting to see their efforts fail—but gladly saw them succeed, and with many another snow city quickly followed their lead. By that one stroke, Ottawa was carried, in latitude, far to the South, as the snow barrier of other days is no more a barrier than are the snows of Virginia. No part of the 50 miles of Ottawa's trolley system but may be traversed during the heaviest snow storm.

To this car system, to-day, the Capital owes much of its beauty, where at its inception were fields, are now seen fine avenues, lined by pretty homes, brought near to the heart of the city by reason of it. And not only have new avenues been made possible and accessible, but many of the other parts of Ottawa have been greatly improved by it.

PART II.

FOREWORD *re* PATRONS.

In "The Hub and The Spokes," the author has taken a new departure. It will be published under Patronage—Patronage by Approval of his other Canadian books.

Of those who have paid him so high a compliment, he will ever think kindly, and strive to merit their confidence.

In selecting Patrons, he sought not alone Canadians, but some of the great men of his own country were chosen.—One from the East—one from the Center, and a third from the far West.

He has been asked why he has chosen Patrons from his own land, for a Canadian work. A great man—himself a Canadian by adoption—recently wrote this sentence to the author, which may well be used as the answer to the query: "It is gratifying to know that you are continuing the good work, in which you have occupied yourself for some years, of making the people of Canada and the people of the United States better acquainted with each other."

This is the one all absorbing desire of the author, to bring the two peoples in closer sympathy—not politically, but neighborly. We are one in sentiment, one in language, and should go hand in hand for good. In selecting Patrons from either side of the line, it will do some good—be that never so little—toward engendering a kindly feeling between the two countries.

If it is gratifying to the great man, whose sentence has been quoted above, how much more so is it to the author, to know that his efforts have been appreciated by one whom his nation delights in honoring. It is moreover most gratifying to the author, to hear from some remote corner of his own country, the words: "Your story of Canada is a revelation—we had thought of it as a cold barren land, when instead, you show us a land of marvelous beauty, where mountain rivals lake, river and plain, where flowers grow in rich profusion, and where the horn of plenty is ever o'erflowing for a happy contented people." Should that writer see the names of the great men of his own country, who have approved the author's works, he would think even more of the story of this North land. That is why the Patrons were chosen from the two sides of the line. That is why the author asked the approval of men of eminence of the two countries.

PART SECOND.

PATRONS.

LORD MINTO.

Canada has been singularly fortunate in the men sent out from England to represent the Crown. These Governors General have been, with rare exceptions, most pleasing to Canada, few being so much so as the present Governor, Lord Minto, whose term is so shortly to end.

The Earl of Minto, Gilbert John Murray Kynynmond Elliot, G.C.M.G., D.L., J.P., was born July 9th, 1845. He is the son of the third Earl, whom he succeeded in 1891.

He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge (B.A.), and entered the Scots Guards in 1867, retiring in 1870 with the rank of lieutenant. He was for ten years Brigadier-General in command of the South of Scotland Infantry (1888 to 1898.) He has had a military experience extending over many parts of the British Empire. In 1877 we find him in the Turkish army; in 1879 taking part in the Afghan war; in 1881 as private secretary to General Lord Roberts at the Cape; and in 1883 to 1885, military secretary to the Governor General of Canada, Marquis of Lansdowne. He was chief of staff in the Riel Rebellion in the Northwest (1885).

In 1898 he was appointed to succeed the Earl of Aberdeen as Governor General of Canada. This was a difficult task, following as he did the Aberdeens, who were immensely popular, but so well have the Mintos succeeded, that they will leave Canada universally beloved by the people of all the Dominion.

"Mary Caroline is the fourth daughter of the late General, the Hon. Charles Grey, son of the second Earl Grey, K.G., private secretary to Queen Victoria, and his wife Caroline Eliza, eldest daughter of Sir T. H. Farquhar, Bart." Thus Morgan intro-

duces the Countess of Minto, wife of the Governor General of Canada. While "Countess" is her title, democratic Canada knows and lovingly calls her

Lady Minto.

I have no means of knowing the popularity of other incumbents of Rideau Hall, but I have never seen a woman, in any station, more generally esteemed than is this charming lady, and her going away seems to be a universal regret.

Lady Minto, as may be seen in other portions of this volume, has taken an active part in all that interests her people, both in pleasure and for good. Her work in the erection of Cottage Hospitals in remote districts (to the fund for which she subscribed liberally); the fund she instituted for the location, protection and decoration of the graves of Canadians who fell in the service of the Empire in South Africa, during the Boer war; the help she gave to the Minto wing of the Maternity Hospital in Ottawa; her medals and prizes given for the ornamentation of the flower garden of this city; the encouragement she has given to art generally, all tend to show what she has been to Canada.

The part she has taken may be further seen by the numerous offices she has honored by accepting. She is Honorary President of the Aberdeen Association, Honorary President of the Victorian Order of Nurses, Honorary President of the National Council of Women, and Honorary President of the Canadian League of Civic Improvement.

Lady Minto is well known to our own people, among whom she has, and will ever, receive a cordial welcome. She has been received in audience by President McKinley, and since, by President Roosevelt.

No one has ever done so much for skating in Canada as have Lord and Lady Minto. Of this I have written at length elsewhere.

Their home in England, to which they will soon return, is Minto House, one and a half miles from Hawick, in Roxburghshire. It is near to the border of Scotland, and of the locality chosen by Scott for his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," if one may judge by:

"In Hawick twinkled many a light,
Behind them soon they set in night;
And soon he spurr'd his courser keen
Beneath the tower of Hazeldean."

This of Deloraine's night ride on his mission to the monk "In Melrose's holy pile." Then, again:

"*Elliots* and Armstrongs never fail."

And:

"Young *Gilbert*, let our beacon blaze,
Our kin, and clan, and friends to raise."

Both Lord and Lady Minto have literary ability, His Excellency having contributed largely to magazines, on military matters, while Her Excellency has contributed to English magazines on Canadian life, more especially on outdoor sports, skating, tobogganning, &c.

Rideau Hall, during the winter months, has been the centre of life in Ottawa, and one cannot but think that whoever follows these charming people will have a precedent of pleasure giving most difficult to follow.

Just before the proroguing of Parliament, an official farewell took place. The kindly sentiment toward their Excellencies may be seen by the speeches of the two leaders of the House.

The Premier, in speaking of His Excellency, said:

"He is a man most unflinching in the performance of his duty. Nothing can move him from what he conceives to be right. In all things he has been a model constitutional Governor, maintaining at all times the dignity of the Crown, and never forgetting the rights of the people. He was not satisfied only to perform his duties in a merely perfunctory manner, but he took the trouble to go out and to get in close touch with the people. He visited different sections of the country. He was approached by all classes, and I am not speaking too strongly when I say that if it was possible to do so, he has drawn the Crown even nearer to the hearts of the people than it was before.

Gracious Virtues.

"Neither should we, upon such an occasion as this, forget Her Excellency, the Countess of Minto. The Countess of Minto has brought to Government House all the virtues which have adorned the Court of the late Queen Victoria, and which are now maintained so worthily by Her Majesty Queen Alexandra. (Applause.) It is true that all these virtues have ever been conspicuous at Government House, but it is only true to say also that in the Countess of Minto, in the present incumbent of that position, those virtues shine with a special grace and charm. Her Excellency did not confine herself to fulfilling the duties of the social side of her station, but she went amongst the people and endeavored to alleviate suffering, and to bring the comforts of life and home to those who were homeless and comfortless. The fact that she has established the institution of cottage hospitals, which have been scattered all over the country, is in itself enough to endear her memory forever to the Canadian people." (Loud applause.)

Mr. R. L. Borden, the Opposition leader, heartily concurred in all the Premier had said, saying Lord and Lady Minto had entered into the life of the Canadian people in all its details.

Unalterable Loyalty.

The address, in part, said:

"We beg that when you deliver up to the King the charge committed to your hands by our late revered sovereign lady, Queen Victoria, you will not fail to assure His Majesty of the unalterable loyalty and devotion of the people of Canada to the throne, and their abiding affection for the motherland."

A NAME THAT WILL LIVE.

Did you ever think what a strange thing is reputation? It is one's character, either good or bad. If bad, it is soon known far and wide; but when good, it travels very slowly. There is so much of jealousy in the world that it takes a great force to drive one man past his fellows. This is both sad and discouraging, and yet, in a way, it is just and proper. The world must have leaders, and it should have the best leaders. If it were easy for the mediocre to get past his fellows, there would be few really great men at the front.

It is said that: "Some men are born great, others have greatness thrust upon them." He who said this, said—in part—only words, if he meant that the act of thrusting greatness upon a man made him, by the act, great. If it were true, then the beggar might be made a king, while in fact—in heart and manner—he would be the beggar still, a mere thing of flesh wearing a crown. The other part of the sentence is true. Great men are born so. They may be born poor—they very often are—but there is within them that which drives them to the front, past all obstacles. Opportunity, or its lack, may hold them back for a time, but when it comes they are ready. When opportunity came, Grant stepped into position, and relegated pigmies in uniform to the rear. What was impossible for them was easy for him. He was born with ability.

All lands have their leaders. England has its great men, the United States its men of worth, Canada has its men of power.

Were you ever in Mexico, and did you stand on some high elevation and look over a vast forest, and did you ever note some giant mahogany towering far above its mates? There was no question, for though many of those mates were tall and stately, that one tree stood above them all, and in their way they must have paid sylvan homage to the giant.

As this is true of the forest, so it is true of men. We close our eyes, and in mental vision see the giants of every nation looming up.

I have often visited art galleries, and looked upon row after row of pictures of men whose past prominence had merited them a place upon those walls of fame, and yet, as I looked, I could see only an occasional name even remotely familiar, while all others were forgotten. He who would live with his portrait through time must work for the happiness, rather than for the momentary applause of his fellows.

* * * * *

I wrote the above long ago. I wondered then would I ever meet and know a man that preface would fit. I read them to the rich. I read them to the poor. I read them to the high in state. I read them to those of low degree. I asked in Canada: "Have you such an one?" There was but a single answer, for all said: "We have such an one, and

Lord Strathcona

is the man." And when I met and knew him, it was a joy to say: "The answer is a true one."

The Duke of Argyle once said of him: "No man of Canada ever did so much, as a private citizen, for the making of the Dominion into a nation." He might well have left out of the sentence those words: "as a private citizen." Some men are true to party first—country second. With this great citizen it is country first and always.

The years have been many since 1821, when Donald A. Smith began life in Morayshire, Scotland, but the mind of the man, now Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal is as clear as ever, while his judgment is more mature, and both are still at work for Canada.

A famous man once said of him: "I knew him as Donald A. Smith, I knew him as Sir Donald, I have known him as Lord Strathcona, and in all the years he has ever been the same genial character—titles and honors not changing him in the least."

In my book on Montreal, I told bits here and there of his busy life. To have told it fully would have required a large volume—which volume I may some day write, as an incentive to

young men, to show them the possibilities of what man may do endowed with an indomitable will, and a heart that beats for his fellowmen.

In our country millionaires are giving away fortunes every year, and our country but smiles at the gifts, with no love for the givers—for love prompts not the gifts; whilst all over Canada, prayers go up nightly for the benefaction of this great man, for heart alone prompts his gifts, both great and small, gifts hundreds of which will never be known, save to them whose hearts he has made happier.

To the millions who know the man or his worth, I need say no more; to those who know him not, I will but say: "Here is one whose name will be fresh in the hearts of his people, long after his portrait shall have faded from its canvas."

In the largeness of his liberality, Lord Strathcona is like unto Peabody, and in the spirit of his giving, much like the late Geo. W. Childs, and holds the place, in the hearts of Canadians, that Helen Gould holds in the affections of all Americans.

With many the highest order of man is the hospitable. This attribute embodies so much—kindness of heart, love for humanity, and liberality of entertainment. Lord Strathcona is the very personification of Highland hospitality—stronger words would be hard to find, and words less expressive would not fit the man.

SIR SANDFORD FLEMING.

If all men were born equal, this would be a world of giants or pigmies, if either extremes were taken as the standard. I often wonder how it is that in one little world there can be differences so vast. Creatures there are, so small in mental capacity that thousands, aye millions, might drop out of being and yet the world not note their going. Then again, we see a single other creature, whose years are so full of that which advances the world's good, that his works will live long ages after he has gone. When I find such a man as this,—a man whose years are replete with accomplishment, I have a great desire to steal space and tell of him, that perchance there may be those who have not known of him before. He whose name heads my sketch is stranger to few Canadians, nor is he unknown to him who has followed the

world men of deeds. I write not of Father Time, but the Father of Time—of

Standard Time.

Many who read these lines will be surprised to know that in Ottawa dwells the man whose persistency changed the clocks of the world. It was Sir Sandford Fleming, who first saw the need of a time system, that would be general the world over. At first he was given scant courtesy, but oh, mark the change. The men, in England, who refused to listen to his words, when he had travelled across the ocean to speak to them, afterwards crossed to America to hear him talk, and they listened, for he talked to a purpose, and to-day the clock that strikes the hour at Greenwich, sounds round the globe.

The Pacific Cable

is another child of the Scotch genius, in whose indomitable will was conceived, and through whose persistent purpose was born this mighty accomplishment, and possibly before his sun shall have set he may read, "Tis done," flashed round the world on cables of the British Empire.

It was Sir Sandford Fleming who ran the line of the Intercolonial Railway from Halifax to Montreal. It was Sir Sandford Fleming whose chain marked the way for the great Canadian Pacific, thus completing the belt across the Continent.

Sir Sandford Fleming was born at Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire, Scotland, January 7th, 1827. He came to Canada in 1845. In 1857 he was Chief Engineer of the Northern Railway. In 1863 the people of the Red River country, (now Manitoba), sent him to England to urge a connection with Eastern Canada. On his return he was appointed to conduct the survey of the Intercolonial Railway, with which he remained until the last spike was driven. In 1871 he was made Chief Engineer of the Pacific Railway, and the initial work on the transcontinental line was done by him. The highest engineering authority of the day—Pallisier—pronounced the idea of securing a route through the Rocky Mountains, an impossible task. The master mind of Sir Sandford solved the problem, and found a way—proving him even greater than a Pallisier. In 1872 he laid out the line across Newfoundland for the railway from St. John's to St. George.

Honors for Worth.

He was made a C.M.G. in 1877 and in 1897 a K.C.M.G. In 1880 he was made Chancellor of Queen's University, Kingston, and has held the honor ever since. In 1882 he was given the freedom of Kirkcaldy Burghs. In 1884 he was given the degree of LL.D. by St. Andrews University, and in 1887 was similary hon-

ored by Columbia College, New York City. In 1886 he was awarded the Confederation Medal by the Governor General. In 1888 he was made President of the Royal Society of Canada. He is a member of the Institute of Civil Engineers, England. He is a Fellow of the Geological Society of Victoria Institute and numerous other societies.

Commissions.

He was sent to Venice in 1881 to represent the Canadian Institute and American Meteorological Society at the International Congress. In 1884 he represented the Dominion at the International Prime Meridian Conference at Washington. In 1887 he represented Canada at the Colonial Confederation in London. In 1893 he went to Australia and England re the Pacific Cable. In 1894 he was a member of the Colonial Conference in Ottawa—a gathering first suggested by him.

Writings.

Sir Sandford is a prolific and most able writer. Among his many works are "The Intercolonial—A Historical Sketch," "Short Sunday Service for Travellers," "Daily Prayers for Busy Households," "Uniform Standard Time," "A Cable across the Pacific," "The Prime Meridian Question," "England and Canada; Old to New Westminster," "Expedition to the Pacific," "Parliamentary vs. Party Government," &c., &c.

Saving of The Queen's Picture.

If, while in Ottawa, you should visit the House of Commons, you will see there a beautiful painting of Queen Victoria, and thereby hangs a story of deep interest. More than one half century ago—or to be exact, April 25th, 1849—this picture hung in the Parliament Buildings in Montreal. On the morning of that ill-fated day those buildings stood intact—the morning after they lay in ruins. It was burned by an enraged mob. As the fire licked up the great building, four men might have been seen beating their way through the flames to the Legislative Hall, where hung the picture of the Queen, which had but shortly before been received from England, where it had been painted by John Partridge, portrait painter to Her Majesty. At sight of the portrait of their beloved Queen, the four men with one impulse, rushed to save it. The massive frame being firmly bolted to the wall, it was with great difficulty detached. When at last it fell, the stretching frame was quickly torn out, and each man under a corner, they carried it out into the air, and thus it was saved. On the morning after these four brave men had risked their lives to save the portrait, they were surprised to see, in a newspaper,

giving an account of the fire, this item: "It is stated that the valuable oil painting of the Queen was torn down and carried off by four scoundrels." Sir Sandford Fleming was one of the four and in this instance was proud of the subroquet. Not for many years did he learn the names of the other three, all of whom are now dead. They were Colonel Wiley, a Mr. McGilleray, of the Eastern Townships, and the fourth an uncle of Colonel A. H. Todd, of the Parliamentary Library.

Broadminded.

Like all great men, Sir Sandford is broadminded. When the Ottawa University, in December last, met with its terrible disaster by fire, he, although a Presbyterian and it Roman Catholic, was first to respond, not only by kindly sympathy, but graciously accepted the chairmanship of the general relief committee, and when again we may look upon this great institution of learning, risen phœnix-like from its ashes, no small part of its prompt rebuilding will be due to this man of heart and action.

Sir Sandford Fleming, like Lord Strathcona, is proverbial for the beautiful wording of short notes and letters. Their reading always gives good feeling, and they remain a pleasant memory. Other letters may—on reading—be cast aside into the waste paper basket, or burned on accumulation, but those of these two men are laid away and kept for future pleasure.

Great men are ever kind to those beneath them. Said one who served under this leader in the long survey across the continent: "It was ever a pleasure to do our best for one so kind as Sir Sandford Fleming."

The London *Morning Post* well classed him "In the first rank of Colonial statesmen." And in concluding this necessarily brief outline of a busy life of great deeds, I cannot do so in more fitting words than were used by Canada's great citizen, Lord Strathcona, in speaking of Sir Sandford: "His name, that of a man who has done great and good work, not alone for Canada, but for the Empire as a whole." He might well have said: "Canada, the Empire, and the *world* as a whole," for true worth has no locality.

SIR FREDERICK WM. BORDEN.

We had not been in Canada long before we had come to the conclusion that the principal product of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick was big men, and when we reached Ottawa, and had one after another of the great ones of the Dominion pointed out as "another from the Lower Provinces," we asked: "Why is this?"

"Oh, it's a habit grown chronic with that country. They can't help it. 'What?' Oh, I see, yes, it must be that—you ought to go down some time; fine fishing ground there!" Then he pointed out several others of the product.

"See that tall, fine-looking gentleman to the right, near the front?" Of course I saw him, as he was one you would see and remark among many. "Well, that is Sir Frederick William Borden, Minister of Militia and Defence. He is from Nova Scotia."

Then, the old citizen, who knows everybody worth knowing, told us so much about Sir Frederick that we became greatly interested, and asked Morgan for data biographical.

"He is the son of the late Dr. Jonathan Borden, and was born at Cornwallis, N.S., May 14th, 1847. Was educated at King's College, Windsor (B.A. 1867). He afterward attended Harvard Medical School, receiving his M.D. in 1868. Returning to Nova Scotia, he practiced his profession at Canning, at the same time acting as agent for the Halifax Banking Company. In 1893 he was appointed a member of the Provincial Board of Health. In 1895 he was elected Vice-President of the Liberal Association for the Maritime Provinces.

"While in College he entered the Volunteer Militia Service, and in 1869 was appointed Assistant Surgeon of the 68th King's Company Battalion, was promoted Surgeon Major in 1883, and in 1893 became Hon. Surgeon Lt.-Colonel.

"From 1874 to 1882 he sat in the Dominion House of Commons for King's County. He was defeated at the next general election, but in 1887 was returned, and has been re-elected each general election since. When his party (Liberal) came into power in 1896, he was appointed Minister of Militia and Defence."

Some men in office seem to be misfits. They can fill the position in a way, but they can never bring out the possibilities of the place. Others seem born to the position, and could quickly bring order out of chaos. Sir Frederick is one of these men. It is agreed by all parties that the militia of Canada was never in so good a condition as it is to-day. Every branch of this department is fitted and running as smoothly as a finely-constructed piece of machinery, and if to-morrow the 40,000 force of the Dominion militia were called to war, every part could be ready to step into

place. The Engineering Corps to mark the way, the Service Corps to bring up the supplies, the Intelligence Branch with classified information, with its corps of Guides, and the Medical Corps of competent young men to look after sick and wounded. All elements of an army, and each element most admirably chosen for the purpose of its being.

When the First Contingent was called for to go to South Africa, it was enlisted fully equipped and on ship at Quebec for South Africa, 10,000 miles away, in just 14 days after the first man was enrolled.

To appreciate what this means one must take into account that: "The contingent was enrolled, its units scattered over territory stretching 4,000 miles from ocean to ocean, were mobilized, clothed, equipped, armed and concentrated and sailed for South Africa." (C. A. Mathews, in Canadian Magazine.)

Nor does the above fully convey the marvellous feat of this young country. Read this from the report of Colonel D. A. Macdonald, Chief Superintendent of Militia Stores:—

"With the exception of the arms and Oliver equipment, there was little in store charge to meet the special requirements of such a force.

"A statement of articles to be provided was made out, and the contractors for clothing, and merchants likely to be in a position to meet the demands, were communicated with.

"The material for the clothing had to be made—the contractors had none on hand. Everyone concerned, however, started to work with a will, and the equipment, as per the following list, was issued to the regiment. The actual date of sailing was October 30th, 1899, one day within the limit given. The work was consequently accomplished in 14 days by the staff of the Branch, without extra help."

Then follows a list of thousands of articles, which were manufactured and collected all in so short a time. Yes, "marvellous" is the word.

Sir Frederick has collected about him a staff of men well calculated to second his efforts, and to do each his part in perfecting the system that is bringing up the citizen soldiery of the Dominion to a very high degree of proficiency. The Canadian is a natural-born soldier. This was proven in the South African war, where many a boy from office, field or workshop won his V.C. or D.S.O. for deeds of daring that would have done honor to a Spartan of old.

The Staff.

The Staff—or heads of the various branches of the great department—are a fine body of men, many of them with records worthy of extended notice.

Deputy Minister—Colonel L. F. Pinault.

Adjutant-General and Officer Commanding the Canadian Militia—Colonel the Right Honourable Matthew Lord Aylmer.

Aide-de-Camp—Major E. M. T. Heward.

Military Secretary—Lieut.-Col. H. Smith.

Deputy Adjutant-General—Col. B. H. Vidal.

Assistant Adjutant General for Artillery—Lieut.-Col. R. W. Rutherford.

Inspector for Musketry—Lieut.-Col. Robert Cartwright, C.M.G.

Director General of Intelligence—Col. W. A. C. Denny.

Intelligence Staff Officers—Lieut.-Col. V. B. Rivers, Major A. Clyde Caldwell, and Capt. W. B. Anderson.

Railway Intelligence—Col. Samuel Hughes, M.P.

Quartermaster General—Col. Wm. H. Cotton.

Assistant Quartermaster General—Lieut.-Col. A. Lyons Biggar.

Director General Engineer Services—Lieut.-Col. P. Weatherbe.

Assistant Director General of Engineer Services—Major G. S. Maunsell.

Director General of Ordnance—Col. D. A. Macdonald, I.S.O.

Assistant Director General of Ordnance—Lieut.-Col. J. B. Donaldson.

Director General Medical Services—Lieut.-Col. E. Fiset, D.S.O.

Royal Military College.

The West Point of Canada is located at Kingston. It is the Royal Military College, started when Wm. Ross, M.P., was Minister of Militia. It ranks very high, quite up to the standard, it is claimed, of the Military Colleges of the Empire. There was a time when it was difficult to get young men—now applicants are far beyond the capacity of the College, and a fine lot of boys they are, too. Many of them are from Ottawa—from some of the best families.

Sir Frederick's aim has not been to increase the force of the militia so much as to increase its efficiency, and to make it self-sufficient.

There was a time when the militia of Canada had to depend upon outside countries for its supplies. Now all ammunition, rifles, army supplies of every kind, are made in this country—in short, everything but large ordnance is "made in Canada"—as they are pleased to say.

The Militia Force.

There are 12 Military Districts, which I give herewith, with the commanding officers:—

No. 1, London, Ont.—Col. James Peters, A.D.C., (Aide-de-Camp to His Excellency the Governor General.)
No. 2, Toronto, Ont.—Col. Wm. Dillon Otter. C.B., (Companion of the Order of the Bath), A.D.C.
No. 3, Kingston, Ont.—Col. L. Buchan, C.M.G., A.D.C.
No. 4, Ottawa, Ont.—Lieut.-Col. W. E. Hodgins.
No. 5, Montreal, P.Q.—Col. Wm. D. Gordon.
No. 6, St. John's, P.Q.—Lieut.-Col. Alexandre Roy.
No. 7, Quebec, P.Q.—Lieut.-Col. O. C. C. Pelletier.
No. 8, St. John, N.B.—Lieut.-Col. G. Rolt White.
No. 9, Halifax, N. S.—Col. Jas. Douglas Irving.
No. 10, Winnipeg Man.—Col. T. D. B. Evans.
No. 11, Victoria, B.C.—Col. J. G. Holmes.
No. 12, Charlottetown, P.E.I.—Lieut.-Col. Fred. Strong.

Schools of Instruction.

There are five Depots or Divisions where are located Schools of Instruction. These are at (1) London, (2) Toronto, (3) St. John's, P.Q., (4) Fredericton, (5) Quebec. At these depots are stationed Canada's "Standing Army," which, unlike any other in the world, the 1,000 men who compose it are not so much to do fighting as to train others to fight. During the year instructors are sent to the various camps in the Dominion to "teach young ideas to"—no, I mean to instruct the *militia* how to shoot. From the way, however, the boys shot last fall down on the Rifle Range, the Colonel and I came to the conclusion that it would be a very skilful instructor indeed who could give them any points on shooting. Why, he who could not make a series of bull's eyes at 1,000 yards "wasn't in it." The Colonel and I tried it one day, and the markers haven't yet found where we hit.

Sir Frederick is of old Colonial connection. "His great-grandfather, Samuel Borden, of Tiverton, Mass., was sent to Acadia by the Governor of Rhode Island, to survey the lands vacated at the expulsion of the Acadians." He returned to Tiverton, but left his son, Percy Borden, and the family have ever since resided there.

Sir Frederick's family consists of Lady Borden—who was Miss Bessie Clarke, of Canning, N.S.—Miss Borden, and Miss Maud Borden.

Major Harold, his only son, met his death in the South African war while gallantly leading a company of the Canadian Mounted Rifles, at the battle of Witpoort, in the Transvaal, where an Irish Regiment was being sorely pressed by the Boers. His gallant action merited and received words of commendation from Lord Roberts and others of high rank.

The Ottawa residence of the Minister is Stadacona Hall, on Theodore Street, once the home of Sir John A. Macdonald.

ROBERT LAIRD BORDEN.

Robert Laird Borden, leader of the Opposition (Conservative) Party of Canada, was born at Grand Pre, Nova Scotia, June 26th, 1854. He is the son of the late Andrew Borden, and was educated at Accasia Villa Academy, Horton. He began the study of law in 1874, and was called to the bar in 1878, becoming a Queen's Counsel in 1891. His legal abilities soon placed him prominent among the pleaders before the Supreme Court of Canada, and he has been engaged in many cases before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

He has always been a leader, first among the boys at school, then among men. In 1893, he became President of the Nova Scotia Barristers Society, which position of honor he held up to the present year, when he declined re-election.

Entering politics in 1896, he was elected to the House of Commons, and re-elected in 1900. When Sir Charles Tupper, in 1901, resigned as leader of the Conservative Party, Mr. Borden was chosen to fill that honorable position.

It has been said that "with the possible exception of Sir John Thompson, Canada has never seen another public man rise so rapidly to a foremost place in her affairs as Mr. R. L. Borden." This same writer said again. "The coming of Mr. Borden has been a miracle of swift achievement. He emerged from the twilight fame of a successful local law practice in 1896, by modestly taking his seat as a member for Halifax, in the House of Commons. Very soon it was felt that the new Opposition had in its legal recruit a powerful critic, an incisive student of political matters, and an effective debater."

Mr. Borden's ability as a Parliamentarian would indeed have to be of a very fine order to cope with the members of the Government, who for years had been trained in all the intricasies of political debate.

He is a deep thinker, putting his arguments in a pleasant and convincing manner. He impresses the listener as being scrupulously honest in all he says. The truth of his argument may irritate, but his manner is so courteous, that he seldom angers his opponent, while convincing the "jury."

Unlike the Stump Orator, whose "speech" is pleasing to hear, but forgotten before dinner, Mr. Borden's is heard with pleasure, and afterwards read with delight from one end of the Dominion to the other.

It is a strong character, whom friends praise for ability, and opponents for fairness. R. L. Borden is such a character. By nature he is fair, by natural endowment and training he is able, and when we think of his comparative youth, we cannot but wonder what he will attain with age, but neither age nor position

will change the man—his genial nature, ungoverned by policy, will make and hold friends regardless of party affiliation. His popularity is attested by the many cities throughout Canada, vieing with each other in confering honors and presenting gifts to himself and Mrs. Borden—scarcely less a favorite than her husband. And apropos of this brilliant lady. Not long since, Speaker Belcourt, who has the rare gift of always gracefully doing the proper thing at the proper time, officially recognized the right of the wife of the Opposition leader to a seat in that part of the gallery reserved for the wives of Cabinet Ministers. In speaking of Mrs. Borden, one of these ladies said, of her excellent qualities: "She has ideas, lots of them; she understands public questions, is a Woman's Council worker, is keenly alive to all matters of interest or importance to women, is a splendid hostess, a devoted wife and a charming woman—what more would you have?" I have never heard given, a better answer than hers, to the question: "Do you believe in Woman Suffrage?" which answer was given in a recent interview with a Society writer. Mrs Borden replied: "I do not, to my mind a wife is, or should be, a helpmeet, and the wife of a politician can, and ought to be, a help to her husband in a thousand ways, without actually entering the political arena herself. To have some knowledge of public questions of the day, to understand the political issues with which her husband is concerned, make his interests hers intelligently and sympathetically—is not this possible without a vote? Not every one knows how exacting and how wearing is an active public life. Now if a wife understands her husband's capacity for work, studies his comfort and guards his health, is she not doing something as important as if she herself made speeches or voted?" Yes, and no—"Yes," if all wives were as capable as the one who could give so brilliant an answer as the above—and "no," if the politician were of the ordinary variety. In the latter case, she might be doing the country a service, by taking the stump herself.

Illustrative of Mr. Borden's happy faculty of impromptu speaking, and saying pleasing things at the right time, and further, as showing Mrs. Borden's popularity,—not long since they were being presented with a case of silver, in the House. In response to the presentation speech, in which the speaker paid especial compliment to Mrs. Borden, the Leader said, among many other happy things, "I was out playing golf one evening last week, in coming up to where some ladies were making slow headway, I heard one of them remark, 'we must hurry, we are obstructing the play of the Leader of the Opposition.' Said one of the others, without turning around, 'Oh, I didn't know that Mrs. Borden was out this evening.'"

Asks an Extension.

And speaking of "wife," I am reminded of a good story of Borden's young manhood, a story that will bring up pleasant memories of the days when he, at nineteen, taught school in the Glenwood Institute at Mattawan, not far from my New Jersey home. Then (1874) as now, there was in the town a Literary Society, one of the features of which is to read a book and prepare and deliver a criticism on it. Now, be it remembered, that in those days R. L., was not the finished speaker we know him to-day, but instead a timid, almost bashful boy. Some of the old maids on the Committee on books, appreciating this fact, and thinking to have a bit of fun at the young Canadian teacher's expense, selected for him Harriat Beecher Stowe's book: "My Wife and I."—You will remember that in this story are, "My Child Wife," "My Dream Wife" and "My Real Wife." The night came for him to deliver his criticism—he had no trouble with "My Child Wife" and "My Dream Wife" was criticised so charmingly that many of the younger maidens sighed: "Oh, that I were that Dream!" But the Committee, in fact all, sat waiting for the last of the three. When he had finished with the two, he stopped, turned to the Committee and timidly said: "Our By-laws, I believe, give the right of extension of time if one is not prepared with one's criticism—ladies, I must claim that right—I am not prepared to criticise "My Real Wife," and must ask an extension."

"How long a time do you wish?" coyly asked the Chairwoman.

"Well, from present prospects I think I shall require about 520 weeks," and amid smiles, that have not even yet ceased to ripple along the sea girt shores of Mattawan, the young Nova Scotian sat down.

Could Not Jolly Him.

In 1888, he with another "down Easter," was traveling from Liverpool to London. On the way, they fell in with a number of jolly young Englishmen, who on learning that the two were "Colonials," thought to have a "shy" at them. On the way the engine took up water from a trough between the rails. The Englishmen remarked this, and one of them began boasting of their wonderful improvements—"Why, dontcher know, we have every convenience in this country—you saw the engine taking watah back there? That's nothing, why on some of our roads, they take up coal the same way, at 50 miles an hour." Borden catching the spirit of the "jolly" said, with due solemnity: "That is nothing, gentlemen, to what we have in Canada. Ah, there's the country for you! You people are slow over here! You should see the way we do on our roads—we not only take up water and coal, but just before we left, one of the roads had put on a device to take on passengers,

in the same way—we had to do it, as our roads are so long that we can't waste time stopping." There was no more jollying of "Colonials" on that trip.

Seats for Six.

Once a Judge in Nova Scotia, questioned the letter of the law, which said, "All Seven Judges must sit to form a quorum."

"Why," said the questioning Judge, who was anxious to get off from sitting, on an election appeal, in which Mr. Borden was interested, "Why, see, there are but six seats."

"Doubtless your Honor," said Mr. Borden, with a twinkle, "the carpenter who framed those seats considered that six Judges were all that was necessary, but the men who framed the law took a different view." The Judge sat—on the extra chair provided for him.

The Boy and the Bald-headed Preacher.

Mr. Borden is a born investigator. In Nova Scotia, it is a proven fact that bald-heads do not contain the preponderence of brains. Up to four years of age, the Leader of the Opposition, had never seen a "front row" man. One day a good old preacher called, bringing with him a head of the billiard ball variety. It was a revelation to the boy, who hung around the corners of the room, trying to analyse the mystery at a distance, but failing to statisfy his curiosity, and taking advantage of the temporary absence of his mother, he pushed a chair up behind the good man, and on the mother's return, to her consternation, she found young Robert standing up behind the old gentleman, most intently examining the phenomenon at close quarters.

It is said, that he has since learned a great deal on this subject, and found many heads bald on both sides—*in* as well as out. It is also said, by those who are well informed, that he has no fear whatever of either variety, or even both combined in one—instances of which combination being on record.

Secret of His Success.

"What is the secret of Mr. Borden's success?" I asked of a writer from the Lower Provinces.

"Thoroughness, gained by a good head and hard work. You may not be aware of the fact, but Mr. Borden has few equals and no superiors in the Dominion when it comes to intricate cases at the bar. Why, do you know that there was never, or at least seldom, to be a contested case of note, that R. L. Borden was not on one side or the other? Yes, and so thorough is he, that when he states a thing, or cites an authority, even the Judges learned that it was not necessary to turn it up and compare the citation with the text; when he states a matter of evidence, they know that

he has taken the pains to ascertain the absolute correctness of his statements.

"Genius has been defined to be 'the power to take infinite pains with little things.' To this may be largely ascribed Mr. Borden's success."

"And again," he continued, "Mr. Borden relies more upon his head than upon his tongue. He may not tickle the fancy of the idle listener by his flowery flights of pyrotechnic oratory that mean nothing, but his words stay in the minds of his hearers, and they believe in his sincerity. He does nothing for momentary effect, but always speaks for a lasting purpose. That is why he wins confidence, that is why people believe in him—I may be prejudiced in his favor, but down home it has grown to be a habit, and we cannot help it." He said much else, but it is no part of my purpose to touch political matters. It is the man and not his political trend, the man and not his creed, that interests me. R. L. Borden, aside from trend or creed, has a personality greatly to be admired.*

THE HONOURABLE SYDNEY ARTHUR FISHER.

"The right man in the right place!" This might well be said of the Dominion Minister of Agriculture. From the year he took office (1896) to the present, his department has shown one continued increase in all its many branches. Mr. Fisher has conducted the affairs of his department as a careful, wise business man would conduct his private business, if one may judge from the marked improvement in every branch of it, as I will show further on.

He was the son of Arthur Fisher, M.D., L.R.C.S., and was born in Montreal in 1850. Educated in the High School, McGill University, and Trinity College, Cambridge, England (B.A. 1871).

After leaving college he devoted himself to the scientific principles of farming, including dairying, stock raising, fruit grow-

* The day this book went to press Mr. Borden was defeated in the landslide of Nov. 3, 1904. Even the Liberals themselves seem now to regret it, as he is so generally liked and his statesmanship recognized before party feeling. He will doubtless be chosen at a bye election.

The Colonel asks at this point: "How do you spell that word?" and I spell it very slowly and carefully for him: "B-y-e, *not* B-u-y."

ing, &c., and to-day stands possibly without a peer in scientific farming on the continent. The Province of Quebec (he is from Brome County, in that province) very soon recognized his abilities. He founded the Provincial Fruit Growers' Association; he was President of the Ensilage and Stock Feeding Association of Montreal; Vice-President of the Provincial Dairy Association, and Director of the Brome Agricultural Society.

In 1880 he entered Dominion politics, and in 1882, and again in 1887, was elected for Brome in the House of Commons. He was defeated by one vote in 1891. He took an active interest throughout Canada, and when his party (Liberal) came into power in 1896, he was made Minister of Agriculture. In 1900 he was re-elected by a large majority.

If a Huron were asked to give Mr. Fisher a name, that name would be one meaning "The-Man-Who-Does-Things." He had been in office but a short time when he secured from the United States the removal of quarantine restrictions to the trade in cattle, with the result that the trade with us rose from $195,814, from 1890 to 1896, to $6,419,385, from 1896 to 1903. Before he assumed office, stock cattle were at such a low price that it did not pay to raise them, and calves were killed for their hides; but in 1903 stock values had increased five fold.

In 1897 he adopted measures that added millions of dollars to the farmers of Canada, in connection with refrigeration on ocean steamships by mechanical and chemical means, and the establishment of a far-reaching machinery for the marketing abroad of Canada's perishable products. In the same year (1897) he secured the passage of a Bill for registering cheese factories and creameries, and the branding of dairy products, thus preventing misrepresentation as to date of manufacture.

In 1898 the "San Jose Scale" was doing great damage to the fruit trees of the Western States. Mr. Fisher introduced a Bill to protect Canada against the pest, with the result that it was practically kept out. This led up to a wide systematic extension of the scientific spraying of fruit trees and so forth, that has done, is doing, and will do incalculable good to the fruit-growing industry of the Dominion.

In 1899 he appointed a Dominion Live Stock Commissioner (F. W. Hodson,) and also an Agriculturist (J. H. Grisdale,) at the Central Experimental Farm, and has brought up the live stock interest of Canada to a high degree of excellence. Not only is it being improved, but the business has greatly increased under his wise supervision. The export trade has grown, and the general business of cattle raising greatly increased. The exports of cattle grew from $6,816,000 in 1896, to $10,842,438 in 1903. In 1900 less than $5,000 were paid for stock cattle sent from the Eastern Provinces to British Columbia, while $50,000 were paid in 1901.

Mr. Fisher has worked up an active, intelligent interest in every branch of his department. He has established Farmers' Institutes in all provinces where they had not already been established, and given a healthy impetus to the whole; he has done much to improve the working of Agricultural Societies; he has established provincial auction sales of live stock; he has extended interprovincial trade in live stock; has established or extended provincial live stock associations, and done much toward educating the people by means of agricultural shows; and has, through press and bulletins, created a desire among the farmers to know and follow the best in all lines of agriculture.

He has done a great work in the interest of fruit growers, and if Canada is to-day one of the great fruit countries of the world, much is due to his efforts. In 1901 he secured the passage of the "Fruit Marks' Act," which provides for an accurate inspection of fruit, and the correct marking of packages, with the result that Canadian fruit has taken its place at the very head of the list.

In the dairying interest, he has added millions of dollars to the wealth of Canada. In 1890 the exports in this line were $9,712,-343; in 1903 they were $31,667,561. In 1890 there were 1,565 cheese factories and 170 creameries; in 1900 there were 2,398 cheese factories, 629 creameries, and 554 combined cheese and butter factories. The exports of cheese in 1896 were $13,956,571; in 1903 they were $24,712,943; and not only in quantity, but the quality had been greatly improved by proper curing, which was brought about by Mr. Fisher. In the interest of the butter makers, it is unlawful to make or to sell oleomargine or other fake butter in Canada.

The experiments carried on under the supervision of his department are showing great results in the feeding and proper treatment of bacon and ham producers, and getting the best results from poultry raising.

Figures and not assertions count. Taking the seven years prior to Mr. Fisher's entrance into office, and comparing them with the following seven years of his management of the affairs of his department, I find that in the matter of eggs, butter, cheese, bacon, ham and pork, the increased sales are $133,451,591, or $525 gain for each one of the 471,833 Canadian farmers. And to make another seven years' comparison: while the United States exports of cheese decreased $20,665,637, Canada's exports increased $46,339,618, and during that time, while the exports of butter from the United States increased $6,706,923, Canada's exports increased $22,729,379.

Not content with building up his department at home, Mr. Fisher has ever taken a lively interest in extending the trade of his country into all parts of the world. He has spent months at

a time looking over the European field, and during the winter of 1903 visited the Fifth National Exhibition at Osaka, Japan, and already Canadian trade is largely benefitting as the result of these visits.

Mr. Fisher also has in his Department the Patents and Copyrights of Canada, under the charge of that genial gentleman, Mr. W. J. Lynch.

Apropos of copyright, Mr. Fisher, in 1900, had an Act passed of great interest to both authors and publishers, as well as to the Imperial authors.

The above are but the cullings from a great volume. Were I to present in detail what this man has accomplished, it might give you a better conception of the developments of Canada as, like the Interior Department, the Agriculture shows the rapid growth of the country more than any others.

Mr. Fisher's able staff, are T. K. Doherty, Private Secretary; G. T. O'Halloran, Deputy Minister; Dr. F. Montizambert, Public Health Branch; Animal Health Branch, Dr. J. G. Rutherford; Archivist, A. G. Doughty; Copyrights, J. B. Jackson; Statistician, Geo. Johnson; Accountant's Office, F. C. Chittick; Agriculture and Dairying, Prof. J. W. Robertson; Exhibition Branch, Colonel Wm. Hutchison; others mentioned elsewhere.

THE HON. CHARLES FITZPATRICK.

Charles Fitzpatrick was born at Sillery, December 19th, 1853. "He was born at Sillery." To you this may be only words, but to those who have trod the historic grounds of this ancient village —a quaint suburb of dear old Quebec—it brings up pleasant memories. The very name makes glad my heart.

Mr. Fitzpatrick is the son of the late John Fitzpatrick, a member of a family who for generations have lived in County Waterford, Ireland. His grandfather—also John—was a lifelong friend of the great Irish leader, Daniel O'Connell, and was present on

A Famous Speech.

the occasion when O'Connell made the famous Irish speech, which the London *Times* had sent its best representative to report, sent him all the way from London. It was in the hope that the speaker might say something treasonable, and the *Times* would gain fame by first reporting it. When O'Connell was ready to

begin, the reporter stood waiting, pencil in hand, to take down the words. The crowd, taking in the situation, began a demonstration that boded ill to the man from "Lunnun," but O'Connell, seeing the danger, invited the reporter to come upon the stage, gave him a chair, even had a table brought that he might not be inconvenienced in his writing.

"Are you comfortable?" asked O'Connell.

"Yes, and many thanks for your kindness."

"Are you ready?"

"Yes, I'm quite ready."

"Now, if I speak too fast, don't hesitate to tell me. I sometimes talk rapidly when I get warmed up to my subject."

Then, as if another thing had occurred to him, he said: "Oh, by the way, my friend, seeing as I have treated you fairly, I want you to promise me to treat me the same. I don't mind your reporting what I say, but I want you to promise not to put words into my mouth I have not uttered. Do you promise?"

"I do, I do; upon my honor I do!"

"Now, follow as I begin." And turning to the vast crowd, the great orator commenced his speech—*in Irish.*

The old grandfather, in describing this, told how O'Connell would turn around every few moments and ask: "Are you quite comfortable? Do I speak too rapidly? You are reporting me fairly?" Finally, the reporter beat a retreat, not being able to stand the ridiculous position in which he was placed by the great Irish leader. That was one of O'Connell's speeches never printed.

Mr. Fitzpatrick was educated in the Quebec High School, at St. Anne's College, and finished at Laval University, taking his B.C.L. with the highest honors, winning the Governor General's (Lorne) medal.

For fourteen years Mr. Fitzpatrick kept out of active participation in affairs of state, but finally, in 1890, he consented to represent Quebec County in the Assembly. In 1896 he resigned, and was returned for the same county to the House of Commons. He was appointed, that same year, Solicitor General, an office created in 1887, but which was not brought into force by proclamation until in 1892. And in 1902, when David Mills resigned as Minister of Justice to take a position on the Supreme Court Bench, he was appointed to this high place in the Dominion Cabinet. The portfolio of Minister of Justice is of recent origin. The Minister is the official advisor of the Governor General, and legal member of His Majesty's Privy Council for Canada. In short, he is Canada's legal head—with us he is the Attorney General. The Minister of Justice is also here the Attorney General.

From the very first Mr. Fitzpatrick was a successful lawyer, and rapidly rose to one of the first in his profession. He formed a partnership with Sir Adolphe Caron shortly after entering the

bar, the firm now being Fitzpatrick, Parent, Taschereau, Roy and Caron, second to none in the Dominion.

He has conducted some of the most famous cases in Canada. The United States employed him in the John Eno extradition case; the Belgian Government in the Canon-Bernard case; and in 1885 he was chief counsel for Louis Riel, of Rebellion fame or notoriety. Then, in 1892, he defended the late Hon. H. Mercier. These are but illustrations of the many cases of national and international note in which this illustrious lawyer has taken part. In 1893 he was created a Queen's Counsel, and was called to the Ontario bar in 1896. In 1897 he represented the Dominion Government before the Privy Council in England in the Fisheries case.

He was married in 1879 to Miss Corinne, daughter of the late Hon. R. E. Caron. Five children, four daughters and one son, have blessed the union.

Mr. Fitzpatrick's private secretaries are Mr. J. Mullin and Mr. J. D. Clarke. The Deputy Minister of Justice is Mr. E. L. Newcombe, M.A., LL.B., K.C., who was appointed by Sir John Thompson in 1893, and has held the position up to the present time.

JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER.

On July 5th, 1846, there was born, on a hilly farm in Highland County, Ohio, near the village of Rainsford, one of the greatest orators of his time, Joseph B. Foraker. When but little more than a mere boy he enlisted in the 89th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and served throughout the war of the Rebellion. He went in as a private, became a First Lientenant, and at the close was a brevet Captain. Returning he attended College at Delaware, Ohio, and later, in 1869, graduated with honors, at Cornell University, and that same year was admitted to the bar, and began at once to practice law in Cincinnati, where he very soon took a position at the very head of his profession. In 1870, he married Miss Julia, the talented daughter of the Honorable H. S. Bundy, of Jackson County, Ohio. Their sons and daughters hold the very highest social position in America.

In 1879, he was elected Judge of the Superior Court, and held the position until 1882 when he resigned, on account of ill health.

In 1883, he was defeated for Governor of the State, but was elected for that office in 1885, and again in 1887, but in 1889 he was defeated.

In 1897, he was made a United States Senator, to which position he was returned, in 1903, to serve until 1909. In this our highest branch of representative government, he has few equals and no superiors.

I spoke of him as an orator—I have never heard his equal. There is a fascination in his voice and manner, that holds his listeners spell-bound, as long as he chooses to speak, and when he closes, his audience would fain cry for more. I shall never forget, such a scene at Cooper Union, in New York City, during a Presidential election. The Senator had spoken for an hour and a half, and knowing that other speakers were to follow, sat down, amid thunders of applause. The next speaker tried to be heard, but the vast audience would not listen—but kept up the calls for "Foraker—Foraker!!" until he consented to continue, which he did, occupying the time of all the others.

The Senator was once asked the secret of oratory. "Hard study—hard study, and knowing what to say. Too many think of it wholly as a gift and wonder why they fail. There are none so gifted as to succeed without work and a whole lot of hard work."

It will soon be Ohio's turn for the Presidency. Almost two whole terms will have passed with another State holding that high position. This to an Ohioan, seems a long time. When our turn comes again, I am very certain that the scene at Cooper Union, will be reenacted, and the same call will be heard, "Foraker! Foraker!!"

SIR WILLIAM MULOCK.

"Results" seem to be the watchword of the men who are guiding and directing the affairs of "The New Canada." Nor does that watchword more brilliantly illumine the banner of any other of the "guides" than that of Sir William Mulock, the Postmaster General, who found a very large deficit, reduced the postage rates by one-third, and at the end of seven years saw the vast deficit wiped out, and a surplus of hundreds of thousands of dollars coming into the treasury.

1896, 177,178,136; in 1903, 312,221,740, an increase of 135,043,-604. These figures show the vast strides Canada has been making during the past few years, and yet it has just started, as the very air is full of a new national life. One cannot but see it on every hand.

Postal Savings Banks.

Canada has a system of postal savings banks which we have not. From an article in the Canadian Bankers Journal, by Mr. R. Gill, Manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, I am indebted for much valuable data apropos of the system, but space will only permit of a few of the salient points.

They were started in 1867, under Postmaster General Sir Alexander Campbell, K.C.M.G., but the workings of the plan were due to Mr. J. Cunningham Stewart and Mr. D. Matheson—to the latter especially, whose computation of interest was so admirable that it has been adopted by most of the regular savings banks of the country. At first no one depositor might carry a balance of over $1,000. It has been raised to $3,000.

The rate of interest started at 4%. This has been lowered to 3%.

In 1869 there were 213 post office banks, or banks which could accept deposits, and $16,653 were deposited. In 1903, there were 934 offices, and $12,060,825 were deposited. The balance due depositors, on June 30th, 1903, was $44,255,326.03.

(1) The unit of deposit is $1.00 and interest is added once a year (30th June).

(2) The depositor must make declaration that he has no interest in any other account than his own—this to prevent any one going beyond the limit.

(3) The postmaster marks it in the pass-book, reports it to Ottawa, from whence a receipt is sent the depositor.

(4) All accounts are kept in Ottawa.

(5) Applications for withdrawal is made direct to Ottawa.

(6) The depositor must send his pass-book to be balanced on the anniversary of the opening of his account.

Postal Note.

Sir William, in 1898 (August 4th), inaugurated the Postal Note System, a cheap and convenient form of remittance for small sums of money, ranging from 20 cents to $5.00. The system has met with public favor, as is shown by the growth of the transactions. From the date of inception to June 30th, 1899—11 months—471,407 notes were issued to the value of $771,-490.20, while during the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1903, the paid notes numbered 1,196,563, and in value $2,046.094.54. In August, 1903, a $10 note was added.

SENATOR REDFIELD PROCTOR.

Vermont, "the Ohio of the East," is remarkable for many rare qualities, but none of them are so prominent as are her great sons. From the very birth of Vermont as a State, and all the way along through the years, these gallant sons held their own in war and in peace. The land of Ethan Allen has produced more statesmen—counting its area—than any other in the Union. From Vermont came our Edmunds, Morrill, Colamer, and many another, whose voices have been heard in the national halls as leaders among our greatest men. It was Vermont gave birth to one of our Presidents (Arthur), a Vice-President (Morton), and our present able Secretary of the Treasury (Shaw) first opened his eyes among the green hills of this noble State. Nor to the past alone need we turn for statesmen. The subject of my sketch stands in the front rank of the great of the nation, and when in years to come the history of Vermont shall have been written, no greater name will be found accredited to that State than the name of Proctor.

Redfield Proctor was born at Proctorville (named for his family), Windsor County, June 1st, 1831, and now resides at Proctor (named for him) north of and near Rutland. He was educated at Dartmouth College, from which he went to the Albany Law School. The war breaking out shortly after his graduation, he entered the Third Regiment of Vermont Volunteers, entered as a lieutenant on the staff of Major-General Wm. F. Smith —affectionately known as "Baldy" Smith. Next we find him a Major of the Fifth, and a little later, a Colonel in the Fifteenth Volunteer Regiment. Entering politics after the war, we find him in 1867-68, and again in 1888, a member of the Vermont House of Representatives; and in 1874 and 1875, in the State Senate, of which he was, during that time, President pro tem. From 1876 to 1878 he was Lieutenant-Governor of Vermont, and from 1878 to 1880, Governor of the State.

He went as a delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1884, in 1888, and again in 1896. In the two latter he was Chairman of the delegation.

In March, 1889, he was chosen Secretary of War in Harrison's Cabinet. This position he resigned to accept the appointment, in November, 1891, as United States Senator to succeed the great Geo. F. Edmunds; and on October 18th, 1892, was elected to fill both the unexpired and full terms. Again, he was elected to succeed himself, in 1898. His term as Senator expires in 1905. Owing to the fact that when Vermont gets a good man, she is wise enough to keep him in office, we may expect to find the Senator in Washington for many years to come.

Senator Proctor stands well toward the front rank among our American statesmen, and but for the handicap of location, would

Some one once asked: "Does a college education make or mar a man for a business career?" I forget the answer, but it should have been: "It's all owing to the man." Sir William is a pronounced type of college man, and results show that a naturally brilliant intellect has not been made less capable in business by reason of an education of a very high order, but quickened rather than marred that intellect.

William Mulock was born January 19th, 1843, at Bond Head, Ont. He was the son of Thomas H. Mulock, of the Royal College of Surgeons. He was educated at Newmarket Grammar School, and at the Toronto University, graduating a B.A. in 1863, taking the gold medal for modern languages. He was an M.A. in 1871, and in 1894 received the degree of LL.D. from the Toronto University, of which he has been a Senator since 1873. In 1881 he was elected Vice-Chancellor, which office he resigned in 1900. He founded a scholarship in mathematics in this University.

Going into Dominion politics he was elected for North York in 1882, and when his party (Liberal) came into power in 1896, he was promptly made Postmaster General. The wisdom of the selection I have already indicated.

In 1898, on his suggestion, an Imperial Postal Conference was held and on his resolution, postage was reduced to 2 cts. per half ounce, so that he may be called the

Father of Cheap Postage.

This took effect on Christmas Day of that year. One week later, on January 1st, 1899, owing to his efforts, a 2c. rate was made to the United States, and again, to him is due the fact that newspapers may now be sent into nearly every country in the world, as cheaply as you may send them around the corner. The immediate result of reduced postage was a greatly increased revenue.

In June, of 1901, he was sent to Australia, as a delegate to represent Canada at the inauguration of the first Parliament of the Commonwealth.

In 1902 he was one of the Canadian representatives at the Coronation of King Edward.

That same year he was made a K.C.M.G. The high honor has in no way changed his cordial manner, for as that clever writer, H. Franklin Gadsby said, in the Canadian Magazine, of December, 1903: "His bluff, hearty manner, which strangers mistake for brusquerie, his simple tastes, his characteristic love of soil—he has a beautiful country seat at Newmarket—are all summed up in his nick-name "Farmer Bill," and again, "Sir William is a man of the classes, if we have classes in Canada.

He has gentle blood in his veins, but man of the classes as he is, he has always been on the side of the masses. In this respect, he approaches very nearly the late William Ewart Gladstone."

Speaking of his integrity, this writer says: "Sir William is ever true to his promises. It is conceded that his word once given is as good as his bond." From this, one must infer that Sir William is not a politician.

His fairness has made him an ideal head of another department of Government—that of Minister of Labour. He studied New Zealand system—that of arbitration and conciliation—and has applied it to Canada in a modified form. He took our *Labor Gazette* and we find, in the *Labor Gazette* of Canada, a paper suited to the conditions of this country.

Sir William has an able staff of assistants, who aside from his courteous private secretary, Mr. E. H. Laschinger, are as follows:—

1. Deputy Postmaster General, R. M. Coulter.
2. Secretary, Wm. Smith.
3. Accountant, W. J. Johnstone.
4. Supt. Money Order Branch, Walter Rowan.
5. Supt. Savings Branch, W. H. Harrington.
6. Controller of Postal Stores, Sidney Smith.
7. Chief Supt. Dead Letter Office, Major J. Walsh.
8. Supt. Postage Stamp Branch, E. P. Stanton.
9. Supt. Mail Service Branch, G. C. Anderson.
10. Controller of the Railway Mail Service, B. M. Armstrong.

As mentioned above, Sir William has another department in his portfolios, that of Labour. Here we find our friend of frequent mention, W. L. Mackenzie King, as Deputy Minister and Editor of the Labor Gazette, with Robt. H. Coats as Associate Editor.

Growth of the Post Office Department.

The Post Office Department has kept pace with the growth of the country, as may be seen by its transactions. In 1896, these were, in money orders, $13,081,860; in 1903, $28,904,096, an increase of $15,822,236. In 1896, in money orders and postal notes, there were 242,610 transactions in the Savings Banks; in 1903, 336,012, an increase of 93,393. It may be of interest to know that in 1896 there were in Canada, 9,103 post offices, and in 1903, 10,149, an increase of 1,046. Of these, in 1896, 755 were savings bank offices; in 1903, 934, an increase of 179. The greatest gain are the money order and postal note offices. In 1896, there were but 1,310; in 1903, 6,184, the enormous increase of 4,874 offices.

The increase in the business done may be seen by the number of articles carried by mail, not including newspapers. In

He Looks It!"

One day Sir John A. Macdonald and he were listening to the speech of a new member, a Mr. Homer from British Columbia. Now, Mr. Homer happened to be the ugliest man in the House. He was almost painfully homely, but very brilliant. Sir John was struck by the new member's powers of oratory, and turning to Sir Charles, he asked: "Who is that man? I must know him. He's a wonder!" Sir Charles straightened up, and said proudly: "He comes from British Columbia, but is a native of my country, Nova Scotia." "Well," said Sir John, with a twinkle, "he certainly looks it!"

It Nearly Kilt Him.

Sir Charles at 83 is yet active, and enjoys a game of golf. Last summer, at Glenquaich, in the Highlands of Scotland, he played too strenuously and was "laid up" from the effects. Sir Sandford Fleming, calling to see him, said, in his genial way, "I'm afraid, Sir Charles, you were wearing the garb of old Gaul and caught cold."

"Yes," said Tupper, serio-humorously, "and it nearly *kilt* me."

They Couldn't Fool the Doctor.

In 1894, while Sir Charles was High Commissioner, word came to him at London that some Canadian cattle which had just been landed at Liverpool had pneumonia. He called a cab, was driven to a book store, got a book on "Cattle and Their Ailments," and taking train, by the time he reached Liverpool had thoroughly mastered the subject of pneumonia. He waited for no preliminaries, but was driven direct to the stock yards, and having found the veterinary, asked: "What is this I hear about our Canadian cattle?—where are they?"

"'Where?' I'll show them to you at once." And with much ado, the vet. led the way to the yards.

"Now, point out the animals."

"There," pointing to one that looked worn out by the long ocean voyage. "That is a very bad case."

"Are you sure?" asked Tupper.

"'Sure'? I guess I ought to know my business. It has all the symptoms. Never saw a worse case. That one animal is enough to inoculate the Island."

"Kill it—kill it, and we shall see!"

"Yes—but—say, there is no occasion. I know that it has pneumonia."

"Kill it" was Sir Charles' command. It was killed and right there in mud over shoe top deep the doctor held the oddest post mortem he had ever held. Reaching the organ where the

disease should have been, he found it absolutely healthy and sound.

Those who know him can well imagine the tone of voice in which he said:

"Man, you have been bribed!"

Canadian cattle thereafter were very healthy animals as long as that "vet" had charge.

This story illustrates the man. Canada's interests were ever his interests, and in defending them he prepared himself, so that no one knew the subject in question better than he did, and no man in Canada has ever been a more able defender of the great Dominion, or looks more to its welfare, than Sir Charles Tupper, of Nova Scotia.

JUDGE WM. T. WALLACE

was born in Lexington, Kentucky, March 28th, 1828. When at the age of 18, he went to the Mexican War as a volunteer. In February of 1847 he took part in the battle of Buena Vista, under General Zachary Taylor, and was highly praised for acts of bravery; the young Kentuckian seeming to be devoid of all fear.

In 1850, after the war, he went to California, via the Panama route. He settled at San Jose, at that time the Capital of the State. He began at once the practice of the law, and in two years was elected District Attorney. This for a young man of 24 was a trying position, not alone from the fact that his practice of necessity brought him in contact with the criminal class, but his district, covering as it did, many counties, necessitated long rides on horseback, through wild and dangerous sections—but the boy who had so valliantly fought under Taylor, was now as fearless as a prosecutor.

At 28 he became Attorney General of the State, and filled the position with honor. In 1870 he was elected to the Supreme Court, and in two years, rose to Chief Justice of that Court, which office he held for eight years—to 1880—when he declined to serve again, but in 1886 he was induced to take office once more, and was elected Judge of the Superior Court in San Francisco, his home. Twelve years he served in this position. Since that time he has been a member of the State Legislature and a Police Commissioner for the city.

long since have been President. Had his ancestors chosen the real Ohio, it would have been so different with this great son, as 'tis such as he whom we make Presidents down there.

That General Benjamin Harrison was chosen in 1888, was much owing to Mr. Proctor. In the Convention, from first to last, he and his delegation stood solid, and Vermont was the only State that did so on every ballot. He not only voted, but worked for the General until the final vote.

Shortly before the Cuban war, Senator Proctor went to Cuba to carefully investigate the real conditions that existed, and in his report to Congress, our country learned that which won for the Islanders a friendship which, in the end, gave them the long-sought freedom from the galling yoke of Spain.

The Senator is the largest marble quarry owner in the world.

HON. SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BART.

It would be like writing Hamlet with Hamlet left out, to write of Canada with Sir Charles Tupper left out. I would give his many titles were it not that in writing them all would leave little space for the man himself, as he has more LL.D.'s, Bt.'s, G.C.M.G.'s, and, well—think of all that could possibly be given to one man, and it will save me telling you of them, as I do think that about every honor that Canada could confer has been given not to mention those bestowed by the mother country.

Sir Charles was born July 2nd, 1821, at Aylesford, Nova Scotia. He was the son of Rev. Charles Tupper, D.D. He was educated at Horton Academy, Acadia College (MA., D.C.L.,) and afterward studied medicine at Edinburgh University, from which he received his M.D. He long practiced his profession in his native province.

His first experience in politics was in 1855, when he became a member of the provincial legislature. In 1856 he was made Provincial Secretary. In 1858 he went to England in the interest of the Intercolonial Railway. In 1864 he was Premier of Nova Scotia.

He took a very leading part in the Confederation of Canada, and is the eldest of the four remaining "Fathers of Confederation."

He was elected to the House of Commons, and sat in the first Federal Parliament (1867). He represented Cumberland up to 1884, when he was appointed High Commissioner for Canada to London. He was first Minister of Railways and Canals.

Like his titles, his official honors were "too numerous to mention." In 1887 and 1888 he was a prominent figure in Washington, when he became known to us for the active part he took in the Fisheries Conference held those years. In 1893 he went to France in the interest of Canada.

In 1895 he took great interest in the fast Atlantic steamship service. In 1896 he was Secretary of State in the Bowell Administration, and on the resignation of Sir Mackenzie he became Premier, and formed the seventh Ministry of the Dominion, and afterward (1896) was leader of the Opposition up to 1900, when he resigned.

Incidents and Anecdotes.

During all the years he was an earnest and powerful worker in the interests of Canada. Unlike Sir John A. Macdonald, he was a serious worker, and seldom was given to humor. And yet, at times he was known to almost abandon the serious, and when he did he made telling points that would have done credit to Sir John himself. One of these occasions was at a banquet where speakers were limited to five minute speeches. This was a rather poor condition for a man who could readily and entertainingly talk for five hours, using sentences hardly second in length to our own great Wm. Evarts, but he complied by saying: "I see we are limited to five minutes; I must, therefore, bring into play my well-known powers of condensation."

Castell Hopkins said of Sir Charles, in writing of the part he took in the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway: "Opinion was divided in the Cabinet, and had it not been for Sir Frank Smith, backed up by the ever-cheerful optimism of Sir John A. Macdonald, and the sturdy determination of Sir Charles Tupper, it is hard to say what the result might have been. A loan was asked, granted and repaid inside of two years. The company themselves had everything in order, to proceed with and complete the work, and in doing so saved the railway from collapse, themselves from ruin, and the country from a setback which would have retarded its prosperity and growth by a quarter of a century." This shows what judgment, backed by "sturdy determination," may do for a country.

G. Mercer Adams said of him: "His connection with the C.P.R. is in every one's mind. To him more than to any other statesman in Canada is due the success of that great enterprise.'

By Sir Charles very many important measures were suggested and carried through while he was in the Nova Scotia legislature, measures which are even now bearing good fruit.

tains verse notably patriotic and imperialistic in tone. Putting thought as well as power and spirit into his verse, he makes himself the foremost poetical voice of the colonial element in that vast, if slow, work of empire-building, and strikes the keynote as when he says in the poem "England," addressing the "Little Englander," thus:—

> Not yours alone the glory of old,
> Of the splendid thousand years,
> Of Britain's might and Britain's right,
> And the brunt of British spears;
> Not yours alone, for the great world round,
> Ready to dare and do.
> Scot and Celt and Norman and Dane,
> With the Norman's sinew and heart and brain,
> And the Northman's courage for blessing or bane,
> Are England's heroes, too."

Contrast that verse of a patriotic poem, with what England's poet Laureat is want to give that patient country! Contrast, I say the work of these two men, and you will see why I have so often said that England might do well to look to her Colonies for her Laureats—where she now must endure verses of a weak and most insipid nature, she might have strength!

To my mind one of the strongest poems Mr. Campbell has ever written, was on the drowning of H. A. Harper, the brave young man, who lost his life in the Ottawa, in attempting to rescue the daughter of the Hon Andrew G. Blair. True the heroic subject was most inspiring—a youth, with all the world before him, and a bright prospect for the future, giving his life for another, and yet we look not for great poems from local incident, be it never so tragic. For this reason Mr. Campbell has shown in this poem his true genius. Taking verses at random, the spirit of the whole may be seen, in these selections:

> Men in rare hours great actions may perform,
> Heroic, lofty, whereof earth will ring,
> A world onlooking, and the Spirit strung
> To high achievement, at the cannon's mouth,
> Or where fierce ranks of maddened men go down.

> But his was godlier, in the common round
> Of life's slow action, stumbling on the brink
> Of sudden opportunity he chose,
> The only noble, godlike, splendid way,
> And made his exit, as earth's great have gone,
> By that vast doorway looking out on death.

* * * * * *

But he has taught us by this splendid deed,
That under all the brutish mask of life,
And dulled intention of ignoble ends,
Man's soul is not all sordid; that behind
This tragedy of ills and hates that seem,
There lurks a godlike impulse in the world,
And men are greater than they idly dream.

G. M. FAIRCHILD, JR., *Poet, Author, Artist,*

Was born in the city of Quebec in 1854. At the age of eighteen, he engaged in commercial pursuits in New York, and when thirty-six years of age, he had amassed a handsome fortune, he retired from business and removed to Cap Rouge, near Quebec, to occupy himself with literature and art. His published works are, "Canadian Leaves," "Oritani Souvenir," "Notes on Some Jesuit Mss.," "A Winter Carnival," "Rod and Canoe, Rifle and Snowshoe," "A Ridiculous Courting," and a considerable number of short stories and poems, contributed to magazines in the United States. He is a landscape painter of unusual ability, but follows this art simply as a diversion. His numerous poems have yet to be gathered into a volume. "Ravenscliffe," the residence of Mr. Fairchild, is one of the most picturesque places on the St. Lawrence. Its hospitality is unbounded, and its guests are among those most distinguished in literature and art. "Ravenscliffe" is the ideal home of a poet, artist, author—Art seems to be in the very air that surrounds the home of this genial man of letters. It was at Mr. Fairchild's where Sir Gilbert Parker, wrote "The Seats of the Mighty."

Among the most pleasant memories of the months I spent in and around dear old Quebec, in 1901, are of the visits to "Ravenscliffe." Situated as it is on the north bank and far above the beautiful St. Lawrence,, the view for miles around is a very inspiration, which added to the perfection of entertainment, leaves a lasting impresion upon the mind of the visitor.

Mr. Fairchild is a lover of outdoor sports—being a skilled hunter of big game. He is an expert snowshoer of which winter pastime he is very fond.

The subject of my sketch is quite as well known in the States as in Canada, as it was there where he formed many of his most

At 76 he has retired full of honors, no Judge, on the Pacific Coast, ever having ranked so high as a Jurist. He has been a life-long Democrat, but rarely or never has he been opposed by reason of his party affiiliation.

The Judge is of sturdy Scotch origin, of the Clan Wallace, to which belonged the hero of "The Scottish Chiefs." His father, Dr. Joseph Wallace, removed from Kentucky to Ohio, settling at Springfield in an early day.

He was a cousin of the poet, William Ross Wallace, (a contemporary and friend of Edgar Allan Poe), who wrote the famous poem, "The Hand that Rocks the Cradle Moves the World."

LITERARY PATRONS.

WM. WILFRID CAMPBELL, *Poet.*

This famous Canadian poet was born in Western Ontario. He is of Scotch and English ancestry. His father the Rev. Thomas Swainton Campbell, is the only son of the late Rev. Thomas Campbell, M.A., of Glasgow University, of a Cadet family of the house of Argyll, which settled in the North of Ireland.

Mr. Cambpell was educated at Toronto University. He is a prominent Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, and has done much toward placing it in the front rank among the great Societies of the Continent.

He is a poet of great strength of thought, and depth of expression. As the Athenaeum, has so well said, "The world will stand and listen to him some day." The Toronto Globe in speaking of him, wrote a fact, "In strength and depth scarcely matched by any of his contemporaries." While a well known Canadian classes him as "One of the real living poets to-day in the English language."

A noted reviewer has told so well the poet, that I will break my rule and quote at length his words.

"Mr. W. Wilfrid Campbell is ranked as the foremost Canadian poet and one of the leading writers of verse on the American continent. He has made his reputation as a poet during the last decade, by frequent and notable contributions to many leading American and British periodicals, including, The Atlantic Monthly, The Century, Harper's, Scribners, Cosmopolitan, Outlook, The Spectator and Literature.

"Much of his verse, which has been lately collected in a volume, "Beyond the Hills of Dream" (published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), has shown him to be, as the Toronto Globe has said, "in strength and depth scarcely matched by any of his contemporaries on this side of the water." He has written several blank verse tragedies, one of which, "Mordred," while published several years prior to Mr. Stephen Phillips' "Paolo and Francesca," challenges comparison with that much-praised drama.

"We have no room in this short sketch to deal with the body of Mr. Campbell's work. Largely dramatic and human, it con-

marvelous, and so obliging is he known to be, that often our own people write him for information that they could obtain in Washington, if they had sufficient patience to wait for the necessary red tape to be unrolled.

Personally he is—well, I cannot better make him known to you than by simply saying, *The Children all love him.* In that sentence is a whole volume. The man who is able to accomplish great things and is loved by children is a man to be envied.

HENRY J. MORGAN, LL.D., F.R.S.C., *Biographer.*

If the Englishman would know "Who's Who" in England, there would be no question, he would simply take from his shelf his "Burke;" if one in any part of the world would know "Who's Who" in Canada, he would refer to his "Morgan" with the same assurance as the Englishman refers to his Burke. Some one has said that "Morgan is the Burke of Canada." It might nearly as well be said that "Burke is the Morgan of England." Be that as it may, Canada owes much to Henry J. Morgan, for without doubt he has contributed far more to the world's knowledge of the people of worth, in this beautiful country of able men and fair women than has any other writer.

Dr. Morgan was born in Old Quebec in 1842, and received his education at Morrin College, of that city, under the celebrated Dr. Edwin Hatch of Oxford.

He entered the Public Service, when a lad, during the administration of Lord Elgin, and from the position of a page worked himself up through the various grades of service, to that of Chief Clerk in the Department of the Secretary of State. For a number of years he held the office of Keeper of State Records, and was its first occupant.

In 1873 he was called to the bar, of both Ontario and Quebec. That same year he married the daughter of the late Hon. A. N. Richards, Q.C., Lieut.-Governor of British Columbia, and a brother of Sir W. B. Richards, the first Chief Justice of Canada.

As already stated, Dr. Morgan is a prolific writer. His record has been so varied, and his work so praiseworthy, that it is not easy to do justice to his merits, in so limited a space as can be given.

Some of his early works have become exceedingly rare, especially so "The Tour of the Prince of Wales"—now King Edward—through Canada and the United States, written when he was a very young man. His "Sketches of Celebrated Canadians" and his "Bibliothica Canadensis," have been quoted as authorities, both in and out of Canada, more frequently than any other Canadian books of their class.

A famous writer (Mr. John Reade), speaking of his works, said: "As an experienced public officer, Dr. Morgan was admirably fitted for the preparation of such publications as 'Parliamentary Companion' and the 'Dominion Annual Register.' The latter has had no successor, and it is a cause of regret, for many reasons that it was not continued." This same writer in commenting upon his "Men and Women of the Times" and "Types of Canadian Women," said: "It is enough to say that the former has become essential, wherever knowledge of Canada and her people is neccessary—and that is the world over." Of the latter John Wanamaker. the great merchant said: "It is the most beautifully executed work that has ever emanated from the Canadian press," an opinion shared by many other high authorities on both sides of the Atlantic.

Among his minor works is "A Summary of the Canadian Constitution," prepared for submission to the English House of Commons, by the Secretary of State for the Colonies. This work was attributed to another, although it is said that the "other" never wrote a line of it.

Saturday Night said of him: "Dr. Morgan is more than a mere delver, he is a rare historical scholar, and a master of literary expression."

It was reasonable to expect that the son of one of Wellington's veterans, should take an interest in matters military. To his initiative was due the Long Service Medal for the Canadian Militia, and he has given the first impulse to much other patriotic agitation, including the founding of the "Canada First" Party at the time of the Union in 1867.

What Dr. Morgan has done for his friends, has not been confined to the work of his pen alone. Too often the man and all he has done for his country have been forgotten, even by his contemporaries. The beautiful monument that marks the spot in Beechwood Cemetery, Ottawa, where lies all that was mortal of the brilliant Nicholas Flood Davin, is due to the remembrance of Henry J. Morgan, while the names of Father Dawson, P. S. Hamilton, G. T. Lanigan and Thomas D'Arcy McGee, will ever be associated with the devotion and constancy of one, who remembers his friends. when many have begun to forget them. It is, however, to the credit of Canada, that Dr. Morgan found so many to support his pleas for honor to departed worth.

lasing friendships. He has that rare faculty of making and retaining friends, and as they are always wisely chosen his list is a most enviable one.

It is such men as Mr. Fairchild who are bringing about International good-fellowship, that tends all for good to both our countries.

GEORGE JOHNSON, D.C.L., *Statistician.*

The proverbial "preacher's son" is seldom chosen for a biographical sketch—save in the daily papers—*the morning after,* and then not always very commendably graphic. Mr. Johnson is a worthy exception—coming, however, as he does from Nova Scotia, where exception in may ways, is the rule, he may not *be* worthy of exception. Some go so far as to say that he couldn't help it, that to be other than worthy would not be Nova Scotian. One does hear so much praise of that Province, that one somehow gets to thinking very kindly of it. The truth is, that, like Toronto, I have met so many delightful people from there, that I like both Province and City, without ever having seen either.

But this is not telling you of one of the greatest Statisticians in the world.

George Johnson is the son of a Methodist clergyman, an Englishman. His mother was of a French family, members of which came to England with William the Conqueror.

Mr. Johnson was educated at Annapolis Royal (his birthplace), in Chatham, Miramichi, and at Mount Allison Academy, Sackville, N. B., but possibly his best schooling began in 1857, in Halifax, when he became a wielder of the editorial scissors. That he did not depend upon this too much used implement is shown by the position he finally won along toward the top of his chosen profession. His first editorial was in favor of the union of all the separate parts of British North America. He has seen the consumation of his desire, or nearly so—Newfoundland being the only portion of this great country, not in the Union of the Provinces—the politicians of the Island not wishing to *loss ze job* still hold out, and as usual the people for whom the politicians do the thinking, allow those interested to run a separate little government of their own.

Mr. Johnson in 1867, became editor of the Halifax Reporter. He at once began the advocacy of a National Policy for Canada, with protection as the main principle. He continued his connection with the Reporter until 1879, with the exception of 1876, which year he spent in England, and on the Continent of Europe. He became a member of the Nova Scotia Bar in 1877.

In 1881 he was appointed Census Chief Commissioner of Nova Scotia, and that same year was also appointed to investigate the so-called exodus from that Province. I never saw his report of the why of

"The Flight of the Bluenoses,"

but judging from the high position always held by them in other countries, I must conclude that other countries needed them more than they were needed at home. I have often heard it said of a man: "He left his country for his country's good," this could not be said of a Nova Scotian as some other country always gets the *"good."* Be all this as it may, Mr. Johnson himself left his Province for Toronto, where he joined the editorial staff of the Toronto Mail, later becoming editor of the Toronto News. In 1882, he came to Ottawa, on the opening of Parliament, as editorial correspondent of the former paper, which position he held till 1886.

His accuracy of statement was of far more use in another field, and he was appointed Canadian Government Statistician, which position he has held since in the later '80s. In 1891, he had charge of the Census of Canada—and that he did his work well, I can only judge by the silence of those critics, who sit round waiting for others' mistakes.

It is possible that it was well for us that the Trent Affair reached only the State of "Affair," as Mr. Johnson was at that time a Captain in the 6th Halifax Regiment of Infantry.

His lectures before Colleges, Associations and Societies, have always attracted more than ordinary attention, as it is ever a conclusion that what he has to say will be bright and to the point. Some of these lectures were: "Place Names," "The Modern Truth Hunter," "Patriotism," "Impresions of England," "The Story of Port Royal," "Canada's Northern Fringe," and "Place Names in the Arctic Region of the Dominion."

He has been a large contributor to the magazines, his work being sought after and never returned with these two fatal words: "Not available," the *bete noir* of so many writers.

His works written for the Government, have done a vast amount of good for Canada, as they reach into every part of the civilized world. Some of them have gone through many large editions. His fund of knowledge pertaining to the resources of other countries, especially in statistical lines. is nothing short of

Even literary labors are sometimes recognized during the lifetime of a writer. Such has been the good fortune of the subject of this sketch, for we find the great University of Ottawa conferring upon him a well merited LL.D. His Royal Society Fellowship; his honorary membership of the Royal Colonial Institute; his medal from Pope Leo XIII., sent to him (a Protestant), by the hand of the late Mgr. Tanguay, accompanied by a blessing, all bespeak an appreciation of what he has done for his country.

Very early in his career, he was made a member of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, of which the King of Denmark is President. He was elected an honorary member of the New York Historical Society at the time George Bancroft, the historian, was President of this noted organization.

At the time that Lord Dufferin was elected an honorary member of the American Geographical Society, Dr. Morgan's name was included as a corresponding member. Like honors have been conferred upon him by the Society of American Authors, and the Historical Societies of Quebec, Buffalo and Manitoba, as well as by the Society of Historical Studies of Montreal.

BENJAMIN SULTE, *Poet, Historian.*

Benjamin Sulte, historian, lyrical poet and essayist, is doubtless the most prolific writer in Canada, and few in all America, have written more than he for the public. A list of his magazine articles and pamphlets alone take up four pages of fine type while his books run far beyond a score,—some of them very large volumes. He is regarded as an authority on the history of Canada. *"Sulte says,"* always closes the argument if the question be things pertaining to the early days of this country. His research is nothing short of marvellous. No point in history or biography, but he has well covered from every source. It is said that he has fully a quarter of a million of clippings and all classified. No wonder he terms himself " a historical bookkeeper."

Many, or most writers on prosy subjects write in a prosy way, but Mr. Sulte, is never dull however dull his subject.

Some one has well said of him: "Personally, Mr. Sulte is a charming companion. His friends laughingly declare, that he is full of fire; ready to laugh, ready to fight," of the last state-

ment, I have never seen indication, while noting as correct the others. To me his charm lies in his conversation—he never hesitates for beautifully expressed thoughts. He has the rare faculty of always talking on the subjects you like best. Being prepared, almost equally well on every subject, you need but to indicate the trend of conversation, and then sit and enjoy his words. This is doubtless why he never writes out a lecture. His mind seems to be a great reservoir, so accurately compartmented (to coin), that he needs but to open the gate of the one required and there lies stored in perfect order, the accumulation of years of study and research.

His Canadian ancestry runs back to 1756, when Jean Sulte came out from France with, or to join, Montcalm at Quebec, afterward coming up the St. Lawrence to Three Rivers, where Benjamin was born in 1841. His father was the owner and captain of a schooner which plied between Quebec and Halifax.

Like many another famous man his school teacher was the world, the door of the little red school house having closed for him when he was ten years old—another proof that a College education is not required, to bring out the best in a boy of good mind and application. He fought his way up through a clerkship in a dry goods store, to an important position in the Department of Militia and Defence, in the Canadian Government. He has been soldier, editor, translator, as well as author and historian, and has excelled in all—but best of all as the writer.

He is the President of the Royal Society of Canada, the most important Society in the Dominion. He has long been a prominent figure in this organization—no member doing more than he to bring it up to its present high standard.

He is no doubt the best informed man living, on the North American Indian, many of our own North Western State Societies relying upon him to furnish data on the early customs of our red men.

To write of Mr. Sulte, in the meagre space possible to give in a book of this nature, I must of necessity but barely touch, here and there, upon the life of him, who has done so much of worth to preserve the records of his country, and yet I would say enough to fasten in the minds of distant readers the name of this remarkable man of letters. I say "distant readers," for here in Canada, and in many other parts of America, Sulte is a household word.

Portraits of Patrons.



Pages 153-194. Lord Minto. *Photo by Topley*



Pages 153-194. Lady Minto. *Photo by Topley*



Lord Strathcona. Sir Sandford Fleming. Page 153-194.

Mountains must needs be crossed or penetrated; torrents spanned or turned aside; oceans fathomed and made the medium for speech of empire; hospitals built for suffering poor: 'tis all the same to them; if once they set their hands to do, the work in hand is done. — *From the Dedication.*



1. Benjamin Sulte, President of the Royal Society of Canada. 2. Henry J. Morgan, LL.D. 3. George M. Fairchild, Jr.
4. Interior of Library of Parliament. 5. Wm. Wilfrid Campbell. 6. George Johnson, LL.D.—Pages 153-194.



Pages 153-194.

Sir Frederick Wm. Borden. R. L. Borden.

Hon. Sydney Fisher.

Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick. U. S. Senator J. B. Foraker.



U. S. Senator Redfield Proctor.

Sir Charles Tupper.

Pages 153-194.
Ex-Chief Justice of California,
Wm. T. Wallace.
Postmaster-General of Canada,
Sir Wm. Mulock.

PART THIRD.

OF WIDER INTEREST.

"DRAMATIC EPISODES IN CANADIAN HISTORY."

Reading matter was very scarce that week we went out fishing, and we had soon finished everything readable in sight, and, as "Z." might say: "In the wurds of Mr. Pickwick, in Huggo's Merchant of Venus, we cried for more—more," and the landlady gave us a holiday number of *The Central Canadian*, of Carleton Place. It was a veritable find. In it were the expressions of many of Canada's foremost men of letters and affairs, under the above heading. These "expressions" must have been collected months or mayhap years ago, as several of the familiar names and faces (it was an illustrated number, and in the "Gallery" may be seen the faces), are those of writers now gone from earth, making it all the more a valuable "find."

They had replied to the question: "What do you consider the most dramatic episodes in Canadian history?" If any one think that this young country has not a history, and a very dramatic one at that—let him run through these "expressions," culled from the words of the great men who wrote them.

The Hon. Geo. W. Ross

thought that "the following events might be considered worthy of illustration—(1) The Origin of Confederation; (2) D'Arcy McGee's last speech, in April 1868—made the very night of his assassination; (3) The Queen placing a wreath on Sir John Thompson's coffin, in Windsor Castle; (4) Laura Secord on her march to Beaverdam; and (5) The burning of the Parliament Buildings in 1849."

Colonel Geo. T. Denison,

of Toronto, thought these the most dramatic: "(1) The landing of Jacques Cartier at Quebec, the commencement of a movement which has changed the whole face of the northern half of this continent, and replaced the Savage with European Civilization; (2) The death of Wolfe, and the victory on the Plains of Abraham, which brought Canada into the British Empire; (3) Montgomery's night attack on Quebec; (4) General Brock's appeal to the York Militia—in 1812—to follow him anywhere, in defence of the Province; (5) Brock proroguing the House of Assembly and proclaiming Martial Law—Aug. 5th, 1812; (6) The scene in front of the City Hall, Toronto, on the night of Dec. 4th, 1837, when Sir Francis Bond Head, saw the citizens sworn in to uphold the Queen's authority; (7) The scene in the Canadian Parliament when Sir John Macdonald and Hon. Geo. Brown clasped hands, and agreed to unite on bringing about Confederation; and (8) The departure of the first Canadian Contingent from Quebec in 1899."

Sir John Bourinot

looked upon Wolfe's victory, as the most dramatic, while he gave prominence to "two great battles in the war of 1812-14." These were The Chateauguay and Lundy's Lane.

James Bain, Jr.,

gave precedence to the death of Wolfe and Montcalm, while he saw much of the dramatic in minor incidents, such as "Champlain's first sight of Lake Huron; Frontenac's reception of the Iroquois Chiefs; destruction of the Hurons; death of Dollard at the Long Sault (Carrillon) in 1660; death of Montgomery; Mackenzie's first sight of the Pacific; Scene at defeat of Sir John A. Macdonald in House of Commons; and the departure of the Canadian troops for South Africa."

Prof. Goldwin Smith,

saw most of the dramatic in: "The landing of Cartier; preaching of the Jesuits to the Indians; Siege of Quebec; Deaths of Wolfe and Montcalm; Arrival of the United Empire Loyalists; holding of the First Assembly by Simcoe at Niagara; founding of Toronto; Simcoe at Castle Frank; Capture of Detroit, representing allied Indians; Death of Brock; Burning of the *Caroline;* Signing of Confederation."

Sir Charles Tupper

heads his list of great events with the Confederation, but very close to that comes the driving of the last spike of the great transcontinental line of railway, by Lord Strathcona. It is worthy of

remark, that this spike was driven five years before the expiration of the time allowed for the completion of the road. "But there arises to my mind," writes Sir Charles, "a more dramatic incident than that, and that is that on the 30th day of October, 1899, in the city of Quebec, was witnessed the great event of a Contingent, over a thousand strong, embarking to lend their aid to Her Majesty's Arms in South Africa," and concluding he said: "I can imagine no act that has ever transpired that was of greater importance to the Empire, than the action that Canada took on that occasion."

Rev. Principal Grant,

called up many events of vast importance to Canada: "(1) Cartier's discovery of Quebec; (2) The founding of Montreal by Maisoneuve; (3) The founding of Quebec by Champlain; (4) Wolfe's death and the inauguration, on Dufferin Terrace, of the common monument to him and Montcalm; (5) The Assembling of the First Legislature of Upper Canada in 1791 at Niagara; (6) Brock and Tecumseh crossing the river to capture Detroit in 1812; (7) The Quebec Conference (1866), at which the Constitution of the Dominion was drawn up; (8) The great Intercolonial Conference held in Ottawa, at the suggestion of Sir Sandford Fleming; (9) The sailing of the first Contingent for South Africa."

Louis Frechette,

chooses, what, to my mind, is the greatest event of all. There have been many incidents of interest to, and including greater numbers, but none so dramatic, as the one he gives in these few words: "In my opinion the great deed of Dollard and his companions, is the most dramatic episode of Canadian history. It throws in the shade Leonidas and his three hundred at Thermopylae."

Hon. J. N. Longley

thinks the battle on the Plains of Abraham, the most dramatic incident, and but little less dramatic, the forcible expulsion of the French from Grande Pre in 1755. "If Canada should be properly regarded from the date of the Union, the most dramatic incident was the announcement by Sir John Macdonald of the resignation of his Government on the 5th day of November, 1873."

Rev. Dr. John Potts.

"A dramatic incident worthy of illustration, was when in 1760, Murray, within the walls of Quebec, and de Levis, from the French camp outside, watched for the coming of the ship, that would bring food and arms to either besieged or besiegers. Another dramatic incident was the surrender of Detroit to Brock, on the 16th day of August, 1812."

Nicholas Flood Davin,

thought that: "The departure of the first Contingent to fight for the integrity of the Empire—had every feature of a first-class dramatic incident. It was a great national deed, by which Canada took her place definitely as an active force, side by side with England. It expressed a great and widely diffused emotion. It excited admiration, enthusiasm, hope, fear, anticipation of triumph. It was in the highest degree spectacular."

Dr. George Stewart,

of Quebec, speaks truly, when he says: "Canada is so rich in dramatic incidents, that it would be difficult to single out one as *the* most dramatic in our history. I would mention the repulse of Phips, before the walls of Quebec by Count Frontenac, and the heroic defence of her father's fort and block-house, against a band of Iroquois, by Madeleine, the young heroine of Vercheres, as subjects eminently strong in dramatic episodes, and capable of spirited treatment."

Dr. Geo. R. Parkin and Mr. W. L. Grant.

Dr. Parkin sent, as his contribution to the discussion, a paper prepared by Mr. W. L. Grant, son of the late beloved Principal Grant, of Queen's University. This paper is so excellent in both the stories told, and the beautiful manner of their telling, that I will give it complete.

"A distinction must be made between a dramatic incident and a dramatic moment. The most dramatic moment in the history of Canada, was certainly when, on the 8th of September, 1760, Vaudreuil capitulated at Montreal, and the whole of Canada passed into the hands of Britain.

"Some would doubtless decide in favor of the defense of the Long Sault (Carrillon), when Daulac (Dollard), and his sixteen companions took the last sacrament, and then went forth to Canada's Thermopylae. Others would prefer the defense of Vercheres, when a girl of fourteen, with a garrison of four, of whom two were her younger brothers, held out for a week against a strong force of Indians, and then with girlish grace, handed over her charge to the young officer who came with relief from Montreal.

"But perhaps the palm must be awarded to Madame la Tour's defense of her husband's fort against his rival Charnisay. So fierce was the resistance, such the spirit which this heroic woman inspired in her scanty garrison, that Charnisay was fain to come to terms. 'Then (from Roberts' history of Canada, date 1645), came the act which has brought Charnisay's name down

in a blaze of infamy. His end once gained and the fort in his hands he mocked the woman whom he could not conquer in fair fight, and tore up the capitulation before her face The brave garrison he took man by man and hung them in the open yard of the fort; while their mistress, sinking with horror, was held to watch their struggles, with a halter about her neck. Charnisay carried her to Port Royal; and there, within three weeks of the ruin of her husband, the destruction of her home, the butchery of her loved and loyal followers, the heroine of Acadie died of a broken heart.'

"Nothing in history can exceed the power of this story. It is more dramatic than that of Madeleine, because more pathetic; more moving than that of Daulac (Dollard, because over it is cast the tender grace of a woman's love, the pitiful tradgedy of a woman's despair. Daulac at laast fell fighting, with his clubbed musket in his grasp, and in his heart the consciousness of duty done, of honor redeemed, and of his country rescued; Madeleine survived to be petted and perhaps spoiled by adoring parents; but Madame la Tour died, her life a failure, her heart broken by defeat and shame; yet her story is perhaps more glorious, and is certainly more dramatic, than that of the heroine of Vercheres or the Martyrs of the Long Sault."

His Grace Archbishop Longevin.

The Secretary of His Grace Archbishop Longevin, of St. Boniface, Winnipeg, wrote: "In reply to the inquiry, I am authorized to say that in His Grace's opinion, the most dramatic incident in the history of Canada, is the almost simultaneous death, on September 13th-14th, 1759, of Wolfe and Montcalm, because of the chivalric character of both Generals, and of the momentous issue involved in that battle."

* * * * * *

Sir Sandford Fleming.

Later.—One day, long after reading the foregoing, I asked the question of Sir Sandford Fleming: "What incident do you consider of the greatest import to Canada?"

"The most important event, to my mind; the one that has been more to Canada, than any other, is the arrival of the United Empire Loyalists in the several parts of the country, where they first settled. There have been other incidents more dramatic, but none so far reaching for good. Since the date of their arrival their spirit has had an uplifting influence at every stage in our history. It now permeates every class in all sections of the Dominion and will be felt as long as time shall last.

"These men were of the very cream of the country they left behind them.

"In looking over the list you have shown me; a list, by the way, in which I find some of the great men of our country, it is noteworthy the large number of them from the Lower Provinces, and especially so from Nova Scotia—almost one half of the number. And again the greater number of them are men, in whose veins runs the blood of United Empire Loyalists."

Doctor George Johnson.

To be certain just what was the most dramatic incident of Canadian history, I asked Doctor George Johnson. Without a moment's hesitation, he replied, as though he had expected my coming: "The most spectacular event in our country's history, was the appearance of General Wolfe before the Gibralter of Canada, with 20 ships of the line, 10 frigates, 18 smaller vessels and many transports and store ships, with 18,000 men, for the Siege of Quebec, culminating in the deaths of Generals Wolfe and Montcalm. Nothing more spectacular ever occurred in the world's history. It was not only dramatic, but the result changed, for all time, the political features of half a continent."

Rev. Doctor W. T. Herridge.

For much in a few words is this, from the great Presbyterian minister, Rev. Dr. W. T. Herridge, of this city:

"In the drama of sentiment, the most dramatic event in the history of Canada, is the federation of the several Provinces into one great Dominion."

Rev. Doctor Geo. F. Salton.

When the Rev. Dr. Geo. F .Salton, of Dominion Methodist Church, of Ottawa, was asked the question, he unhesitatingly gave this answer:

"In a country so full of the dramatic, so replete with the spectacular, so abounding in episodes worthy a place in history, it would be difficult to select one that stands out and above all, were it not for the fact, that Wolfe, on the Plains of Abraham, gave to the world a page, which stands, and must forever stand alone. In itself it was dramatic; in its results it was far reaching. Dramatic in that on the very moment when Wolfe heard the glad cry of victory, he learned how true were the words of his favorite verse, 'The paths of glory lead but to the grave.' Dramatic and far reaching in results, in that both Wolfe, the beseiger, and Montcalm, the beseiged, fell in the battle that changed the conditions of the American Continent."

Benjamin Sulte, F.R.S.C.

"There are two ways to look at the question," said Mr. Benjamin Sulte, the famous Canadian historian. "The incident which had the furthest reaching influence in the history of Canada, was in 1775, when Montgomery was repulsed at Quebec. It was the turning point—had he won at that time the whole American Continent would have been under one flag.

"Looking at the dramatic side of the question, I can think of no incident more dramatic, than this. In 1687, the Governor, being unable to cope with the Indians in war —called together at Kingston 80 or 90 of their Chiefs, to hold a peace conference. The Chiefs came as honorable men to meet an honorable enemy, who instead of treating with them, took them all prisoners and sent them to France, where they were thrown into the galleys as slaves taken in honorable warfare. Indeed, the Governor, gave the King to understand that they had been captured in fair battle, and thus gained the temporary praise of his King and country...

"Later, Frontenac learning the truth, did all he could to repair the wrong, but it was too late, for all but a very few, possibly less than ten, had died as slaves. This to me was the most dramatic—the most tragic—the most infamous.

"From no other one cause did the French suffer so much as from this act of Denonville. It brought on a most disastrous war, which lasted for nearly 14 years, causing untold suffering among the inhabitants."

Mr. Sulte in speaking of the Iroquois—they it were who waged the war—said: "Even in that day this tribe was half civilized, and had America not been discovered until now, the 'Columbus' would have found a people rivaling the Greeks in their most enlightened age."

THE CANADIAN NATIONAL MUSEUM.

There is an unpretentious stone building down on Sussex Street, a few doors north of Rideau. It was once the Military Barracks, built very long ago. When compared to the great government buildings to be seen in other parts of the city, it seems insignificant, and you might pass it unnoticed, but from this busy hive go out a small army of workers, into every nook and corner of this vast Dominion, and gather in more of that which will build up—is building up, is making known—the marvellous resources of Canada, than any other of the many departments. "Build up?" I should have said rather "discover," for that is what this army of the Hon. Clifford Sifton, Minister of the Interior, is doing. I can better tell you of this work by asking you to visit with us this old Museum—and as we stroll through, talk about it.

Museums to me have but little interest; I cannot say that "All bones look alike to me," but the Museum, with its fossils of ages gone by, lying in rows of cases, or strung on wires, appeals so little, that I was in Ottawa several months before I even stepped inside the Geological Museum, and then only by chance, when, to my great surprise, I saw that I had missed the greatest attraction of the city, and at once contracted the Museum habit, and if ever you come to Ottawa, don't fail to visit it. Here you will see very few bones and shells. Canada is not a land of fossils, but so much of the rare and beautiful, that I found more real pleasure than I could have found in a gallery of art.

As each department would and does require many books to tell of the work done, I cannot but glance at the whole in so short a space, and that glance a very quick one, if glance could be other than *quick*. Pick up a book at random. Let's see: "Summary Report of the Geological Survey Department (detailed report later), by Robert Bell, Acting Deputy-Head and Director," a book of 269 pages, with ten colored maps. This is but one. To show the work done, I would not be wrong if I said that it took 5,000 pages just to tell of it—5,000 pages boiled down from possibly 10,000 pages of field notes, so you may know the vastness of it all. Survey parties go into all parts of the Dominion, throughout the summer; they examine section after section, the soil, the minerals, the forests, the elevations, grasses, flowers, birds, animals. In short, there is a department for everything, and in this Museum may be found classified, each in its own section. Have in mind any county in any of the provinces, and you will find the resources of that county, in minerals, vegetable growth, birds, animals—all —each classified, so that if you are wanting to know if there is gold or other valuable minerals in any locality, find the case, for that locality, and there you will see the specimens, if there are minerals to be found in that county.

One soon gets the impression that one knows very little, even about the most simple thing. Suppose you were asked how many species of moss there are in Canada. I will wager you would not come as near as the Colonel did, when Prof. John Macoun, the world-famous botanist, asked us that question. The Colonel remembered the time he counted 17 distinct species, so he took a full breath, and adding 100, said: " 117." The Professor smiled, "You are just 1,079 too short, I have found 1,196 species." It was the same with birds. " I have classified 650 species, or forms of birds; we have about all the birds that you have, save those in the Gulf section in your Southern States. Your birds come to us in the summer, hatch their young, and go back in the winter."

Something Happened to the Boston Man.

We were passing the seal case, where there were some very beautiful specimens. We got on the subject of the Canadians taking seals in the sea. There was a Boston man standing by, who spoke up and said: " Professor, you have no right to our seals, we own those islands where they breed, and in your peleagic destruction, you take our property." I could see the Professor's eyes twinkle, and I knew that something was going to happen to that Boston man; I didn't know just what was going to happen, but I knew that that twinkle wasn't twinkled for nothing. The Professor didn't reply, to my surprise, but seemed to change the subject.

" I beg pardon, but do you ever hunt down in your country?"

" Oh, yes; and our hunting is good."

" What do you hunt mostly?"

" Well, in the autumn, our ponds and lakes are full of geese and ducks; oh, it is rare sport."

" Yes, but," said the Professor, " you should not shoot those ducks and geese; you have no right to them."

" And why not, pray?" asked Mr. Boston, in open-eyed surprise.

" You have no right to a single goose; they were all hatched up here, and we own the land."

Say, you ought to have seen Mr. Boston. He never said another word, but walked over to see that big buffalo in the glass case.

The Professor's son, Jas. M., also of this department, has just returned from an extended examination of the Peace River country, about which he has made an extended report.

And this leads up to Dr. Henry Ami, who has completed the compiling of a book of nearly 200 pages (boiled down from 10,000 of field notes), with colored maps showing the resources of the country between Quebec and Winnipeg, along the proposed line of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

When I see all the possibilities of this country, and note the strides now being made toward developing it, I cannot but wonder what it will be when the vast works projected shall have been completed. The building of this new road to the Pacific is but a start; before the first train passes over its full length, a net work of cross lines will have been begun, and many of them completed, as feeders to the great trunk line. I once thought that the Canadians did not fully realize the greatness of their country, but they are beginning to show to the world that they are waking up to the fact that theirs is a land of " vast resources " (as Senator Proctor calls it), and those resources must be developed.

As I started to tell you that this work of Dr. Ami's shows that what is now all but useless to Canada, if developed would add untold millions of wealth, and furnish work and homes for millions of new citizens. I was greatly surprised, as you will be, to hear of the real Hudson Bay. I had always thought of it as a frozen sea; not so.

Hudson Bay an Open Sea.

Here is a body of water over eighteen times larger than Lake Superior, which *never freezes over,* and owing to the isothermal lines running here so far north, the same crops that grow in Scotland are grown at Fort George, 200 miles up the east coast of the Bay. How I would like to tell you more of this marvellous locality, but I have not the space; and then to think that this road to

Winnipeg the Coming Babylon of the North

Winnipeg—that coming *Babylon of the North*—is but the little pathway leading up to the mighty railway on to the Pacific, opening up a country of such marvellous wealth that the most far-seeing Canadian but views it as in a vague dream.

Marvellous Resources of the Northwest Territory.

This little I've told you is but a sentence in a book, of thousands of pages, and yet 'tis all I can give. I might go on and tell you of coal deposits so far beyond comprehension that you would not believe the story. I would not dare tell you that in the Crow's Nest Basin alone, in British Columbia, there is a deposit so great that a million tons per year might be mined for thousands of years, and if I told you that the enormous wheat crop of Manitoba is raised by 38,000 farmers, while there is land enough in that one province for over 200,000 farmers, each with a good farm, you would think I had figured wrong. And Manitoba is the smallest of all the wheat-growing provinces and territories of the west. I would tell you of how we go to Switzerland to see glaciers which are but miniatures compared to the Canadian Selkirks in the Rocky Mountains, where, from the summit of the Albert Canyon,

117 glaciers may be counted at one time. "Why have we not heard of all this wonderland before?" you ask. I reply, because the Canadians themselves are just finding it out. Thirty years ago our Consul at Winnipeg, "Saskatuwan" Taylor, wrote, that three-fourths of the wheat lands of America was in the Canadian North-west, but no one up here believed the story, and it has taken them years to find it out, but under the able Minister of the Interior, they are now making wonderful progress.

This one branch, the Department under Robert Bell, LL.D., F.R.S., Acting Deputy, with Dr. J. F. Whiteaves, Dr. M. C. Hoffman, others mentioned and 52 able assistants, is doing a work that will open the eyes of the world. When we think of this being but one branch of the Hon. Clifford Sifton's work, we can but wonder at what one man can do. Besides this Department, he has that of Indian Affairs, deputy, Mr. Frank Pedley; Immigration, Dominion Lands and Crown Timber, under Mr. Jas. A. Smart, as deputy.

WHAT IS CANADA?

(The Author, in 1902, visited a large number of the cities in the States, where he asked the school children many questions about Canada, and told them of their great neighbor to the North.)

"Class in Geography, stand up! What do you know about Canada?"

"What! you don't know anything about it? Well, just stand there until I tell you a few things." And I kept them on the floor till I told them that:

Canada's area is 3,745,574 square miles, and had in 1901. 5,371,315 of a population.

It has seven Provinces (which are States with us) and nine Territories.

It has 2,397,167,292 acres of land, of which 80,483,222 acres are water. Great lake country is Canada. In fact, it has so many lakes that in some places there is not room for them on land, and you find them right in the rivers. The Ottawa River, for illustration, might be described as a chain of lakes connected by water. Many of the lakes of Canada are surpassingly beautiful, and abound with fish, making it a very paradise for the lovers of the rod and reel.

Comparative Area of Provinces.

"Prince Edward Island is the smallest province, and has but 2,184 square miles, not quite half the size of Connecticut; while British Columbia, with 372,630 square miles, is a little larger than

Texas, Illinois and Ohio, or nearly as large as France, England, Scotland and Ireland.

"Nova Scotia (21,428 square miles) is a little smaller than West Virginia. New Brunswick (27,985 square miles) is a little less than Maine. Manitoba (73,732 square miles) is a little larger than Ohio and the Indian Territory. Ontario (260,862 square miles) is as large as all that part of our country from the Illinois line of the Mississippi to the Atlantic Ocean, including Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, and all the New England States, except New Hampshire and Maine. 'What! Don't believe it? Well, count for yourselves.'

"Quebec (351,000 square miles) is a little larger than all of these States, with Kentucky, West Virginia and Maryland thrown in for good measure.

"Now, class, you will get some notion of what Canada is when you count up and find that the Provinces I have been telling you about, only take up a little more than 1,100,000 square miles of Canada, leaving over 2,600,000 square miles for the Territories, and many of these Territories are so rich in soil and mineral wealth that before many years they must become populous Provinces."

Rivers.

"Children, you would be surprised to see the great rivers they have up there. How many in the class know how many rivers in Canada are navigable?"

"One!" says the boy with the freckles.

"Class, is that right?" I ask.

"Yes," they all say, proud to know one question.

"What river is it?" I continue.

"The St. Lawrence!" in loud chorus.

"You're all wrong. It has a large number of navigable streams. It has one river which you hardly know in name, away up north, where a steamboat runs more miles than you could run on the Mississippi River, not counting the Missouri as part of the Mississippi. It is the great Mackenzie River, which flows from Athabaska Territory to the Arctic Ocean. Besides this, there are very many others navigable for hundreds of miles. Canada is full of great rivers that you can hardly find on the poor maps your teachers make you study. Take, for instance, Lake St. John, in the Province of Quebec, until recently only a spot on the map—and even yet not noticed in some geographies—well, there are a number of large rivers running into this Lake St. John, which, if placed end to end, would reach one-third of the way across the continent. This one fact will show you how little is known of this great country."

Railroads.

"How many railroads are in Canada?"

"Two!" from the little girl who said she once visited Canada.

"What are they?" I asked.

"The Canadian Pacific and the Quebec and Lake St. John."

(This answer was really given, and I knew where she had been.)

"Now, listen; Canada has a large number of railroads, or as the Canadians call them, railways. Nearly 20,000 miles of them, and are just now getting ready to build a great many more thousands of miles. You see, their country is developing so fast that they are compelled to build them; why, inside of ten years our great neighbors will have 50,000 miles of railways. They will have to have them to keep pace with the progress of the country."

Cities.

"How many cities has Canada?"

"Three," from another travelled one.

"What are they?" I just wanted to know where she had been.

"Quebec, Toronto and Lachine."

I smiled as I thought of the only impression Montreal had made upon the child's mind. She remembered the "Rapids." Then I told them of Halifax, St. John, Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Victoria and Vancouver. "Besides these there are very many little cities which will soon be big ones, as they are growing very fast."

Well, I kept that class on the floor until I had practically told them of Canada in a way as to make them want to know a great deal more about it. One of the teachers asked: "Why does not Canada get out books telling us about their country?"

"It does—thousands of them."

"Queer, I have never seen one, except railroad folders, which we only look at when we want to take a trip."

"There is one reason, and a good one it is, why the outside world does not know of the real Canada, with its resources of everything that goes to make up a land of fabulous wealth, and that reason is that Canada is just now waking up to the fact herself. I know little of the political matters up there, but the party in power do seem to be doing much toward the proper development of the country."

The teachers and children all said: "We will study about Canada," and among two hundred letters I afterwards received from the children, I saw plainly that they had kept their promises.

Rube talks to Principal and Teachers about things Canadian.

In one of the schools, the Principal and teachers became so interested that I had to stay and tell them many things which the children could not so well have understood.

"What proportion of the Dominion are foreigners?" asked the Principal.

As I had seen Mr. George Johnson before I had made my school tour, I readily answered. "British Columbia—of the Provinces—has the largest, 26%; while Prince Edward Island has the smallest, 0.83%; Manitoba, 15.75%; Ontario, 3.07%; Quebec, 2.50%; New Brunswick, 2.05%; Nova Scotia, 1.37%. Then, of the unorganized territories, 19.13%; and the Northwest Territories, 30.83%.

"What proportion become naturalized?"

"55.38% become Canadian citizens. This per cent would be much larger but for the fact that so many have come too recently to take out their citizen's papers. The immigration just now is very large—since the world is finding out that Canada has more sunshine than snow, as much freedom as a republic, and that millions of acres of land of unequalled richness are only waiting—a free gift—for the men willing to better their condition, by occupying and tilling these waiting acres."

Educational Advantages of Canada.

The Principal wanted to know: "What is Canada doing for education?"

"Everything possible." Just here I could not resist being a bit sarcastic. "It is not content with teaching Canada alone, it even teaches the children that there are other countries in the world besides Canada, with the result that the children know almost as much of the United States as do the children of the States know of their own country. Why, the Province of Ontario is said to have the best public school system in the world. Manitoba pays $28.50 per family for public education, while Quebec pays $7.12 per family." When I told them the salaries paid teachers in the Province of Quebec, they would scarce believe it possible—$275 minimum, $440 maximum.

Woodland.

"We have heard that Canada is all 'woods.' What are the facts?"

"If by 'woods' you mean forests, it is not, by any means; but of you mean woodland, including forests and land where are trees, I can give you the percentage of such lands. British Columbia leads with 80%; New Brunswick, 52.90%; Quebec, 51.22%;

Ontario, 46.31%; Manitoba, 36.50%; Nova Scotia, 30.40%, while the North-west Territories have 33.64%. Of the valuable pine forests Ontario leads, and here the "limits" are the most valuable, but the way timber is being cut down, it will not last many years; and in but few localities would General Roberts have any trouble finding manoeuvring space."

"Is it true that Canada is becoming a great cheese exporter?" asked the teacher from up New York State.

"Not *becoming*, but long since become. In 36 years (1868 to 1903), the United States exported $307,751,085 worth of cheese, while in 35 years (1869 to 1903), Canada exported $319,360,000 worth."

Proportion of Land under Cultivation.

"Is much of the land under cultivation?" asked the teacher who had recently left the farm.

"Very little, so far. Here is the percentage in the seven Provinces. British Columbia, 0.20%; Manitoba, 9.70%; Ontario, 9.40%; Quebec, 3.40%; New Brunswick, 8.00%; Nova Scotia, 9.30%; Prince Edward Island, 52.00%. You will not believe that Manitoba, which is already producing many millions of bushels has less than 10% of its 41,000,000 acres under cultivation."

I must have talked to them for an hour on Canada and its vast resources. They did not seem to grow tired of asking questions, and I was so delighted to have such attentive listeners, on a subject I have grown to love, that if my train had not been in such a hurry to leave that town, I would have gladly extended the time.

It is ever a pleasure to me to teach teachers, and especially so if the subject is Canada, about which I found lamentable ignorance.

IGNORANCE IN ENGLAND ABOUT CANADA.

In 1829 John Mactaggart, who was with Colonel By, wrote two very entertaining volumes on Canada in general, and this section in particular. John tried to start a Society for the "Promotion of Natural History." He said: "I want to show honest John Bull the extent and importance of his vast domains on this side of the Atlantic. He shall not be kept blindfolded as he has been. He shall not be allowed to send water-butts to his fleets on the lakes, for he shall be told whether their waters are salt or fresh." Poor Mactaggart, his "Society" could not have accomplished its object, for General Roberts, in 1903, says that all he knows of Canada is that it is a country of vast forests, and he is at a loss to know if in the Dominion there is enough cleared land to manoeuvre an army. I would commend to him Racey's "Eng-

lishman in Canada." Such dense ignorance is hardly excusable in a peasant, much less in one so great in British affairs as General "Bobs." He could hardly have wanted to know of Canada and its "manoeuvring space," else he had asked General Wolseley, who could have told him, and could have told him, too, that he (Wolseley) found the Canadians "the best guides in intricate places I have ever met."

The members of the British Chamber of Commerce, who visited Canada in 1903, no doubt carried back vast knowledge of this wonderful land. They were a fine body of men, wide-awake, and were over here to learn of the resources of the Dominion. To many of them the vastness of the country was a revelation. It is to be hoped, however, that if they should come again that they will bring with them a newspaper reporter who will not get his rivers so badly mixed up as did the one they brought with them on that occasion. While here the party took the trip down the log slide at the Chaudiere. This writer was along, and in graphically describing it to his home paper, said: "We glided off into the broad waters of the St. Lawrence" (over 100 miles way).

My dear people of Canada, I beg of you to be patient. Don't try to hurry honest John Bull, for he is doing his best to get his people to know your country in its true light. You see, Uncle John has a whole lot of schoolbook makers over there who must have gone to school to Gulliver, or to Baron Munchausen mayhap, and in their idle moments exercised their imaginative faculties upon Canada. The school boards have begun on these books, and will gradually eliminate the Munchausen features. I have it from creditable authorities that the following things will be taken from the school books this coming year. Of course, you can't expect England to remove all errors at once; it would be too great a shock for them to have suddenly to unlearn all they know of this land of sunshine and flowers. But these are the things to be cut out next year:

> "Haymakers frozen to death in their tents. The Indians are now quite tame. There are places where haymaking has all to be done at night-time, because the men dare not face the flies during the hot days. In the summer, milk is delivered in solid cakes to the customers. When once the winter sets in, the people are frozen up till the spring."

When we had gotten hurriedly through these English geography questions, I asked:—

"Colonel, what else does that wonder-finding geography say?"

"Niagara Suspension Bridge has two storys," he read.

"And neither one of them true," said I.

"What?"

"The storys. Next?"

"Halifax has almost all the essentials of a successful harbor."

"I'll wager, Colonel, that I can guess what it lacks."

"What, Rube?"

"A *bay* window."

"I'm afraid, Rube, you're inclined to make *light* of the geography of Canada taught the little English children, but listen to this: The chief states at present are, Quebec, Maine and New Brunswick. What do you think of that?"

"That the 'last state' of that geographer was worse than the first, or that he was in Rhode Island when he wrote it."

"Why Rhode Island?"

"Because he must have been in a very bad *state* at the time. Next?"

"The Atlantic Coast is most useful at present for several reasons. It has splendid communication inland by railways, but it has one great drawback. Most of it is frozen up in winter."

"That's the best of the lot. He is right. The Atlantic Coast is most useful. I really don't see what Canada could do without the coast. Just to think, suppose Canada had no coast on that side at all, what would she do? I really can't think. Again, he is right about that great drawback. I've heard of a certain warm place freezing over, but never before heard of the Atlantic getting itself into that congealed condition. Any more, Colonel?"

"Yes, just one more. Ottawa, though quite a small town, is a suitable place for the Capital of the Dominion."

"That explains it all, Colonel. I see now; yes, I see through it plainly."

"What do you see?"

"That geography was written nearly fifty years ago, and the people over there haven't yet heard that Ottawa has grown, so they just let it go at that. But, Colonel, I guess we have made *capital* enough out of those benighted geographers over there,—then, on the quiet—our people down home are not much better informed, but I'll not tell it up here."

Facts, at first hard, are always more reliable. Here are a few from Mr. H. S. Taylor, late of the London *Times,* now in Ottawa: "There were 2,500 people on the ship over. Of all the number not one knew a thing about Canada. One man, a bricklayer, was going to Winnipeg. He had no notion, when he landed at Quebec, how far it was to Winnipeg, and only had 60 cents left to carry him that long journey. Since I have been in Ottawa my sister has written me of the various people who have called to have her write me to visit friends of theirs. One has a friend in Newark, N.J. (500 miles away); another at Lakeside, Man.,

(1,500 miles away); but the most anxious caller was one who has a dear friend in Redlands, California (3,000 miles away). "Have your brother to write and tell what kind of place is Redlands, as I may go over next year!" These are but samples.

Fool Stories.

Mr. Jas. A. Smart, Deputy Minister of the Interior, has recently returned from Europe, where he had gone in the interest of immigration. He found that the foreigners' impressions of Canada were not entirely due to the ignorance of the geographers and writers of that country, but that some of the worst stories were sent over by Canadian correspondents of old country newspapers. It is to be hoped that the correspondents are not native Canadians; and again, one cannot but think that the writers wrote in malice, for in truth I have found Canada so delightful a country that nothing short of dense ignorance or malice could cause a writer to speak other than well of this beautiful land. I speak thus, and I am not a native. I know of no country—not even my own—where the chances are greater for the immigrant than right here in Canada. I have spent three winters here, and have found the weather quite to my liking. In speaking thus I have nothing either to lose or to gain. I state it as a simple fact, and in justice to a people whose kindness have made me love their country.

Apropos of the chances here to the immigrant. He can now get land for a free gift, which, inside of ten years, will be worth a fortune to him, and during those ten years he may live pleasantly, instead of barely existing in his own country.

And a word to the European who may now be living under a monarchy. *There is not a country on earth—not excepting Switzerland—that is freer to-day than is Canada.* Many a one reading this may think, as I once thought, that because this country is under a king that it is ruled by a king. It is not. The people make their own laws, and the King has so little to do with it that, save in name, Canada is independent, and receives only benefit by being a part of the British Empire.

THE COLONEL VISITS THE BOARD OF TRADE.

"Colonel," said I, one day when I had to take a trip out on one of the "Spokes," "I will leave you in town to find out things. People in other countries will want to know of the business and other things practicable about Ottawa." When I returned I was surprised at his fund of information, and at once gave him credit for much work. The credit was not at all due him, for what do you think; he had gone round to the Board of Trade, saw Cecil

Bethune, the secretary; then visited the president, John R. Reid; John Coates, C.E., chairman of the Industrial Committee; W. H. Dwyer, chairman of the Cheese and Butter Committee; and Geo. S. May, chairman of the Hide and Leather Committee. Yes, he had seen all those men, who were kind enough to furnish him with no end of data, and then turned the work over to me as his own; but I learned in time to whom credit was due. Here are facts he learned from Cecil Bethune about Ottawa. He starts out by saying that Ottawa is the Capital of Canada. I was delighted to know this, for I like Ottawa, and have always looked upon it as a Capital city, and am glad it is the Capital of a great country. I knew this fact before, but will give it for the benefit of those who are not aware of it.

It had 60,689 inhabitants at the last city enumeration, but the town is growing so fast that this does not give one a notion of how many are here now. Counting the suburbs, as some other cities I've heard of do, Ottawa has nearer 100,000 people than 60,689. (This last is my own comment, not Cecil's). The assessed valuation of Ottawa is $28,000,000.

The Chaudiere Falls power is unequalled in any city on the continent. Besides the Ottawa River, the Rideau Canal gives a water communication with an extensive area of country. Railway lines run out from Ottawa in nine different directions. (Hence "The Hub and the Spokes.")

"Ottawa's electrical equipment is unsurpassed by any city of its size in the world." I've told you that all along.

He then tells of the newspapers, colleges, schools, libraries, art gallery, museum, &c., &c., which I have already given in detail.

Mr. James W. Woods, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Board, and himself one of the big manufacturers of the city, furnished the Colonel with a large amount of data on "The Advantages of Ottawa as a Manufacturing Centre." He told of Ottawa's geographical position as regards securing at lowest expense the necessary raw material, and secondly, its position to the market for economically disposing of the product, cost of land, cheap power (possibly the cheapest on the continent), quantity and high intelligence of labor, moral qualities, insurance and taxation.

"Ottawa enjoys the same privileges of freight rates as Montreal and Toronto."

"Land values are yet so reasonable that most excellent manufacturing sites may be had within less than 1,000 feet of the Custom House, Post Office and Banks."

"There is no other city in Canada or the United States where such large and easily developed water powers exist in such close proximity to an important city."

When it is remembered that there is available 917,403 horse power, within a comparatively easy distance of Ottawa—of which power but 58,400 is so far in use—one may well wonder what the city will be when this enormous natural force shall have been harnessed by the genius of men, and energized for his use.

I have called Ottawa "The Washington of Canada" for its beauty. When this power is developed, it may well be called: "The Manchester of the World."

Again, when it is taken into account the fact that elsewhere the cost is $25.00 to $40.00 per horse power, while here it may be had at $15.00, then one can readily see the advantages that Ottawa has over all other cities as a manufacturing centre.

Mr. Woods told of the quantity and quality of labor. "Our workers are sober, intelligent and willing. Living for the laboring man is cheap, wages fair, work always to be had—a fact which attracts labor—and by means of the many electrical lines of cars running into the suburbs, the workmen may live in healthy uncongested districts, where they may live in detached houses, each with its own plot of ground. Thus are growing up a class of men unsurpassed anywhere. They are strong, healthy and happy, and freedom from strikes is an evidence of this." Mr. Woods spoke of the extent of increase in Canada's imports, in which Ottawa was in the van. While Canada, as a whole, increased 95 per cent, Ottawa, in the same period, grew to the enormous figure of 250 per cent. Its population grew in nine years, from 1891 to 1900, 15,764, an increase of 35 per cent.

Ottawa has been called an exclusively lumber city, but other industries are now far surpassing that of lumber. The wages annually paid stand thus: Lumber, $681,984; other industries, $2,469,020; and while the former will hardly increase, the latter is growing annually to a great extent.

Notwithstanding the fire of 1900, which swept away a large number of industries, these have already been rebuilt, on a much more extensive scale, and new ones have started up. There are now nearly 250 distinct industries in Ottawa, and the number is growing each year.

From the committee of which the president, John R. Reid, is chairman, we gained more knowledge about the cheese and butter interests, not only of Ottawa, but of Canada, than we have learned since we came into the country.

Butter and Cheese

will not make a very exciting story, but still a very strong one, to people who are wanting to know the cold facts about a country, and what it produces. I always like to see things grow, and, apropos of growing, just look at this fact. In 1894, there were

shipped from Montreal to the British market, 32,055 packages of butter; in 1902 this had grown to 539,845 packages. The dairying industry is becoming a very large one in this district, with Ottawa as the centre.

Ontario has invested $175,000,000 in it, and produces $60,000,000 annually. My eyes! I never before had so much respect for the cow. The Colonel says that General "Bobs" will even be more surprised than we have been, on hearing of the vast area of pasture lands, when, if things come to the worst, he might use them for "manœuvring purposes." I guess there are others who, like the General, think of Canada as a wood lot. This is the reason why I give you so much of the butter and cheese side of Canada, sandwiched among things not so practical.

President Reid told us of the growth of Ottawa. Large areas of what are now some of the prettiest parts of the city, were, ten years ago, barren fields. This is especially true of "Sandy Hill," east of the canal, and south of Rideau Street. Of this section I told you in the "Theodore Street trip." Property has there so much increased in value that I would not dare give you the per cent, truthful as you know me to be. Mr. Reid said much of truth when he said that to Boards of Trade a very great deal is due the progress of a city, and especially is this true when there is the harmony found in the one of Ottawa, where the good of the city is the sole object of its being—race, party lines, and all else is forgotten in this one object. And again, the City Council and the Board of Trade work together, hand in hand, each with the same aim, Ottawa's motto, "Advance."

Another suggestion Mr. Reid makes, is pertinent to our own country, apropos of the late coal strike: "Arbitrate, and make another such an impossible thing." From the city to the Dominion, he (Mr. Reid) called our attention to the banking interests. "Our chartered banks have a paid up capital of $78,727,552; rest, $50,892,024. Six millions of people have $450,000,000, an increase of $251,000,000 in seven years; and to further show the thrift of Canadians, our people carried life insurance in the regular companies, at the end of 1902, $508,794,371."

Toronto.

All this we learned of Ottawa, and wondered if any other Canadian city was so progressive. We wondered this aloud one night in the "Russell."

"Progressive!" exclaimed the Toronto man. "Progressive! Why, you should see Toronto!"

"Yes, Rube," said the Montrealer, "you should see Toronto. There's a town that wants everything in sight!"

"And gets it too!" was Toronto's quick reply. Then I sat and listened to the two argue. It was a play!

"Oh, you imagine that because you have the largest *Eaton' House* in the world that you're It," and Montreal winked, which made us wonder "where's the joke?" but Toronto came up smiling with "Yes, we do imagine we're It, and better still, we know it." And he went right on proving all his claims. At last Montreal stopped and walked away, as Toronto was telling the Colonel and me how that his city had more than doubled its population in twenty years. "And we haven't got fully started yet." I could not but admire his enthusiasm.

"What's the secret of your city's great success?" I asked.

"Secret? There's no secret about it. We don't allow it to be a secret. We tell it to the world, and we are proud of and loyal to our city, and that's the secret." Say, that Torontonian had the Colonel and me throwing up our hats for his town, when we had never been nearer that 263 miles of the place—we just could not help being enthused! And every Toronto man we've met since has been *full*—of his city's good points. The Colonel, who met the Toronto schoolmarms when in Ottawa on their visit to the Capital, says that they were just as enthusiastic as the boys. From this I might moralize, and say: "Loyal citizens would make a progressive and successful city out of a village, whilst the continued apathy of the people of a Babylon would turn it into a wilderness."

Winnipeg.

A bystander among a number who had heard the foregoing said to us afterwards: "Toronto told you how that his town had doubled in size in twenty years; why, that's nothing at all. My town was a village twenty years ago or thereabouts, and look at Winnipeg to-day—the Chicago of Canada, the coming Babylon of the North!"

Edmonton.

"They may all talk about their towns, but, Rube, listen to what I'm telling you. Keep your eye on Edmonton, out there in Alberta, if you want to see a city grow out of a village. Why, man, when we get the new Grand Trunk Pacific, and the half dozen other roads which have to come to us, these other little towns they've been telling you about will only be way stations. We are doubling our population so fast that we don't take any account of it, and——"

Victoria.

"Say, hold on, Edmonton; don't let your loyalty lead you astray. You'll have Rube and the Colonel lost on your prairies along the Saskatchewan, and they will miss the train for Victoria, the coming city of British Columbia, and that would be——"

Vancouver.

"Now, look here, Vic," broke in 'the gentleman from Vancouver,' "what's the matter with your geography anyhow? You can't fool these two Yankees; they know that my town is in British Columbia, so don't be giving them any of your 'coming city' air. Victoria! Why, man, your own village school children know better than that——"

Peace River Country.

"Peace, peace, gentlemen," put in the man from up north. "As soon as I get a Bill through Parliament to change Macoun's climate, I'll show you a city as is a city—a regular wheat city."

"Now, see here," exclaimed

Brandon

"You can't steal my name. It would take the hot air of a dozen Parliaments to raise the temperature half way up to my town, which, for its size, has no equal in Canada. Why, we're the liveliest place on the continent, and do more business in a month than some of your towns four times the size. And look at the kind of men we grow out there, look at what one of them is doing for Canada. Why, he's making it better known throughout the world than all his predecessors put together. If he keeps well he will make great cities out of all of our towns, and build up the country besides!"

At this point

Halifax and St. John,

who were sitting in the corner near by, nodded to us to come over.

"Rube," said Hal, "what were those little boys telling you?"

"About their great cities out west," said I.

"I told you so," said Hal to Sinjon, then to us: "Did you believe it all?"

"Yes, and why not?" They had been so enthusiastic for their towns and cities that it would have been easy to believe anything they could say.

"Now, let us tell you a few things. Hal, here, and I have cities with so many attractions that your people come over by the tens of thousands every year just to look at them. These new towns are not in the same running with us. And as for big men, we don't have to mention them to you, unless you've been asleep while in Ottawa—and from all accounts I don't think you have. Why, we have to send our big ones up here yearly to keep the Government in smooth running order; both parties look to us for leaders, and we have them and to spare!"

"Right you are Sinjon," broke in

Hamilton,

who had been listening to the enthusiasts of the West, and to the staid Bluenoses of the East. "Right you are, but Hal here is so selfish with his leaders, that just the other day he decided to keep at home one of the best of the lot. A leader, by the way, who is such an admirable character as a man, as well as a leader, that such selfishness is nothing short of shameful—Come, Hal, own up, why did you do it?"

"Now see here Ham, don't rub it on too hard, I'm sorry enough about it already, I don't believe I thought, at the time, just what I was doing. In fact, to tell the truth, I did not know what a great man he was and how much the country needed him, else I'd sent him back unanimous."

"Too late now, Hal, too late, some of the rest of us will win him away from you and send him up—and when the world gets to talking about 'the great Canadian Statesman,' don't you up and claim any credit, for none is due you! You turned him down and being sorry don't help matters—you'll yet learn that a true Statesman belongs to the country and not to the party—Party is only the means of his reaching the country. You're all right Hal—but you're too Conservative."

"Too Liberal you mean!" langhed Sinjon, who seemed quite to enjoy Hal's discomforture at Ham's "roast."

"Colonel," said I, when we finally got away from the enthusiasts, "I do believe the Canadians could give us points on loyalty. Every one is loyal to his own city, and all of them loyal to their country. What will be the result?"

"A New Canada!

The old Canada—even now—is being relegated, and a new nation, with more progressive notions and broader ideas, is taking the place of the old, and before we are aware of it, we will have a great rival to the north, but forever a friendly one, for both are as one in all that makes for good." And so ran on the Colonel, with almost as much enthusiasm as the men to whom we had just been listening.

* * * * * *

But to return to the Board of Trade, and the City's need. There are most excellent openings for the following industries:—Cotton mills, shoe factories, manufactories for hats, collars and cuffs, shirts, gloves, neckwear, etc., and located as it is, in the very centre of the lumber industry, it is an ideal place for furniture factories, and again surrounded as it is with a great fruit and farming country, a canning establishment would pay well, as would also a biscuit factory. With the sober, industrious labor, to which Mr. Woods referred, Ottawa can offer every inducement for manufacturers to locate in and about the city.

DOMINION DAY

Is Canada's "Fourth of July." It is July 1st. It commemorates the confederation of all the provinces, which occurred in 1867.

It was celebrated in Ottawa (1904) by one of the finest military parades and reviews I have ever witnessed, and the finest that Ottawa had ever held.

Owing to the fact that the militia of the fourth district of Canada were holding their annual encampment at Rockliffe Park, many thousands of citizen soldiers took part in the review, which was the suggestion of Alderman Fred. Journeaux, who cannot be commended too highly for the great success of the day.

The plan of the review was that of Major R. A. Helmer, and so well was it carried out that it was as the working of a perfect clock, and so beautiful, that two prominent officers from Vermont exclaimed: "We have never seen it excelled!"

Besides those of the city of whom I made mention in the military chapter were: Colonel Hodgins, Colonel Cameron, D.S.O., 5th Royal Scots, of Montreal; Colonel H. A. Morgan, of the 59th; Colonel Checkley, of the 56th Grenville regiment; Colonel T. H. Elliott, of the 97th, from Sault Ste. Marie.

One pleasing feature of the review was the part taken by Company V., N. G., 1st Regiment, from Burlington, Vermont, under Captain E. B. Woodbury, Lieuts. O. H. Parker and W. E. Williard; and Company E. N.G., from Malone, New York, with officers: Captain Albert J. Miller, Lieuts. J. T. Huntington and Harold Lawrence; Lieuts.-Surgeon S. D. Williamson; Major Jas. S. Boye, of the 4th Battalion, N.G., N.Y., and Captain Peckham, of the Major's staff.

The whole was under the guidance of the most cordially liked officer in Canada, Colonel Wm. E. Hodgins, commander of the Militia of the Fourth District.

The *prettiest* feature of the day—and this was conceded by all—was the visit of the lady contingents of Company E, from Malone, who gave a beautiful drill, in the evening, on a raised platform or stage on Cartier Square, which was witnessed by possibly 20,000 people.

What most pleased the Colonel and me was the beautiful way our soldiers were treated. It was simply charming, the kindness shown to them every minute of the day! And then the way

Our Flag, the Stars and Stripes,

was respected, and even honored, was nothing short of delightful! In all the long parade it was the only flag unfurled, while

on Sparks Street (the main street of Ottawa), I counted no less than 124 of our emblem, and in all the day there was not, among the tens of thousands, one —— fool to cry "Pull 'em down." (You should hear with what emphasis the Colonel filled that blank, and I said "Amen!") Nor is this because these people love their own flag less. No, they are as loyal to the Union Jack as we can possibly be to the Stars and Stripes!

You at home, cannot imagine the shame it gives us to read of the discourtesy shown to the flag of these people, who seem not to resent the acts of some of our "half-baked" patriots (?) Why, the Colonel is even growing

Baldheaded

over it. "What?" Oh, he says I'm wrong. "No, Rube, it's only getting singed off by the 'coals of fire' heaped on!" And I don't wonder.

Now, don't say: "Ha, ha, Rube and the Colonel are forgetting their country!" Why, bless you, it's just because we love our country so dearly that we love these people for showing such kindness toward it, and are heartily ashamed of those in our country who would make them think that their kindness was lost upon us. Seek out, in all our broad area, from ocean to ocean, and you will not find among the above brood of idiots one man who has ever visited with the people of Canada! Ask the boys of Burlington or Malone of the kindness they received in Ottawa. Ask the—no, you need not. I was just going to say "ask the ladies of Malone." Say, you should have seen the royal way they were entertained! I don't wonder that a number of them were left, and had to be sent home on a "special." I do believe had it been put to a vote that they'd all been here yet!

I am thus emphatic in the hope that these lines may fall under the notice of those "stay at homes" who imagine that the sun rises and sets in their village boundary, and who think that to insult a neighbor's flag is proof positive of loyalty to their own.

Said Captain C. M. Brownell, of the staff of Colonel Estey, of the First Vermont, and Lieut. A. N. Pickel, of the 15th Regt. of the United States Army, both of whom were here as visitors, with nothing to do but look on, "This is our first visit to Ottawa, and almost our first visit to Canada, and it is all a revelation to us. Such courtesy, such consideration, such entertainment! Why, it is all so delightful that words are inexpressive when speaking of Ottawans!"

I give you this to show you what other Yankees think of Canada's Capital and its people.

All this kindly feeling shows that while a line political divides us, the hearts of the people are fast dimming all other lines, and making us one in sentiment and in love, and I bid God speed to that condition.

RUBE GOES INTO CANADIAN BANKING.

"Rube," asked the Colonel, one day, "what do you know about Canadian banking?"

"Nothing," said I, "why do you ask? Are you thinking of going into the business?" This was one of the sort of questions the Colonel would never answer, so I had to continue: "I only know banking in the abstract, and nothing in the concrete, nothing in the concrete."

"I don't blame 'em."

"Don't blame 'em. What do you mean by that?" but he only went on talking as though to himself.

"No, I don't blame 'em; no, it would not be *safe* to let him into the *concrete.*" Then to me: "Rube, have you noticed how strong they build the bank vaults up here? Why, they seem one mass of iron and concrete," and he looked for all the world like a man who had attempted an adamantine joke; not content with that, he wanted to know if I knew that the expression "Money to burn" started in Ottawa, but of course I had never thought of it. "Yes," said he, "it started in Ottawa. A man was going up street one day to deposit some money in the Bank of Ottawa, when a friend met him: "Where are you going?" asked the friend. "I'm taking this money to Burn," said the man.

"Well," said I in blank.

"Taking it to Burn. *Money to Burn.* Oh, dear, Rube, you're too dense for any use," and he left me right there. I do wonder what he meant anyhow. "Money to Burn." (I later on met the genial Manager of the "Ottawa," and then I understood.)

The Colonel's question set me thinking, and usually to think is to act; so I looked into Canada's banking system, and was surprised to find that the Canadian's claim of

The Best in the World

is true, and the mind or minds that conceived the plan should have monuments erected to their memory.

In a book on everything, special subjects must needs be given little space, even though worthy a volume. In speaking on banking, a sentence must serve the place of pages. The term "Banks" always means Chartered Banks.

The best features of the Canadian system is that of its branch banks. Some of them have branches in all of the cities, and in very many towns.

Advantage over our Plan.

One branch may be located in a town where little of new enterprise needing money is going forward. This branch accepts

deposits, which are sent either to the parent bank or to another branch in the west, where money is needed for new enterprises. The depositors are paid interest in the one, while in the other the money is loaned out, thus bringing in close touch the lender and the borrower, without—as with us—the needy borrower, in a far Western or Southern State, having to pay a commission to a broker in the east for securing a loan, often at high interest. This is the very perfection of money handling. The bank always knows where money is needed, and the borrower has his needs supplied right at home. The bank runs little risk in making loans, for the local manager knows intimately the ability and honesty of the borrower. It is better for the country as a whole, as its people in every part are enabled to get money at reasonable interest, to carry on enterprises which, but for the reasonable interest, would not be embarked in. Beautiful system.

Some Points of the System.

The Treasury Board (we have a Comptroller of Currency) gives consent to a certain number of individuals to start a bank, it having first secured a charter from the Dominion Government. These individuals having subscribed $500,000, paid up to the extent of $250,000, which one-half must be temporarily deposited with the Treasury Department.

The stockholders of a bank are liable for double the amount of their holdings, thus making it so secure that loss to depositors and holders of the bank's paper is all but impossible. A bank cannot lend money on its own stock, or on that of any other Canadian bank. In twenty years there was but one failure, and that one paid 99⅓ cents on the dollar. Charters are all renewed every ten years, i.e., at the even years, 1880-1890-1900.

Fiat Money used first in Canada.

Few know that *fiat* money was first used in Canada. In 1685 the French Intendant (Governor) could not pay the soldiers, and France being nearly bankrupt, he (the Intendant) cut playing cards into small pieces, on which he wrote a promise to pay. These he sealed by the seal of France, and paid them out for money. This kind of money was used up to 1715. The volume of this currency rose to $20 per capita. From 1715 to 1729, the Colony had no regular currency, but in the latter year the people again called for card money, and it was given them. Thus, we see that "cards" have played their part in the history of Canada. It is said that they are still used here, but *not* as legal tender.

A year later, or in 1686, Massachusetts, following the Intendant, issued *fiat* money, which soon became so useless that even to this day we refer to it, when speaking of things of little value,

as " not worth a Continental." Some people have been known to make that sentence an expressive word longer; so the Colonel says, and *he* knows.

A bank in Philadelphia, in 1781, and one in New York, in 1784, issued bank notes, but when Canada tried it shortly after, it proved a failure. They tried again in 1807-8, and again failed, but during the war of 1812, the banks issued paper notes under British authority. They were paid, and this gave the people confidence. Nova Scotia, then not a part of Canada, also issued Treasury notes in 1812.

In 1817, the great Bank of Montreal, now one of the largest in wealth in the world, was created. It was the first joint stock bank in Canada.

From 1817 to 1825 there were established three banks in Lower Canada (Quebec), one in Upper Canada, one in New Brunswick, and one in Nova Scotia, and are all still in existence but two. The Bank of Canada passed out of existence shortly after incorporation, and the Bank of Upper Canada failed in 1866.

At the time of Canada's Confederation, in 1867, there were thirty-nine bank charters and twenty-seven banks doing business.

In 1871 was passed the first general Bank Act of the Dominion. By this Act, the note holders had no greater security than other creditors, but in 1880 the notes became a prior lien.

If a bank suspends, its notes bear 5% interest until it has its affairs in shape to pay in full. A bank may be fined from $1,000 to $100,000 for an over issue of notes.

A bank may not issue bills of less than $5.00, and all bills must be multiples of $5.00. Bills of lesser value are issued by the Dominion Government. (Only bills issued by the Government are legal tender). The Government, unlike with us, does not guarantee the issue of the banks, but this issue is the first lien on the banks' assets.

Each bank is obliged to redeem its notes in the commercial centres, thus avoiding discount for geographical reasons.

As a matter of course, more money is needed in one part of a year than at other times; when the crops are moving, for instance. The output of a bank fluctuates; when the demands of trade grow less, the notes of a bank flow back to its vaults, to be sent out as the needs of the country increase. Each bank redeems its own particular bills. With us, the moment a bill leaves the bank of issue it loses its identity, and only by chance will it ever again return to its starting bank. Our national banks, when wishing to recover the bonds deposited as security for their notes, may do so with any lawful money, instead of with their own bills alone.

Absolute Safety of a Canadaian Bank-note.

To show the great security of the Canadian bank bill, I was surprised to find that behind every dollar were assets worth $10.19.

When I saw this, I could not but think how little reason we of the States have for fearing to take Canadian money. Towns and cities along the border are now accepting it, and it will not be long until it will be accepted generally.

General Banking Facility.

There is possibly no country in the world with so good banking facilities as Canada. There is hardly a town of 1,000 inhabitants but has a branch of one or more of the great banks. With us, if there be a bank in a town of that size, it is usually secured by local capital; while here the security is often fifty times as great, and seldom less than twenty times.

Few Savings Banks.

There are very few savings banks in Canada, as we know them, and really no need for them, as nearly every one of the banks and their branches have a savings department, where interest is allowed. (There is also a postal savings bank, which see under Post Office.)

The "kiting" of paper is never encouraged, and not permitted when known. A borrower must give real security, and not the names of worthless men, as is so often allowed by some of our banks. (I knew of one in New York City whose assets, when it failed, were made up mostly of the paper of men notorious for their poverty.)

Banks here make a full report to the Government each month. Settlements at the Clearing Houses are made daily, in legal tenders or gold. The Government issues large notes for this purpose; some of these notes are as large as $5,000. Forty per cent of a bank's cash reserve must be in Dominion legal tender.

Other Points of Banking.

Private individuals may do a banking business, but cannot issue paper currency. They must carefully avoid any name that would lead the ignorant to mistake their place of business as a chartered bank.

Our banks cannot increase their currency without first depositing bonds at Washington with the Government; here they can increase or decrease their currency as needs of business require, which goes far towards preventing a stringency at critical periods. Thus, we see the Canadian system is far more elastic than ours, and has proven to be far better.

Memo, re Bank Circulation Fund.

The protection afforded to the holder of a Canadian bank note, of any bank solvent in 1890, or incorporated since, is such,

that a note is, to all intents and purposes, good for all time, until redeemed.

In addition to the circulation being the first charge upon the assets of a bank, which means that nearly $11.00 of assets is behind each dollar in circulation, a special deposit is made with the Dominion Government, called the Circulation Security Fund, each bank being obliged to contribute 5% of their highest average circulation to this fund, which is adjusted yearly.

Should a bank go into liquidation, or become unable, from any cause, to pay its debts on demand, the liquidator must give notice within 60 days, of his readiness to redeem the circulation, or otherwise the Dominion Government may intervene, and give notice that the circulation will be redeemed out of this security fund, which at present amounts to over $3,000,000.

In the event of the assets of an insolvent bank not being sufficient, when collected, to pay the amount of the circulation, the other banks are obliged to make good the amount pro rata to their circulation, so that the fund shall at all times remain at 5% of the total note issue.

Before the final distribution of the assets of a bank in liquidation, the liquidator is obliged to deposit with the Dominion Government an amount equal to the total amount of the notes that are then outstanding. This money remains with the Government for all time, and should the notes never be presented, the Government (that is, the people), get the benefit of their loss, not the shareholders of the bank.

By this method, coupled with the fact that the notes bear interest at 5% from the day of suspension of any bank, until the day named by proclamation for their redemption, it is contended that the Canadian bank note issue is good everywhere, and at all times, no matter what may be the condition of the bank itself. In other words, a Canadian bank bill, even of an insolvent bank, and accepted, passes current, or is redeemed by any chartered bank.

WINTER IN CANADA.

"Rube," said the Colonel, one evening, "listen to this letter from down home: 'Don't say Canada to me! 30 degrees below zero here! What must it be there! I shiver to think of it! Why, we just can't keep the house warm! I really feel sorry for you two! Don't you just freeze?'"

"Ha! ha! Colonel; it's really too bad for those people down home, but, say, open that window and cool off this room a bit. I'm too hot to talk about cold. There, that's better," and I leaned back in an easy chair, without even a coat on, as the Colonel went

on with the letter, telling of the severe winter and the awful cold. "I used to think that way myself. Canada! Why, the very word sent shivers chasing each other. No matter how much I heard say: 'Canada is delightful in winter,' I set the sayer down as a ———— (fill it up for yourself, and make it strong), and now I wonder, Colonel, how I am to make people believe me when I say that the other 'sayer' was truthful?"

"Just tell the truth, and let it go at that. It will be hard for them to believe it with 30° below, as they sit shivering in houses so thin that the furnace must heat outside as well as indoors."

The Colonel was right. Houses here are built to keep out cold in winter, and heat in summer—the very reverse of conditions in many parts of our country. Houses here are comfortable, and outside they do not have to contend with our dampness, and with a few days exception, the weather is comfortable. I am saying this in the coldest winter they have had for a generation. The winter is more than half over as I write, and there has been but one day when I looked out and then stayed in from choice, and you may readily guess the sort of day that was—one of those cold sleety kind, of which we have so many every winter down home.

Few carry umbrellas to keep off snow—the men never and the women seldom. "We can nearly all tell a Yankee; he is either carrying an umbrella, or wearing ear muffs," which reminds me of some of the men who come up from New York City. They wear high hats, with ear muffs sewed on. This is more frequently seen in Montreal than here, and is very amusing to the natives, who go prepared for the weather in a sensible way.

"You will feel the cold more the second winter" is what they told me. This is my third winter in Canada, and I like it better than the first or second. Canadian winter is all right!

The famous Mrs. Trail, one of the most charming writers, who ever wrote of this beautiful Northland, said this of winter, in her *Backwoods of Canada*. "Though the Canadian winter has its disadvantages, it has also its charms. After a day or two of heavy snow, the sky brightens, and the air becomes exquisitely clear and free from vapour; the smoke ascends in tall spiral columns till it is lost; seen against the saffron-tinted sky of an evening, or early of a clear morning, when the hoar-frost sparkles on the trees, the effect is singularly beautiful." Now there! who could dare grow cold after that!

THE COLONEL ON THE MAIL SERVICE.

One day, the Colonel was criticising the slow mail delivery of Canada. "Why," said he, "it takes as long or longer to get a letter to, and answer back from Montreal, than to get a letter to New York City and an answer back, and yet Montreal is but three hours away."

"That's nothing Colonel," said I, "nothing at all, in comparison to our own service, why I remember once writing a letter to a man in Philadelphia—wrote it and mailed it in New York special delivery at that.—Now Philadelphia is only two hours away, and yet I didn't get an answer back for six months!"

"Well, that was certainly slow, even for Philadelphia. Oh, yes, by the way Rube, what was in your letter?"

"I almost forget, it's been so long ago, but I think I asked the man to send that ten dollars he owed me. Yes, I remember, now, it was for a ten he borrowed *till* Saturday."

"Oh, I see!" He didn't say what he saw as he walked away, neither did he say any more about sending a letter, on Monday, to Montreal and not getting a reply back until Wednesday.

A MILLION DOLLAR PLANT.

That Canada is beginning to wake up to her possibilities, is seen in the great manufacturing interests, that are being developed, in every part of this vast Dominion. Once it was only the timber that could interest the capitalist, now he is seeking out investments in manufactories of all kinds; he builds the machinery that sows, tills and reaps the grain of the millions of acres, that are yearly coming under cultivation; he builds and equips the thousands of miles of railways, that are penetrating into lands, so recently the pastures of the buffalo; and now he is beginning to look beneath the surface for investment.

Canada is full of earth wealth. In my wanderings I seldom return without having seen or heard of deposits of fabulous value. Here it is an iron mountain or a mica bed; there a gold mine; a vast deposit of nickel; or asbestos enough to supply the markets of the world; and many other valuable minerals, lying until recently unworked, waiting for an Irvin to develop them. It would seem that the man, and not the deposit was wanting. Canadians turned their attention so long to the forests and their products, that they passed over, unnoted, earth wealth that might have made of them Monte Christos.

Just across the river from the Capital, in the quaint old town of Hull, has been discovered a deposit so rich in material, that it can only be likened unto a gold mine—and here is being erected a million dollar plant to develop this material, and to convert rock, clay and sand into a merchantable product. I refer to the

International Portland Cement Company,

whose great buildings are so nearly completed.

When Philemon Wright came, only the timber was of value. He cut away the forests and left, seemingly useless, the rocky land, where now lie buried the fortunes of many yet unborn. Generations came and went, the land growing more sterile by disuse, until it was looked upon as suited only for the recreation of the golf player. When however the whilom farmer boy of Illinois,

Joseph S. Irvin,

came to Hull, and there saw this deposit of fabulous wealth, he set about organizing a company to develop it. A careful estimate showed that $1,000,000 would be required to make it a profitable enterprise. That amount to a Morgan would be but the intimation of the need, but we who have tried to "float" a "good thing," requiring an one hundredth part of that sum, know what it meant to set about raising one million dollars, but to Joseph S. Irvin, the word "can't" is always written without the last letter, and in this instance, as in all he has ever tried to carry through, success was the result, the money was raised, and the wheels of the great plant are now almost ready to set going. This to him, means more than the raising of the million, and the erection of the great buildings. It means, that he who has done can do again, and capital, the chariest of fairies, will now trust him implicitly, and await his coming.

Men have made fortunes by the turn of a wheel, and the wheel that produced it may lose it again, but the fortune won by judgment stays, and benefits not only the one who made it, but those who are wise in following the man of judgment, and hereafter Irvin's followers will be many, for he is a man of great judgment and ability, and has carried to success a great enterprise.

The man who *talks* has his listeners, the man who *does,* has his followers; the listeners go their way and forget, the followers continue to follow, knowing that he who does, for himself, in honest enterprise, will always do for those who wisely follow.

Nor is the success Irvin's alone. Much credit is due to the inventive genius of the engineers, Robert D. Hasson and Arthur C. Tagge, who have laid out, and carried through every detail of the acres of machinery, necessary to complete the great works, and but for the Canadian Capitalists, whose money has flowed in, to carry through the enterprise, it had failed in accomplishment—but all these, under the wise direction of a master mind will have given to the city a plant that must bring to it great benefit.

The location is ideal. The rock lies on one side and the clay lies on the other. The two are brought together at the mill, ground, burned, mixed and ground again ready for shipment, by either water or rail, as the Company has both facilities at its very doors.

HULL'S GREAT FUTURE.

Mountains of Iron Lying Idle.

Hull seems destined to become more than a suburb of the Capital. For years it has been known that almost at its very doors were mountains of iron, only waiting a time when it could be mined and worked economically. That time seems now to have come. The Government Commission on the subject of the Electro-thermic manufacture of smelting iron ores, and for making steel have just made their report. Dr. Haanel, chairman; C. E. Brown, C. E., electrician; and Prof. F. W. Harboard, all report favorably on the smelting of iron, and the making of steel, in this locality. Mr. Louis Simpson has also published a statement that electric power can be developed at $5 per horse-power year.

It would seem that nature had specially designed things for Hull. To the north, from the Ottawa to the Gatineau and beyond, lies the iron ore, and at Chat's Falls, there is flowing to waste 150,000 horsepower, only waiting to be harnessed and set to profitably smelting the ore into ingots, and again converting these into steel.

Hull has found an Irvin for its great beds of rock and clay, and it now remains to be seen if others so wise, can be found to develop an industry, which must add thousands to her population and bring millions of dollars to the fortunate developers.

THE OLD WHITTLER SAYS THINGS ELECTRIC.

"We will soon have our innings," said the old citizen, as he picked up a fresh shingle to whittle. "You in the States have had all the manufacturing long enough. There was a time when machinery was driven by coal, and you had the coal. As coal is growing scarcer, another power must needs be called upon, and we have that other power—electricity. All along the great St. Lawrence, for hundreds of miles to the north, are waterfalls which would turn the wheels of the world, and these falls are, one after the other, being harnessed, and before many years the hum of the spindle will be heard throughout Eastern Canada, while our western prairies are supplying bread for our own workingmen, with hundreds of millions of bushels of grain to share for other countries."

"Hold on, hold on," said I, "is this a Fourth o' July speech!"

"No, it's a First of July! I want you to know that you haven't *all* the July pyrotechnics. We are waking up to the fact

that our vast resources warrant all the flights we may choose to take, and we are getting ready to take 'em!"

"Hear, hear!"

Waterfalls.

"There is possibly no country in the world that can equal our waterfalls, and since electricity is the coming power, it follows that here must be the manufacturing, and when our people are fully alive to that fact, we will have the skilled workmen to adjust and run the machinery." And then he said a strong thing that set me thinking. "Possibly," he continued, "the best skilled people in the world for fine fabrics are the French. The Huguenots made England the manufacturing country that it is, and others, whose ancestors come from France, will do the same for Canada. Your eastern mills have for a long while been absorbing and training our French population, and when we need them, they will return to us, as the children of Israel returned to Palestine, bringing with them the knowledge gained in Egypt."

The Telephone is Canadian.

In speaking of electricity, he told me things I had not known. "The telephone," said he, "is our invention."

"What!" I exclaimed, "can that be true? Was Graham Bell a Canadian?"

"By adoption, yes. He came here from Scotland in 1870. He came to Brantford—'The Telephone City'—Brantford, Ont. He invented the telephone in 1874, and in 1876 was speech first sent through a telegraph wire, and in 1871, in Hamilton, Ont., was the telephone first put to commercial use.

Electric Cars.

Then, as to use of electricity for street cars. While it was first made available in Richmond, Virginia, Canada soon took it up, and here in Ottawa, Ahearn & Soper, the Edisons of Canada, were first to prove it possible to run cars in winter by means of it. From this he branched of to the

Telegraph,

and I found he was a very mine of information on that line.

"From forty miles—Baltimore to Washington—in 1844, it has grown into a land line of 1,025,700 miles, with 3,979,500 miles of wire, with 1,764 separate cable lines of 204,527 nautical miles of wire. All these have cost $500,000,000 for land lines, and $350,000,000 for cables." He even knew the number of telegrams sent per day (1,300,000), and also the cablegrams (36,000). To you this may not be of interest, but to me it was most absorbing.

"Do you know," he asked, "that the United States and Canada are the only countries in the world where the telegraph is not Government owned?"

"I certainly do not," I replied.

"Yes, the only two, and such great men as Sir Sandford Fleming 'the Father of the Pacific Cable,' are advocating state ownership in Canada, leaving your country the only one whose people must continue to pay from double to several times as much for their telegrams as they would have to pay if the lines were run by the Government."

"What would be the real advantage of State ownership?" I asked.

"Let Sir Sandford Fleming answer that question. Here is a little part of what he has said on the subject." And at that he handed me a pamphlet, in which I found "Some of the Reasons Why":—

"1. In order that they may be wholly removed from the control of companies, whose chief object is to make profits by maintaining as high rates as possible on messages."

"2. In order that the cost of telegraphing may be reduced to a minimum."

There were many other reasons given, but these were the main ones.

"Yes," said I, "but how do we know that messages would be cheaper? Could the Government run the telegraphs as cheaply as a company?" I saw by the smile on the old citizen's face that I had asked a very foolish question.

"I don't believe you meant to ask that," was his kind comment. "It is not so much whether the Government could run them as cheaply as a company, but the cost to the people *is* the question, and as to that I refer you to the mail carrying of the Dominion. I hardly need argue so plain a question. Its benefits are many, not only to the people, but to the operators, far more of whom would be required, and those receiving good salaries as managers would continue as managers. The only ones who might in any event lose by such a change would be the post-office-hunting-politician, as by this change the postmaster would have to be an expert telegrapher, and the above variety of politician, not being expert in anything—but that of office hunting—might possibly have to give up and go to work for his living." By this time the old citizen had finished his shingle, but it had held out long enough for me to gather many "shavings" of real worth.

CANADA QUICK TO TAKE UP THE NEW.

It is said, that until within a few years Canada was slow to take up the new—being content with the old conservative ways of doing things. A visit to one of their exhibitions, will readily convince one that all this has been changed, that if there is a better way, they want that way, and readily adopt it.

One day in Montreal, I saw a new kind of paper.

"Dixon," said I, "what's this?"

"That" said he, "is the

English Featherweight,

which has recently come over, and the Canada Paper Company, of this city, will be making it in a very short time."

"If they hurry it up, I shall use it on my next." And here it is as an illustration and proof of my assertion, that Canada is quick to take up the new, when the new is better, and in this instance there is no question.

"Rube, are they all so quick as the C. P. C.? If they were they'd all have it!"

"I haven't thought o' that, Colonel."

"You're like a good many Rube, you pick out the best and give it as an illustration. But on the whole you are right, progress is the order of the day up here."

CARNEGIE LIBRARY.

The Carnegie Library is being built on Metcalfe, corner of Maria. I went around to get the dimensions one evening. It was very muddy about the building. All the men were gone save one: "Can you give me the dimensions of this?" I called across. "Yes, come over!" I "come over" through the mud.

"How large is it?"

"It runs from there to there!" pointing.

"I know that—but how many feet long and wide?"

"Oh, I don't know—but I think the architect does," and he did.

It fronts on Metcalfe 115-4 feet, and on Maria Street 90-4 feet and 60 feet high. It is French Renaissance in style, and of light stone and brick. Besides the large library room, there are Committee and Reading Rooms. Mr. Carnegie has donated $100,000 for the building.

The Architect is Mr. E. L. Horwood, who, although but a young man, already stands at the very top in old Colonial Architecture, and yet his many public and business buildings show him to be most versatile in his styles, as may be seen in The Sun Life, the Gilmour Hotel, the new St. George's Society Building, the St. Luke's Hospital, the Citizen and Cory blocks, and many others. He is the Official Architect for the Victorian Order of Nurses.

Mr. Carnegie has figured so extensively in Canada, of recent years, that I have made considerable inquiry among the people to learn their impressions of him, and his benefactions. Here as in our own country, the enormous sums with which he deals is too far beyond the ordinary mind. It is easy to say "a million dollars," and some few can conceive what it means, but most of us have had so little to do with the thing, except in dreams, that we do not really grasp the amount, fully—however "grasping" a nature we may have, or however hard we may try. If "a million dollars" is inconceivable, no wonder we fall down in the presence of "one hundred millions!"—the amount said to have been given away by this Croesus, who seems but to have started in on his work of giving. And yet, nearly everybody, I interviewed showed me how much better they could have handled the money, than has Mr. Carnegie himself. One man, especially, who took out his pencil and an old envelope, and showed me in plain figures, the mistake the great philanthropist was making. He was so entertaining in his criticism, that I shall never ask him for the *quarter* he borrowed at noon to get his breakfast. He may however return it. He even promised it—"to-morrow." But as I was saying, they all had plans of their own—so many in fact that I was bewildered by the number, and doubted my ability to appreciate them all. Some one has said, that "when in doubt play"—no, I mean "when in doubt ask George Johnson," for up here the impression is general, that the Doctor is authority on everything. I asked him, "Doctor" said I, "do you approve of the way Mr. Carnegie is squandering his money? Have you any suggestion as to how he should spend it?"

"Of course I have," said the genial Doctor, "and why should I not have when every one else has several. As they are all proposing that he should do something with his millions, that he has not indicated he himself proposes to do with them, I would suggest that he set aside $5,000,000 or $50,000,000, (just as he wishes, I won't dictate the amount) to provide some safe way of dynamiting all war ships, so that the Angel of Peace, may flap her glad wings over the Nations of the Earth"—when I woke out of the trance, I was interviewing an M.P., who said he would leave it all to Mr. Carnegie himself, as he seemed to be doing "furstrate."

But levity aside, I will tell you the result of much interviewing. The many did not approve of Mr. Carnegie's plans, but the few, said that when the world finally saw the far reaching purpose of this great man, and looked upon the end of his works, then the world would learn, that the Scotch boy had been born and lived for a purpose, and that the purpose had made better this old earth.

I have told you the disapproval of the many, and cannot better show you the impressions of the few, than by reproducing the words of Canada's great poet, Wm. Wilfrid Campbell, who in writing of Carnegie said:

Andrew Carnegie.

An appreciation—By W. Wilfrid Campbell.

"When it is seen what his ideals really are, those who are attacking him and opposing his benefactions will realize their mistake. First as to his personality, he is a Scotch-American, Scotch by birth and stock; he is an American in upbringing and environment. These facts explain the man. It has been well said that the man who is indifferent to his ancestral stock and the ideals they held, will never make a true citizen in any country. Andrew Carnegie has never forgotten Scotland and her great ideals of freedom and knowledge. His motto, "Let there be light," is emblematic of her history. The poor lad living in Pennsylvania, striving for knowledge and desiring wealth so that he might help others like himself, hampered for those books he found so necessary to his existence, was the typical Scotch boy. Realizing this we not only understand his dream of spreading intellectual thought over the world, but we also understand the Scottish-American, who has a dream, and a lofty one, the bringing together of the great Anglo-Celtic peoples. And these two ideals are the life dreams of Andrew Carnegie. When Canadians understand this, they will give him the justice and respect due to him as a very remarkable and high-minded man."

The many (this "many" refers not to Canadians, but to individuals of all countries) seem to see only libraries. They overlook all else, while library building is but a part of his work. "He should build schools, schools would do far more good," said the many, and some of them do not even yet know the great work he has inaugurated in school building. They have not heard of those at Pittsburg,

The Carnegie Technical Schools,

to be created and endowed by him, but 5,000 others have heard of them, and have already made written application for admittance —5,000 from all parts of the world!

They doubtless know all about that other millionaire, by whose commendable benefaction, *thirty* young men are this month, on their way from Canada and the United States, to England, with scholarships in their pockets, earned by hard contest, but the vastness of Carnegie's other gifts becloud, not his thirty, but his scholarships limited only by the capacity of a vast institution, and that institution his own gift; and it may be that this is but one of a chain of schools, for nobody can tell the end when once Carnegie sets his hand to do.

That the Technical-industrial Schools would do far more good than libraries, even the few must admit. In this age of "hustle for bread," the youth have no time to learn trades properly, and in their necessity often choose the wrong one,—one for which they are not fitted, and the really efficient artisan is too often the accident, the inefficient eking out a discouraged existence, which even access to a free library cannot ameliorate. If Mr. Carnegie would give a small part of the money to found trades schools, in the various cities to which he is giving libraries, there would grow up from it a class of competent artisans, and it would be of far greater benefit, not only to the individual, but to the Nations, and the name "Carnegie" would be longer remembered and blest, than it will be carved upon the walls of libraries.

A Mighty Confederation.

His library building, his endowment of schools, and all his other works, requiring millions of dollars, pale into insignificance, when compared to the real dream of his ambition—to which Mr. Campbell so aptly refers in "the bringing together of the great Anglo-Celtic peoples." While I do not believe it wise, or ever probable that Canada should or will annex us, or we annex Canada, (from my "New Canada"), "I do believe that there is a possibility of Canada being the means of bringing about a Confederation of Anglo-Celtic Nations, that will change the condition of the world. Great Britain is Conservative, and clings to old conditions—the United States is enthusiastically progressive, and there is danger of it's going too fast; while the Colonies—especially so Canada—are the happy medium—the buffer of Nations—and if the whole were joined in one protective Confederation for good—that Confederation could dictate the policy of the world. And why not this Confederation? We are one in language and all else that makes for good, and joined, the rest of the world had as well 'beat their swords into plow-shares, and their spears into pruning hooks,' Will this be? Who can tell?" It is Carnegie's dream, and the dreams of man are sometimes realized.

That he has made a mistake in what he has said about Cana la, I do not doubt, but what he has said of this magnificent country was more from a lack of knowledge of it, than from any inten-

tion of offending its people. A man should be credited more for his acts than for his words, written or spoken. Many a one has spent his life saying pretty things, in praise of his home and country, and in the end left no proof of his words of praise, even though he could take not so much as a penny of his millions along with him. Good acts, not good words alone, count in the end, but how much better the life of him who is free with both!

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

Were I to leave out the name of Sir John A. Macdonald, in writing of the city where he so long was the central figure, I would be doing an injustice, both to the memory of the man, and to my own countrymen, among whom "Macdonald" has long been a household word. And yet I cannot but quickly sketch his life and character. Born in Scotland, Jan. 11th, 1815, came to Canada (Kingston, Ont.) in 1820, died June 6th, 1891. Within that short sentence might be—have been—written volumes of vast interest, in which contemporaneously the growth, if not as well, the birth of a nation. In 1884 when he entered politics, he found Canada—if Canada it might be called—composed of many parts—he left it a cemented nation. I have only space to briefly touch or name, some of the points which he did so much toward helping to turn into history. A few of these are: The Secularization of the Clergy reserves (1854) after thirty years of controversy, (up to that time the churches had certain property rights in all Counties); the adjusting (1855) of Seigneurial Tenure —by buying out Seigneurs' Claims; the extension of the municipal system; reorganization of the militia; the reorganization of the Civil Service; confederation of British North America; the construction of the Intercolonial Railway; extension and consolidation of the Dominion; the National Policy; and the construction of the Canadian Pacific.

His greatness may be appreciated from the fact that for nearly fifty years he was the most prominent figure in Canada. He had the rare gift of attracting to himself all conditions of men. He seldom or never made friends for policy merely—the man who does that is usually as warmly disliked by some as he is *temporarily* liked by others, and never lives in the minds of his people beyond the funeral service. In style of man he was a Disraeli; in his manner of dealing with men and things he was a Lincoln. He reminds one very much of Lincoln—neither was ever entered for prizes at a beauty show, and yet they had a beauty of character that will live through time; each won some of his most difficult cases by story, and each was equal and yet unequalled in repartee. If either had been father to all the stories accredited to him, he would have had no time for the real things which made

them great, and yet that both were pastmasters in story-telling no one can possibly doubt. Of the two Sir John excelled in the turning or play of words. His double meanings have supplied Biggar with a fund for the most entertaining part of an entertaining volume, and to this writer am I indebted for these

Anecdotes and Word Plays,

He was a great pacifier, and would often turn a serious case into a jest, and thus bring about good feeling. One day two members were wrought up over a certain "system." Sir John came in with "Let us not have anything hostile between these two gentlemen. We will not have a *duel* system."

When asked about certain trains being put on the Intercolonial schedule, Sir John replied: "Night trains will be put on at an early day."

Mr. Bowell was once criticising Mr. Mackenzie's immigration lectures for the way they reached the people. Said he: "I was told that some of them have adopted the mode of announcing a temperance lecture, and then dragging in the question of immigration." "That," interposed Sir John, "is certainly throwing cold water on immigration."

Apropos of temperance and its opposites, many good stories and repartees are accredited to Sir John. One day the question was up of a certain people giving beer to their children. "It is generally at the end of life rather than at the beginning that men want their *bier.*" Once, speaking on protection, he said: "Those who want protection at all want all the protection they can get. They are like the squaw who said of whiskey, 'a little too much is just enough.'"

"Not being Reformers, we occasionally find something to reform," was one of his repartees in a debate.

He was once taken to task for re-appointing a delinquent civil servant, who had promised to do better. He retorted. "The honorable gentlemen sneered when I said, 'Go and sin no more.' I would not have given them advice—I do not think they would have taken it."

He even "played" on his own profession (law), speaking of lawyers as soldiers, he said: "They make the best of soldiers, because they are so ready for the *charge.*"

The above are but illustrations of his lighter vein. He was most versatile, and used the language which best suited the occasion. He was brook and river all in one—he flowed lightly, merrily along like the brook, but when need be he was the deep river, carrying along the weighty things of a nation.

Like Lincoln, he was a man of the people, and though dead many years, there has scarce been a day of all the months of our

sojourn in Ottawa but we have heard his name, and most often used in endearing terms. It was his genial spirit that won for him the friendship of all parties. Illustrative of this, the late David Thompson, member for Haldimand, told of his reception on his return to Ottawa after a long illness. He said: "The first man I met was Mr. Blake; he passed me with a simple nod; the next was C., and his greeting was as cold as B.'s. Hardly had he passed on when I met Sir John A. He didn't pass me by, but grasped my hand, gave me a slap on the shoulder, and said, 'Davy, old man, I'm glad to see you back. I hope you'll soon be yourself again, and live many a day to vote against me—as you always have done.' Now," continued Thompson, with genuine pathos: "I never gave the old man a vote in my life, but hang me if it doesn't go against the grain to follow the men who haven't a kind word of greeting for me, and oppose a man with a heart like Sir John's."

All parties, as well, admitted his ability, and none more than his opponents. In a speech in 1882, "Honest Joe" Rymal, member for South Wentworth, said of him: "He is a man of extraordinary ability, I admit, as a manager of men I have never seen his equal," etc., etc. Sir John had the right conception of the judiciary of a country. "Keep the bench free from politics." was his motto. He was often known to confer with Blake, his most bitter political opponent, in the matter of appointing judges, and he would always select a man for his fitness rather than for his politics. I would that this were the rule in our own country, were politics alone, govern in the choice of judges.

His Ottawa houses are pointed out to the tourist and stranger.

CONSUL GENERAL JOHN GILMAN FOSTER.

The United States is represented at Ottawa, as at Quebec, by a Vermonter, and it is one of those instances where honors are even, as both General Wm. Henry and Mr. John Gilman Foster are citizens whom we class among our foremost representatives in foreign countries.

Mr. Foster was born at Derby Line, Vermont, March 9th, 1859. He is a lineal descendant of Elder Brewster and Stephen Hopkins, who came over on the famous Mayflower in 1620. His ancester, Thomas Foster, came to America in 1634.

He was educated at Goddard Seminary, Barre, Vt., and at Tuft's College, Somerville, Mass. He was admitted to the Bar in 1881. In 1892 to 1894 he was a member of the Vermont Legislature. He was Colonel on the staff of Governor Levi K. Fuller.

Mr. Foster has been connected with banking, as vice-president and director, in Vermont, and Canadian banking institutions

(the first American director in a Canadian bank), and also vice-president of Massawippi Valley Railway Company.

He was appointed U. S. Consul to Halifax, N.S., in 1897, and was transferred to Ottawa (in 1903), the highest consulate in Canada.

The estimate in which he was held by the people of Halifax was shown by one of the most elaborate banquets ever given in the Dominion for an American consul.

SIR PERCY GIROUARD.

In a book of this nature, where so much must be written in a small space, one must pass by man, very many things and many people worthy extended notice, and yet I cannot pass over the name of one of the most famous of Canada's sons, even though he is not to-day of Canada. I refer to Sir Percy Girouard, second son of Justice Désiré Girouard, of the Supreme Court of Canada. He could hardly be less able with such a father, and yet too often it is "like father, *un*like son." I can but touch the life of this young man, who, at 36, has reached a fame for which millions seek in vain.

He graduated at the Royal Military College at Kingston, fortunately without honors—honor men are usually great only at school. He spent two years in a subordinate position at railway building on the "short lines" of the Canadian Pacific. In 1888 he became a second lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, and was sent to Chatham, England. From 1890 to 1895, he was Railway Traffic Manager at the Royal Arsenal, at Woolwich. In 1896, when General Kitchener was starting on his conquest of the Soudan, he called to him Percy Girouard, and made him his chief over a full staff of able engineers, and that he chose wisely is proven by the results.

In 1896, with the rank of Major in the Egyptian Army, he was made Director of Egyptian Railways, and what followed seems so wonderful that were it not a known fact it could scarcely be believed. He built a line of railway across the great Nubian desert, against obstacles which might have daunted the greatest engineer of the world. It is spoken of as "one of the greatest efforts of engineering science, human endurance and pluck." Think of running a line of 600 miles through hot shifting sands, no water, or anything necessary for road building save that which was brought up as the road progressed. For thousands of years this desert had been crossed with no water on the line to relieve the burning thirst of the caravans, save that which was carried by the camels. This young Canadian, in his wisdom, saw indications of water, and said to his men, "Dig," and a line of wells was established

where to-day the thirst of thousands may be relieved. He built the line of railway, and so accurately had he calculated, that it came very near his figures, but below them. And what is more remarkable, he did not have trained road builders, but ignorant Egyptian workmen and savage prisoners of war,—in short, all kinds of help but the efficient.

In 1899 Kitchener called him to South Africa, where his herculean work but excelled his task in Egypt. In his hands was placed the rebuilding of all burned bridges, and so well did he plan his work, that he not only knew the exact dimensions of every bridge in danger of being burned, but had a duplicate of every one ready, to throw across the span when needed.

He did one of the most daring feats ever attempted in engineering. At a place where a bridge had been burned, and where a crossing was absolutely needed quick, he ran a road down a gradient of 100 feet above the bed of the stream, crossed it over, and then up a like grade on the other side, and swung his trains down and up again without their leaving the track. This seems incredible, and yet it is true. No wonder, then, on April 20th, 1901, the Government honored him with knighthood; it honored itself in honoring him.

He was married to Miss Gwendolen, the beautiful daughter of Sir Richard Solomon, K.C., on September 10th, 1903. Sir Richard is the legal advisor of all the South African Governments, No Englishman in the British Army was ever made, for merit, a K.C.M.G., and a lieutenant-colonel at 34. This honor was reserved for a Canadian, and that Canadian the son of an Ottawan. Is it any wonder it is so great a pleasure to write of a young man like Sir Percy Girouard?

OTTAWA STATUES.

Ottawa has some very fine statues. Another way of saying the same thing would be to tell you that Ottawa has a number of statues, many of them the work of Philippe Herbert, the noted Canadian sculptor. The one of Sir John Macdonald stands in the Parliament grounds to the east of the Central Building. To the west of the same building are three, Cartier's, Mackenzie's, and the magnificent one to the Queen, unveiled by the Prince of Wales, when, as Duke of Cornwall and York, he, with the Duchess, was here in 1901.

In front of the City Hall, on Elgin Street, is the statue to the thirteen soldiers from here who fell in South Africa in the late Boer war. It was "erected by 30,000 children of Ottawa and adjoining counties." It is the work of Hamilton McCarthy, a rising sculptor of the Capital. There is a statue to Joseph Eugene

Guiges, first Bishop of Ottawa, on the lawn of the Basilica, on Sussex Street. He was Bishop from 1848 to 1874.

In the Ottawa University grounds is a statue to "J. H. Tabaret, founder of the University."

As mentioned elsewhere, there is a statue in Major Hill Park to Wm. A. Osgoode and John Rogers, who fell in the Riel Rebellion in 1885.

CANADIAN FORESTRY.

The Colonel came in one day with a lot of "facts" which he said he had culled from an English Geography.

"Colonel," said I, 'are they as correct as the usual run of English facts about Canada?"

"Well, let's see, one says Manitoba is treeless—"

'Hold on, Colonel, that's enough—if that is a specimen you need not give the others."

Now, while I knew that it was wrong, I did not know just how wrong, and as I want you all to be able to swear by (rather than *at*) "The Hub and The Spokes," I went at once to headquarters, again to one of Minister Sifton's many branches of his Department, this time to the Forestry, under the courteous Superintendent, Mr. E. Stewart.

"Is Manitoba treeless?" I asked. Now, Mr. Stewart is a good Canadian, but for the moment he was a Yankee. He did not answer but asked a question. "Where did you get that, out of an English Geography?"

"Right the first guess."

"I knew it. Let me give you a rule to go by, Rube, whenever you see anything in an English Geography about Canada, just take the opposite and you will be right. As to Manitoba, of its 73,000 square miles about one half of it is timbered. All of the east and north, and along the rivers and around the lakes in the rest of the Province is more or less timbered."

I soon grew so interested in Canadian forestry, that I must have stolen much of Mr. Stewart's time, but he was so nice about it, that I did not feel any hesitation in asking whatever I wanted to know, and if I did not know what to ask he told me, so it was all the same. Here are a few things this live tree branch is at work on::—

Trees are raised from the seeds or from the cuttings, on some of the Experimental Farms, and given to the farmers to plant. Just see how things grow in Canada. Four years ago,

this branch may be said to have started, now follow: In 1901, 18 settlers were supplied with 64,000 little trees; 1902, 415 settlers planted 457,000 trees; 1903, 601 settlers planted 920,000 trees; and this year, 2,000,000 trees are to be planted by 1050 settlers.

Here is the plan: John Smith (John is now living in Canada) wants a timber lot planted, or a wind break about his home, or along certain parts of his land. The Government, at no expense to John, looks the ground over, and decide what kind to plant, and how best to plant them, furnishing a plan for John's guidance. John agrees to prepare the ground under instructions, plant the trees, furnished free, and to care for them, and to not cut away or remove any of them without consent of the Government Inspector. He agrees to protect them by fencing, if need be, from animals that might destroy them. Result: In a few years John can talk about "my timber" in a prairie country.

Canada has begun to grow in so many ways that one meets nothing but surprises everywhere, even though going about with eyes wide open looking for new developments.

The Dominion once looked upon its timber as something to give away, but the man at the head is now so careful of this valuable asset that he believes in planting, rather than cutting, and Canada is correcting the mistakes of other times.

What is now being sold is judiciously selected and brings full value.

"Rube," said the Colonel, when I got back from the visit to the Forestry Branch, and had told about the tree planting, "what else did you hear? I didn't know that timber was so interesting a story."

"No, nor did I—Its a long story, and I can only tell you a little bit of it"—and I told him about

Timber Reserves and Fire Rangers.

There have been set aside in various parts of the West, Reserves of Timber. These are protected against fire, by a body of men call Fire Rangers. Their duty is to travel through the timber countries—along creeks, rivers, lakes, railroads, trails or wherever there is danger of fire. Posters of warning are supplied by the Government, and are posted in conspicuous places by the Rangers, the railroads, the Hudson Bay Company and the Mounted Police.

"What, another duty for the Mounted? It strikes me, Rube, that there's not another body of the same number of men who do so much as they."

"And so well, and so well, Colonel; I like those men."

Some of the Timber Reserves and Limits.

In Manitoba:—Riding Mountain (larger than R. I.), 1,716 sq. miles, 1,098,240 acres; "Spruce Wood," 297 sq. miles, 190,000 acres; "Turtle Mountain," 108 sq. miles, 69,120 acres; "Duck Mountain," 1,109 sq. miles, 709,766 acres; "Porcupine," 2,160 sq. miles, 1,382,400 acres.

Northwest Territory:—"Moose Mountain," 161 sq. miles, 103,000 acres; B.C., "Glacier Forest Park," 29¼ sq. miles, 18,720 acres; "The Foot Hills," 3,672 sq. miles, 2,350,000 acres; "Cooking Lake," near Edmonton, 170 sq. miles, 109,000 acres; B.C., Long Lake, 118 sq. miles, 76,000 acres; B.C., "Yoho Park," 828½ sq. miles, 530,240 acres; N.W.T., "Rocky Mountain Park" (as large as Conn.) 4,500 sq. miles, 2,880,000 acres.

Ontario:—"Algonquin Park," on the Canada Atlantic Railway, 1,109,383 acres; "Eastern," 80,000 acres; "Sibley," 45,000 acres; "Temagami," about half as large as Conn., 1,400,000 acres. This tract has probably the greatest quantity of pine of any section of same size on the Continent, estimated at 5,000,000,000 feet. It is not under license, and will no doubt be held, as it grows in value all the time. "Rondeau Park," like Algonquin, is a game preserve.

Quebec.—Laurentides National Park, has an area of over 2,500 square miles, or more than twice as large as the State of Rhode Island. "Trembling Mountain Park," no data.

Other Provinces have Parks and Reserves, but the foregoing are the principal ones.

When I had told this to the Colonel, he wanted to know "why has the Government and Provinces set aside so many reserves?" "Is it for the timber alone?"

"No, Colonel, I think it is more to protect the streams that *head* in these districts. Once cut away the timber and many streams would dry up; and once dry up the streams and the value of great sections of country would be destroyed."

"I declare, Rube, the Canadians do know a lot—I hadn't thought of that. Why, of course, I wouldn't be surprised if many rivers rise in some of these very reserves."

"Many, well, I would say. Why, take for instance "Riding Mountain Reserve," Mr. Stewart said, that in that one district alone no less than eight considerable and many smaller streams head; among the number, the Assiniboine, the second river of importance in Manitoba, here receives most of its supply. No, Colonel, its not alone the timber but the water that is taken into account, in setting aside these great reserves.

The Canadian Forestry Association.

of which Mr. Stewart is Secretary, has grown from this one enthusiastic gentleman as a necleus, in four years to a membership of several hundred, from all quarters of Canada, and not only from Canada, but among the number we find, such well known Forestry enthusiasts as Prof. J. W. Toumey, of Yale College, Mr. Daniel Smiley, of Lake Mohawk, N.Y., C. A. Schenck, Ph. D., Biltmore, N.C., Fred Law Olmstead, (son of the late great landscape gardener), of Brookline, Mass., Edw. Mayhugh, of Elizabeth, N.J., Jas. Sturgis Pray, of Cambridge, Mass., H. Albert Moore, Dr. E. C. Jeffrey, Edw. S. Bryant, three latter also of Cambridge. To complete the list there would of course have to be an Ohio man, and Prof. F. M. Comstock, Ph. D., of Cleveland, of the School of Applied Science, is the member.

This Association is doing a very great deal of good. It is extending its work into every part of Canada. It is seconding the good work of the Government in preserving the old and working up an interest in planting new forests.

"Manitoba is treeless!" Don't believe it.

MARVELLOUS GROWTH OF CANADIAN TIMBER VALUES.

The Colonel came in one day with a lot of figures about Canadian Timber Lands. He had been down to the Sun Life Building, corner of Sparks and Bank Streets, to see Mr. E. J. Darby, Crown Timber Agent, for Ontario, and after telling me, how that Darby had been for twenty-eight years in the office, and in charge since 1892, and ought to know, gave me the figures.

I could not but think that the Colonel had gotten his figures mixed up with gold mines, so I went to see Mr. Darby myself, and found that gold mines were in another class from "Values as is values." Here is a story, or rather truth, illustrative of the marvellous growth of values in the past 42 years.

Bought for $400, *Sold for* $665,000.

In 1861, the late Wm. Mackay, bought a timber limit of 100 square miles for $4.00 per mile,—$400.00. He began cutting rafts of timber out of it in 1869. He built on it a small mill and put on some other improvements, but nothing like in value what he had taken off in big timber, and in 1902, this tract was sold to J. R. Booth, for the enormous price of $665,000.

Before 1827, timber brought nothing to Canada, from 1827 to 1851, it brought into the treasury very little more. Up to

1868, all Canadian timber was under one set of fees, after that each Province made its own timber laws. I will speak more particularly of the Province of Ontario. In 1866, the minimum Government bonus was $4.00 per square mile, and provision was made for sales to be held half yearly. Up to 1852 Red Pine fees were three times those of White Pine, now they are the same.

Timber lands are sold in this way. At the sales a bonus per square mile is bid, and after that the purchaser has to pay an annual tax or ground rent as it were. In 1851 this was 50c. per square mile, it is now $5.00 per mile. As soon as he begins cutting timber he must pay $2.00 per thousand feet board measure, for the lumber, and for square timber $50 per thousand cubic feet, which often brings the price for a square mile very high, as for illustration in the following sales, you will note that in 1903, the highest price paid was $31,500 per square mile. That was the bonus on first cost. This indicates a quantity of timber that will bring to the Government in fees alone $14,000 per square mile, or $45,500 per mile all told. When you think that once a mile could have been purchased for $4.00, you will see why I say that a gold mine is not in the same class.

Ontario Timber Sales.

	Sq. miles sold.	Highest price.	Average price.
1868	38	$ 519	$ 380.17
1869	98	418	260.86
1870	12	640	640.00
1871	487	500	241.62
1872	5031	1000	117.79
1877	375	500	201.97
1881	1379	2300	532.00
1885	1012	1250	314.87
1887	459	6300	2859.00
1890	376	2625	919.08
1892	633	17500	3657.18
1897	159	6600	1685.07
1899	360	8500	2010.00
1901	399¼	4700	1835.40
1903	826	31500	4450.00

We saw the first book used to record Timber Sales. It was for the year 1830. Compare them with now. In 1827, timber sold $360; 1828, $3,184; 1829, $2,237. At a recent big sale of limits, Thos. Mackie, M.P., of Pembroke, paid for three and one-half miles, $110,250, and with final fees, these three and one-half miles will bring to Canada over $150,000. At this same sale, Mackie purchased in all 39½ miles, paying $436,475. C. Beck, of Penetang, bought 69½ miles for $545,925, and the

Hawkesbury Lumber Company, 27½ miles at $337,650. These were the three highest bidders. The sale amounted to $3,675,700 as against $360 in 1827. This too at a single sale in a single Province, as against all sales made in 1827.

The success of Canada's growth in timber values may be attributed to our own stupidity; we put a tariff on their logs, and they set their own mills to work. We gained nothing, and it made the fortune of many a mill man in Canada. One often has to get outside of one's own country to see the stupidity of one's own people.

If we ever had a ghost of a chance of Annexation, Blaine killed that one chance, when he was more loyal than sensible, in refusing Reciprocity.

RUBE SHOWS THE OLD CITIZEN SOME CANADIAN MISTAKES.

"Rube, you seem to think that our country is about all right." And the Old Citizen's bosom expanded to the full strength of his vest buttons.

"Yes, *about,* but not quite," said I, aching to tell him some very grave mistakes which I note in Canada. "*About,* but not quite! Listen, while I tell you a little story.

Rube's Story of the Hogs.

"Once upon a time, we in the States, felt that we were a free people. Free and independent, but that was a long while ago—before the oil men, the hog men, and other hog men, got a notion that they could become multi-millionaires, by owning all the industries worth owning, so they set out to own our industries and succeeded. Most of us down there are now clerking for them, and boarding ourselves. But, what I started out to tell you was about our hogs—'what?' Oh, I see. No, you're wrong. Some poor young men went out to Chicago from the East, and went around town picking up a few animals, which they would kill and dispose of, and then buy more. Well, it was marvellous how quickly they grew rich, until now they pay us just what they choose to pay, and charge us what they choose to charge for every pound of our hogs. *Rich!* why at the rate they are climbing, they will soon own the land and raise their own hogs, their own cattle, sheep—their own grain, and the railroads to haul them to market, and" but just here the Old Citizen broke in.

"Why did you allow them to get such a foothold?"

"We were not wise, and had no near neighbor who had been 'done up' by their kind, that we could know what to escape."

"I don't want to be rude, but I must say it served you right." Ah, me, I had the Old Citizen just where I wanted him.

"My dear man, can't you see that your own country is in the same condition? You sit watching poor men grow rich—in the same way—so fast, that good manners and any degree of culture will not catch up to them for a generation, and yet you ask 'why did we allow them to get such a foothold?'

"In your cheese factories and creameries, you are very wise. Your farmers get the benefit. Now, my dear man, if the farmers are wise enough to run their dairies, why are they not wise enough to run their own pork packing establishments, in which the profits are far larger?"

"Yes, but how? It would have to be done on a far larger scale."

"It would take too long to go into details."

"You have interested me. I see vaguely how the farmers might do this, but only vaguely. I see also that there must be vast fortunes in pork packing, for as you say, men of small means and ordinary ability grow rapidly rich. What plan would you propose?"

"Something on the co-operative cheese factory and creamery plan, only difference in the details—and as you say, to be run on a far larger scale, but what is that when many of the farmers of to-day have quite as much business ability as the pork packer—and quick to catch intricate points of business. So what the managers would lack they would soon acquire.

Establish Pork Packing Houses.

"I would suggest the establishing—at large central points—of packing houses, houses equipped with every modern appliance. To these packing houses the farmers could ship their hogs direct."

"But say," broke in the Old Citizen. "How would the price be determined at which they should be paid for their shipments?"

"On receipt of their stock, it would at once be weighed, inspected and graded, and they would be paid the price which the prevailing market would warrent. They being the stock-holders of the Company need not change the form of a transaction. They could sell, as they now sell to a packing house or drover. But, as I said, the running of the business would only be a matter of detail, the main point being that it would be their own business, and the profits their own, instead of a company's, whose aim is to "cull" and pay just as little for hogs as possible.

Various Branches of the Business.

"Some of the various branches would be the Improvement Branch, whose business would be to see that the very best animals were raised; the Market Branch, whose part would be to look out for the best markets, foreign and domestic, and—but again—these are matters of detail."

Rube Talks on Cattle.

"What about the cattle business? This just now seems of more importance to Canada, than even that of hogs."

"And of far more importance than Canada realizes. Did you ever think what would happen to your cattle trade if England —your great shipping point—should get scared and shut out your cattle? There is nothing so easy as to start a scare, where a food product is in question. It might be an idle fear—one case of disease might shut out the trade for a year—the effect of which would mean millions of a loss to Canada."

"And for this what would you suggest?"

"Build Abattoirs."

"Abattoirs, in connection with your packing houses. Even if there were no possible reason of fear of your live stock being shut out, it is poor economy to ship on foot, when the bi-products of cattle are the real profits. Think you that those Chicago multi-millionaires had been such, had they depended upon the meat alone? Why, the very hoofs are of value! So scientifically is every part of the animal treated, that I feel safe in saying that not so much as a penny's worth is lost. The time is now ripe for such enterprise. You have a vast extent of pasture land; you have the railroads, and soon to have added thousands of miles more; you have the steamships, with their mechanical and chemical means of refrigeration, for carrying to foreign markets the meat; and best of all you have the men, who are capable of carrying to success the enterprise. You have the men, all that is needed is the will to start, and once started, a business would grow that would go far toward placing Canada in the position which her resources so well warrant her taking.

Rube Talks on Bacon.

"I wonder if you know—pardon me for going back to the first proposition—the vast advance your country has made in its ham and bacon exports?"

"No, I had not given it a thought—Do you know?"

"Yes, I was looking over the figures the other day. I had to read them over so many times that they got fastened in my

memory. I could not realize the possibility of such a growth. That's why I read them so many times—but here they are:—In 1889, you exported 4,066,000 pounds of hams and bacon for which you received, $381,300; in 1903, you exported 142,000,000 pounds for which you received, $15,906,000. And yet, large as is this growth, you have but just made a beginning. Little Denmark is ahead of you, in both quantity and quality, but you are fast catching up in quantity, and are not far behind in quality—especially in your bacon, which ere long will take the lead for excellence."

"What you say, Rube, is all right, but the farmer is not a good co-operator. He can never agree with anyone but himself, and I am afraid your plan, which I must admit is a good one, will not be adopted until he becomes broader minded."

"In that event he must be content to dig, and plow, and see others grow rich off his toil. If not too late, the men who now are boys will take up this plan, as it is the only one which will solve the problem of enriching a nation instead of the individual."

Proper Way to Populate Canada.

The next time I met the Old Citizen he wanted to know: "Rube, have you thought of any more Canadian mistakes?"

"Yes, I have, but seeing as how, far wiser than I have thought differently, it might seem bold in me to call it a mistake. My own country made the same one (I call it a "mistake" from my view point) with the result that it's choicest lands have been given away."

"What are you talking about, *bacon?*"

"Oh, pardon me, I forgot that I had not introduced the "mistake." Well, you doubtless know of the great efforts being put forth to populate your country—rich lands are being given away—lands which inside of ten years will be worth untold fortunes."

"Yes, I know, but how are we to get the immigrants without offering them inducements to come?"

"By offering them other inducements than giving away your richest asset. Now listen, and I will tell you a plan that will not only bring them, but bring more and better immigrants than you are now getting, and at the same time get a good price for the very lands you are now giving away."

"Go on—go on, that's what Canada has long been wanting—

"To Eat the Cake and Still have It!"

"Oh, you may smile, but I can soon show you the feasibleness of my plan. Show you in a few sentences!

"What is the first thing your Government has to do to get the immigrant?"

"Interest him in our country."

"Correct, but what is the first question that comes into the mind of the man, when he *is* interested? Is he not at first timid, and fears to try even though thousands have gone before him and succeeded? I'll tell you, and to better illustrate both my plan, and the way to interest him, I will let you imagine me an immigrant agent in, say, Belgium, France or some other European country. Now follow, while I talk to him. I introduce the subject of his leaving his barren country for a new world. Of course, I tell him all about the 'milk and honey,' but he stops me right there. 'Yes, yes,' he says, 'but how am I to get there? and what can I do *when* I get there? I have no money, or too little to do anything with, so it is out of the question."

"Money? why man, we have a ship, a line of them, we will agree to take you over, put you in a neat house on a farm, pay you fair wages, and you shall farm for us until you can get yourself established. We have our land laid out in lots of 160 acres, you can plow, with teams furnished by us, and next season put in a crop, and with no risk to yourself, you will in a short time be securely established."

"Yes," says he, "but it will be too lonesome for me and my family to live there alone!"

"Lonesome! why man, we have it so laid out that you will have neighbors all about you, the same as here, with schools and churches not far away. We have men who oversee the whole community, look after the needs of all our farmers."

"What—and pay us wages?"

"Yes, and treat you fairly."

"Hold on—you need say no more—I've long wanted to go to Canada, but was afraid to risk it. I'll go, and just as soon as I can get ready—and say—I know fifty other families who will go along. It's the fear of not knowing what to do when we get there that has kept us from going. Wait till I tell my wife and the children, and I'll go with you to the neighbors," and the 'wife and children' are told. My such a family of hearty children! Ideal citizens they will make!

"We start out. I don't have to say a word. He does all the talking, for he has caught every word I have told him. Result, I have my selection of his neighbors. We don't want them all, our examining physician finds some families not to our liking. We are as independent as an employer hiring a lot of workmen.

"Now follow us across—we bring them to the part of New Ontario, Manitoba, or some other section chosen for population, and in a short time we have them at work. The management of the community is again a matter of detail.

"We do not locate them on every quarter section, but on alternate quarters rather than, as now, on alternate or even number sections, reserving the other for the double purpose of extending the community over a wider range, and the enhancing of value of the one reserved. Again follow me. In a year or two the immigrants now thoroughly settled and used to their new life, see that they are enhancing the value of your land, while they are getting no further benefit than a bare living, so they may say. 'We want to buy our home.' The land grown valuable by having been brought into good condition, you sell to him on terms which he can very easily meet. The crops if they have been good, will pay for his fare over and his wages, if not you get them back in the enhanced value of the land. Now, see your gain—a lot of working citizens, and pay for that which you now give away, and enhanced price for the alternate quarter sections, which may be sold later to the settlers, or to other of their friends at home, who may not have been in a position to come when they came. You can readily see how by this plan, immigrants could be induced to come.

"It would be absolutely safe for the Government, from a financial point of view, not to take into account the rapid growth in population of your great Northwest.

"This assisting of immigrants is not new, as of course you know how that in 1874, '75 and '76, your Government brought over 6,000 Mennonites (now grown to 31,000), and loaned to them, $95,000?"

"No, or if I did, I have forgotten. Tell me about it."

"Yes, your Government loaned these people $95,000, all of which—with—interest—they shortly after paid back. So you see your country has lost nothing in assisting immigrants, and my plan, would not only save the price of the lands, but would gain a better class of people, and far more of them."

Not a Pipe Dream.

"Rube, I did think that the brand of your 'pipe' was—well, no matter, I now believe that Canada would not make a 'mistake' if it looked into your 'dreams.'"

"Thanks," said I—"thanks, but *will* Canada look into them."

"One point more. What is the matter with our present plan of giving away land?".

"Nothing, if you can once get the immigrants here. This plan would get them here more readily than the present one, as somehow it's human nature to feel that a free gift, thousands of miles away, is not safe to go after, while by this way they start from their homes assured of, at least, their living. Once here, and

they are willing to pay a few dollars per acre for lands, which their common sense will show them, must be worth many times the *few*—and that in a short while. Why, have you any notion how fast is the growth of your land values in the Northwest?"

Rapid Growth of Land Values in the Northwest.

"No, I must say, I have not followed them."

"Well, let me tell you—and I will not give as illustration any of your settled Provinces. I'll cite to you the Northwest Territory, beyond Manitoba along the line of the C.PR. Wild land is now as high in places as $9 per acre, and improved farms have sold for $35 per acre—land that a very short time ago was worth but little, if there was any sale at all for it. This is but an instance—and yet with all this fortune to offer the immigrant. he hesitates, because he cannot grasp the greatness of the gift. If he could you could not keep him away."

I learned afterward that the Old Citizen doubted my word as to the values of land in the Territories, and asked Dr. D., member for ——, who corroborated all I had told him. He did what I wanted him to do. Being careful to verify my statements, I am never so pleased as to have them looked into by the doubter, for then he is doubly convinced.

Canada's Generous Offer.

One cannot wonder that the people of an old settled country do not grasp the offer that Canada is so generously making—if they could—well, an armed force could not keep them away from the "Granary of the world," as the great Northwest is so justly called.

It may not be uninteresting to you to know how fast the lands are being taken up. Here is what Mr. Jas. A. Smart, the Deputy Minister of the Interior, says on the subject: "Never has Canada commanded so much attention in Great Britain, in the United States and abroad, as it does at the present moment, and while many favorable causes have no doubt contributed to bring its immense resources prominently before the world, none in this respect have had a more powerful effect than the wonderful richness of the western agricultural fields, and the opportunities afforded to those who have already settled in Canada, to materially improve their social condition.

"Now that the tide of immigration to this country has assumed such large proportions and permanency of character, which fully justify Canadians in viewing the possibilities of the future with sentiments of national pride, it seems remarkable that this great agriculture wealth should have remained dormant and ignored for so many years, when millions of land-seekers from the old world

were over-crowding themselves in the neighboring republic to the south of us.

Increase in Receipts,

as shown by the report on lands, for 1903. The receipts from all sources during the year were $2,418,355, an increase of $699,960, over the previous year. The homestead fees were $320,407, compared with $144,425, for the preceding year.

"The gross revenue in cash alone was $2,244,062.21, or an increase of $702,346.26, over the previous year.

Free Homesteads.

"During the past fiscal year 31,383 entries for free homsteads were granted to the settlers locating in western Canada. It is the largest number of entries ever granted by the department. The land thus disposed of covered an area, taking the theoretical area of a homestead at 160 acres, of 5,021,280 acres. This, added to the 4,229,011 disposed of by companies, and the 137,270 acres sold by the department, gives a grand total of 9,387,661, acquired for settlement during the year."

On the subject of immigration, Mr. Smart says:—

"There can be no question that the most important branch of the Government service is that respecting immigration, as the increase in the population necessarily affects the consuming and productive forces of the country. The trade and commerce, the revenue, the development of the mine, of the fisheries, of the forest, of agriculture, are regulated by and largely dependent upon the number of citizens who compose the community. This is especially true of a country like Canada, whose boundless areas of arable land are its first and permanent source of wealth."

By this report, we find that 5,021,280 acres were *given* away. Suppose that the immigrants to whom this vast area was given free, had been assisted on a basis of ten times that of the 6,000 Mennonites or nearly $5,000,000—and again place the land at the nominal price of $5 per acre, and out of this $25,106,400, there would be net to the Government $20,000,000—not to mention the final return of the money advanced originally, and that too with a better class of immigrants secured, than those who made the free entries.

Advantages all on the Side of the Immigrant.

When the Colonel read this over, he said: "You are right from Canada's standpoint. For her own interest your plan would be vastly to her benefit, but how about the immigrants who have money enough and pluck enough to come out and take up this land at a gift?"

"That is not the question, Colonel. I've been talking about 'Canada's mistakes.' As for the immigrants, it's a gold mine with the shaft sunk and steam up!"

Hardships of the Early Settlers.

"Did you ever contrast old times with now, when the builders of Canada came to settle in the woods of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec or Ontario? Do you know that an immigrant then might work a whole life time and not be as far along as one of to-day, the first season he lands?"

"How's that possible?"

"You should know without asking. The man who came here less than 100 years ago—yes, less than 75 years ago—found no conveniences, and many things to discourage him. The country was a wilderness—unfit to till until the forests were cleared away, and that took years, to get ready a small farm, and far away markets, when anything was raised to sell. To-day the newcomer's limit is bounded only by his means, and ability to plow, sow and reap. He does not have the forests to clear away, but may go to plowing the very day he lands, if he is ready. Now it all depends upon himself—then everything depended upon conditions, and if the stories of early settlers may be taken as true—and no one doubts them—these conditions were often almost heart-breaking, even to the hardy Scot, and to the plucky Irishman. Then it was years of hard work with little prospect at the end, now a fortune lies ready made—ready, and waiting to be plowed up and garnered! And a market to take all that can be raised, with schools, churches and every convenience that modern civilization can devise, for the comfort and pleasure of the immigrant.

"No, Colonel, it's not the mistakes of the immigrant about which I am talking, and writing. If I wrote of *his* mistakes, I'd show very readily and to his own mind how foolish he is to stay in a congested community, where his only hope can be but a bare existence for himself, and no better prospect for the children he may leave behind, when he may come to a land as free as the air, and as productive as an Eden. No, Colonel, it's not the immigrant's but Canada's mistakes I've been talking about."

PART FOURTH.

THE HUMORS OF THE CAPITAL.

MAJOR GROWLEY DON'T LIKE US;

OR,

The Man with the "Ditches" and "Trenches," who is to Take Washington City in Three Months.

OTTAWANETTES.

Fire Protection and Other Things, of *Lighter* Vein.

PART FOURTH.

THE HUMORS OF THE CAPITAL.

MAJOR GROWLEY DON'T LIKE US.

"Anything doing in town to-night?" asked the Colonel, one evening at the table, shortly after we reached Ottawa.

"Nothing that I know of," replied the good landlady. "Nothing except the choir meeting around at our church." Now, if there is anything that the Colonel is not passionately fond of, it is choir meeting in a new town.

One of the old boarders just then spoke up, and asked if we liked the circus.

"Circus!" exclaimed the Colonel, brightening up from the pall thrown over him by the 'choir meeting.' "Circus in town to-night? Whose-where-when?"

"Growley's-Parliament-eight o'clock," replied the old boarder, in even fewer words than the Colonel had used in his brief inquiry.

"Who's Growley?" and everybody around the table looked in wonderment at us, as though we had shown unpardonable ignorance in not knowing Major Growley.

"Why, he is a man whom every one of you should know," said the O. B. "He is the man who is going to take Washington City in less than three months after he once gets started."

"Oh, I see," replied the Colonel, "we know that man well; he is from our State, but then he has another name with us. We don't call him 'Growley,' everybody down there calls him 'Coxey.'"

We didn't know then why, but it took those jolly boarders several minutes to finish up some smiles which they had started

at the name of "Coxey." Each smile was a laugh peculiarly personal—and all at our expense. The O. B., however, kindly came to our rescue with: "You know that every nation has to have a regulator, a man who looms far above all others; a man whose giant intellect dominates the age; a man whose greatness makes all other men seem but pigmies; a man who, when other statesmen reach a period in the nation's welfare where they know not which way to turn, can lead them out and guide them into the right path. For such a man, the British Empire had long waited in vain, but finally, by the merest chance, he rose from the common people, and to-day he is the leader among the men of the Empire—and that man's name is Major Growley, and to-night he is to speak. But a word of advice to you: don't let him know that you are there."

To hear so great a man was indeed a bit of good fortune we had not counted upon. But why had the O. B. warned us not to let Major Growley know that we were among his listeners? That was the question. We learned, however, in due time, and sat trembling during his speech, lest he should know that two poor lone Yankees sat within shooting distance of his "trenches."

Drawn from a Saharian Thought Source.

Would that I had the space to give you his speech. It was wonderfully constructed. I had never heard its like before, and may never hear such an one again. It was a Nile of words, drawn from a Saharian thought-source, as the "catch-phrase" maker might say in trying to describe it.

The speech started at his own desk, but soon he began distributing it all along the aisle toward where sat the "Hansard" man, vainly trying to keep up. This seemed to be his destination; there he stood raining gestures and things over poor Mr. Simpson, and poor Mr. Simpson without an umbrella! The "Hansard" man did not deserve this, as he was not to blame for the ills at which the Major spake.

He carefully avoided saying anything good of us Yankees, and I did not blame him. It would have pained me deeply to have seen his unclothed grandmamma jump up from her grave and pound him to death in our very presence for "one word in favor of the United States." We would far rather go without the "word" than hear it spoken at such a fearful cost to Major Growley. We poor misguided ones have, for generations, thought that we had a good constitution, but it is all a mistake; even Algiers has a better one—as ours is but "a jumble of tyrannies." Nor does he give us any hope, since it is to run on "eternally and forever." Awful to contemplate! The Colonel whispered to me, at one period of the speech, "Rube, I don't believe Major Growley loves us."

"The only Good Englishman is a Dead One."

"No, Colonel; but we will have to bear it all as best we can." Just when we were feeling the saddest, he turned his attention from us, and surprised us by saying that: "The only good Englishman is a dead one." "Yes," said he, "I am an admirer of the English race of 50 years ago, not the pigmies of to-day."

I could not but feel sad at this; it broke up a lot of my idols. Since boyhood I had thought that Gladstone was great, that Lord Russell was a man of wonderful ability, that Lord Palmerston had a mind capable of worthy deeds, that Salisbury*, Rosebery, Balfour, and others among the present living statesmen of England, were men worthy of admiration; but not so, for Major Growley can go out almost any morning before breakfast, and "pick up from the streets of Ottawa, mechanics who could give pointers to those stupid little jackasses in the ministry in London."

Now, isn't this sad! I will have to start all over and build up a new set of idols to worship!

At this point I thought that the Major had used up all of his material; he had consigned us poor misguided Americans to a climate even warmer than any point below the St. Lawrence, and had been more severe, if possible, with the British; but he had not used all his material, he still flowed on, like the brook. He returned to Canada, and demanded the instant resignation of one whom I had long looked upon as a man among the most capable in the Canadian ministry. Of course I had been mistaken, as I was in my admiration for the aforementioned English statesmen. I had been admiring a man whose place could be better filled by Major Growley's office boy—that is, of course, taking it for granted that Major Growley's office boy had attended strictly to business in picking up the stray bits of wisdom that had fallen from the brain-pan of his great master.

Ah! me. I wished then that I had gone to "choir meeting." I know that my feelings could not have been more harassed than they were at that moment, at sight of my fallen idols.

Fortunately, Major Growley having no more idols to break, and having put all the Ontario newspapers out of business, changed and took up railroading, at $28 a minute. Ah, there's where he excelled! I could not but think that in the making of a statesman a good car conductor had been lost to Canada.

To be Frozen to Death.

We are to be frozen to death. I can think of no part of Major Growley's $3,360 (120 minutes at $28 per minute, the cost to the Dominion Government), speech that will make a more fitting close to my sketch than this from his "railroad building." He was wrought up to a high degree of oratory when he said:

* Salisbury was then living.

"Build railroads, gentlemen! Build railroads, build them in all parts of the Dominion. Railroads are vast civilizers; we need them in all portions of the country. We need them in the far North-west, we need them in my home town down east."

"Hear, hear," and "Right you are," from all parts of the house.

"Yes, I say, gentlemen, build railroads, 100,000 miles of railroads; parallel 'em and cross 'em—they are better when crossed. Let us build one to the north pole, and with Captain Bernier as engineer, we could, in case of war, retreat——"

"Never! never!" from some members.

"Yes, but victory is often gained by retreat!"

"Always, but 'victory' for the other fellows," from some more members, but the Major paid no heed as he swung along.

"Then when the summer——"

"Never retreat in hot weather!"

"Comes, we could retire——"

"Never retire!"

"To the north pole, run up our flag, and freeze the enemy to death, as did the Russians at Moscow. Yes, gentlemen, I repeat it, build railroads. 'There's milyuns in it! Milyuns in it!'"

Curtain fell, as the great speech ended, and we all silently moved away.

OTTAWANETTES.

Some Capital Stories.

There are various excuses for telling a story or a joke, or giving a bit of humor. The story may be old in the city of its origin, yet new to the outside world. It may be old to both, yet its origin unknown to the world.

Ottawa has some excellent bits of humor and pleasantries, so good in themselves, that though old to its people, I will risk their newness to the general reader.

"*Always to the frunt!*"—A meeting was being held to take charge of a certain mayoralty election. The name of Mr. X. was suggested for one of a committee. Mr. Y. arose and said: "Mr. Chairman, oi doan't think it advoiseabil to naminait a man who is nat prisint. He may not be wid us in sintemint an go agin us ahn principal. I objict to the naim of Mr. X until we foind if he's wid us in boath."

Mr. X., who was "prisint," but had not been seen by Mr. Y., arose, and in great dignity of manner, said: "Af Misther Y. wad look behoind him as wull as furninst him, he wad see that John X. is always to the frunt!"

"The half of yees."—This same Mr. X. once called down into a sewer, which he was building, and asked of the men below, "How manny of yees ahr down thare?" "Three," came back the answer. "Wull, the half of yees cum up!"

"Ahr ye down thare?"—At another time he called to his brother: "Pat, ahr ye down thare? Pat, I say, ahr ye down thare? Ah! wad ye listhen to me, Pat, ahr ye down thare? Af ye're nat thare, whoy the —— doant ye say so, ahn not hov me waistin' me brith bawlin' out at yees?"

The great and only Mr. Z.—Mr. X. has furnished many good-natured smiles, but he is not in the same "running" with Mr. Z., who, for flow of words, has possibly no equal in the Dominion. His use of words in their flow has become proverbial. Mr. Z. has collected a large fund of information, and instead of arranging it in some order, has thrown it indiscriminately into the great reservoir under his hat, where it remains on tap. If he wants any of it, he simply opens the flood gate, and it pours out as free from order as it went in. He is severe in his invective, and few there be who care to become the subject of his "philipics." One day a "subject" became the object at which this was hurled, with all the power that could be given to it by Mr. Z. "There sits a mon who, like Pontchus Poilot, demands his pound of flesh, a mon that Judas Iskariot would be ashamed to know by day, and afraid to meet in the dark."

Historical Speech.

In one of his literary flights he worked himself up by easy stages to this: "In the words of the immoral Shakespeare, in his Paradise Lost, 'A mon's a mon for a' that,' or like the great Sir Walter Dickens, in his Lays Miserables, 'Full manny a flower is born to blush unseen,' and yet it's nothing agin the flower. No, gintlemen, my candidate is 'a mon for a' that,' and I blush, though not unseen, whin I think of those who oppose him. My candidate, gintlemen, is no ordinary candidate. He was wafted across the great ocean from the little isle where wan million freeman are foighting for their luberty. He came to save our fair city from the gulls and vultures He landed a poor, pinnyless boy, with only a dollar and a half to his name, and look at him to-day, a milyunare, wurth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Vote, I say, in conclusion, vote for my candidate, and yu'll niver regret it." They voted and elected his candidate, but his candidate, pay-

ing more attention to the social side than to his watch, only served a part of his term.

Footprints of the Hand of Providence.

At another time, speaking of the prosperity of the country, he said: "The footprints of the hand of Providence is seen on every side. Prosperity is rampant in the land, and the horn of plenty was never distended over so wide an area way. All business is good, for both consumer and consumed, for well you know that the greater the consumption the more there is consumed annually each year."

The Caves of Nepean Point, or the Captain of the Black Pirate Ship.

Possibly his greatest flight of fancy occurred in another political speech. This flight had in it marks of real ability, and we cannot but wonder what Mr. Z. would have been had he one-half the education of many another holding high position, or as a writer of fiction. Said he, in part, by way of simile: "Sur Wilfred Laurier, our great Premier, has planted the tree of prosperity on Parliament Hill, and its branches have spread over the length and breadth of Canada, bringing peace, happiness and prosperity to the entire country. There is no more happy or prosperous country to be found than Canada, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof. But there was a black pirate ship, the captain of which was Sur Charles Tupper, came out from the caves around Nepean Point, floating a black flag, and endeavoured to pull up this tree of prosperity, but, gentlemen, I tell you, I tell you, that the country will not allow such a thing to be done!" He was right, and the tree is still casting its shadows "from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof."

"The Scarlet Robes of the Golden Sunset."

Later.—During the campaign just closed there was no speaker who showed himself more the old time orator than Mr. Z. We were fortunate in hearing one of his great efforts. In telling of it, I can give but the words, the fire of his moving oratory must be imagined. His similes rolled forth as a great volume from an organ of music. As usual, he was sounding the praises of a great candidate, and that candidate's chances for re-election. Said he, in one of his loftiest flights: "They cannot defate him. It wad be as aisy to tare the crimson robes from the golden sunsit, as to pull from off his placidyus brow, the crown of maple leaves." At this writing, both the Sun and Mr. Z.'s candidate are wearing their usual adornments, the one his "crimson robes," the other his "crown of maple leaves."

Market Morning.—Ottawa has two markets, one on Lyon and Sparks Streets, the other in Lower Town, on York Street. To this latter the Colonel and I went one morning. It was quite entertaining, and not unlike the old market at home, only that we heard more kinds of language.

"The Spring Chickens."—One buyer was going up and down among the wagons, hunting for a brace of spring chickens. Spring chickens were scarce that morning. He could find but two, which he finally had to take at $1.10. They were dropped into his basket, and the $1.10 transferred to the farmer, who was still protesting that they were cheap enough. "Cheap!" said the buyer. "Cheap! I can't see it; $1.10 for two spring chickens! How can you say they are cheap?" "They are very cheap; just think of the grain I've had to feed them for the past three years!" But he had the $1.10.

"Ze Old Vun vaz ze Yung Vun."

A little further along, a grocer was pricing two dressed hogs, one large and the other small. The farmer was trying to explain that the little one was older than the big one. "Ze leetle vun vaz ze beeg vun, ze beeg vun vaz ze leetle vun, because"——but he didn't get to the finish of his explanation, as his wife came to his rescue. "Go vay pack, ze chentleman could nevaire dell vat you zay" and turning to the grocer began: "He doan mean ze leetle vun is ze beeg vun, he mean zet ze old vun is ze peeg vun. He nevaire ze English vill spake. I have to ze mairkeet to cum evaire da to spik ze English to ze peeple, zay nevaire unerstan vat he zay to zem. 'Ze leetle vun vuz ze beeg vun; bah!" as she threatened to throw at him a small red beet, but she did not throw it; it might have spoiled the beet, and she was frugal.

Edward got the Place.

The Prime Minister is very popular. Some of the shantymen, who seldom hear what is going on in the world, seem to feel content to let Laurier run it—the world—to suit himself.

When Queen Victoria died, and the Prince of Wales was made King Edward, a shantyman, on hearing the news, and thinking that the Hon. W. C. was the "Edward," exclaimed, "Ze Queen vas ded. She vas vun gud Queen; evaire body love ze Queen. Who get ze place now?" "Edward—he gets ze place." "My, my, but she must have ze beeg pull vit ze Laurier!"

Follows the Medical Profession.—When the Canadian boys were in London, just after the South African war, they were treated royally. Nothing was too good for the soldiers who had

shown their marvellous bravery on the field, and their good nature in camp. All doors and all hearts were open to them. There were some Ottawa boys among the number, one in particular whose charm of manner is proverbial, a young man whose address would at once be remarked. It was remarked by one of the nobility, who sought him out and engaged him in conversation. By way of preface, I will say that among other things, he was interested in the undertaker's business.

"You ah a wonderful people, you Canidians! You always have money. I suppose you are all enguiged in business and the profashions. I would judge you were a profashional. May I ahsk what profashion you follow?"

"Well," said the young Ottawan, in a dignified manner, "I am engaged in a number of things, but I mostly follow the medical profession!"

"Ah, and which school?"

"All of them—all of them, my Lord!"

"Off to a Better World."

For downright, unconscious humor, commend me to the Ottawa business man. A druggist—but even better known as a politician—got out a calendar. It was a fine calendar. There was a large, full-grown angel carrying upward from the earth a beautiful young maiden. On one side of the picture was: "I sell drugs." Then beneath the picture was, "Off to a better world."

"A Full Hand."

I told you how well informed the conductors and motormen are. They are quick at repartee as well. "One evening three gentleman and two ladies," says an "Old Saw" who saw it, "all well-known Ottawans, entered a Bank Street car. The gentlemen were full of spirit (not the plural). The gallant doing the honors, produced five tickets, which he arranged like a hand at cards, and as the conductor approached, remarked: "A full hand!" "Yes, I see," said 42, "a full hand; three jacks and two queens." (The Colonel says the term is one used in a certain game of cards played in Renfrew).

"We'll Toss for the Next!"

Two Ottawans were out together. One was English, the other was Scotch. All day long one of the two had been paying the bills, and was allowed to pay without question until quite late, when conscience—if he had one—said, "My friend is most generous, and yet 'tis not fair that he should do all the paying," and then aloud to his friend: "I've been thinking, you have paid every bill to-day. Now, 'tis not fair, so we'll toss for the next!"

The Colonel asked me: "Rube, did you find which was which?"

"Yes, Colonel, but I promised not to tell," and yet, I fear me that I will be accused of being too personal in my story.

Well, den, 'oo det de dust-pan."

Even the Ottawa babies could furnish some good ones for this chapter. Irene, aged three, had been going to Sunday School, and sitting with "mamma," who thought the little ones should go into a class, so one day "mamma" said:

"Irene, if you go to Sunday school to-day, you must go into Mr. R.'s class."

"I don't want to do in Mister R.'s tlass!"

"Irene, mamma says you must, or you cannot go with her to-day."

"Well, den, I will do in de tlass," she said, and the tears were very near the surface, as she continued: "Mamma, I dist don't see what Dod made Mister R. for anyhow," but she went.

Another day, as she sat playing with her dolly, her mother said: "Irene, run and get the dust-pan for mamma."

"No, I tant do; dolly wants me to play wif her!"

"Oh! Irene," said the mother, with a whole volume of sadness in her voice, "will my little girl refuse to do this for mamma? You know mamma always does things for you when you ask her."

"Well, den, 'oo det de dust-pan!"

Rube's Ottawa Sweetheart—aged nine.

My Ottawa sweetheart (aged 9) was making love to my rival (aged 65), when I protested, and wanted her to "save a little for me." I shall never forget her pretty brown eyes, as she asked: "Do you think a little would satisfy you?" with a great deal of coquettish emphasis on the "little." Where children are in question, I must admit that I like the love *unlimited.*

RUBE AND THE COLONEL RUN TO A FIRE.

On the basis that "Practice makes perfect," Ottawa should have good fire protection, and so it has, else there would not be so much of it left after its many great fires, the greatest of which was imported from Hull in 1900. This particular fire was so vast in extent, that the engines of all Canada might have played on it with about the same effect as a summer shower on a prairie fire, and yet Chief Prevost turned it, and kept it from the main part

of the city. The Colonel and I were desirous of seeing the working of the system, and mentioned to the Chief: "You see, Chief," said I, "we have heard so much about your fire men, that we would like to see them at work."

"Rube, as you are not a bad sort, even though a little—well, no matter. As I was going to say, I will try and arrange to have you see what the boys can do."

He did, but I never could have asked him to have a $50,000 fire just to let us see how the boys worked; but there's nothing small about the Chief, except the number of his men (54), and inside of a week we had the finest fire I had seen since Jones' brewery burned down, and as I had no furniture in the building or stock in the company, I enjoyed seeing it almost as much as the prohibitionists did that fire of Jones'. What we did object to though, was to have the Chiefs' alarm wake us at two o'clock in the morning. We rise early, but there is a limit, and that limit is not two a.m. There was no help for it, and almost as soon as I'm telling you, the Colonel and I were on our way to the fire, which, by this time (owing to the turpentine, oil and other things conducive to a real good fire of the bright cheery sort), was making Ottawa's electric light system look like 29 cents on account.

Now, as this is not for the morning papers, I will not go into detail, further than to say that I never before watched a fire that I did not feel it my duty to tell the Chief just how to conduct it. And yet, as I told Prevost next day, I conducted this fire by telepathy. Why, every time I saw what should be done I *thought,* and the Chief had it done so promptly, that I was surprised to see how well my system (telepathy) worked, and his system was so perfect that the fire was confined to the one large building, and that, too, with frame houses around, and a good strong breeze blowing, with occasional explosions of the turpentine, which added greatly to the excitement of the occasion.

Police so Nice and Kind up Here.

The wonder to us was to see how the boys could work in smoke so dense that it might have been cut into slices and sold by the pound while we often had to run from it, from our position across the street. Yes, "across the street," for the police are so nice and kind up here, that they allow everybody to get right into the fire, if they have a mind to, and can stand the heat, and never say a word. So different down home, where one don't dare go near the building for a week after the fire; but, then, for that matter, the police here haven't come to feel that there is but one people, and that they are "It." They have, when occasion demands lots of "backbone," but are never "chesty," and you just can't help liking them.

"Rube," said the Colonel, when he had read this over, "I see that you haven't said a word about that other early alarm you responded to that morning so hastily."

"What alarm?" I asked.

"That three, three, three, nine."

"That was before I had learned the different sounds of the bells, and the numbers of the alarm; besides, it might be better for us all, if we responded more frequently to the "three, three, three, nine," as another sort of "fire protection." Which reminds me that in speaking of

Fire Protection,

I will give a few things along the fire line for the benefit of the Ottawans who do not even know what an excellent system they have. Ottawa has nine engine houses, equipped with every possible device, even down to the little things, and all of the latest inventions. These are the important things:—Three ladder trucks: one Gleason & Bailey 85-feet aerial truck, and two 56-feet portable extension ladders; nine hose wagons, with 20,000 feet of hose; one La France Company, Elmira, N.Y., and two Waterous, Brantford, Ont., fire engines; thirty-six "race" horses (you'd think so if you saw them), twenty-six portable fire extinguishers; not to mention the hundreds of yards of salvage covers, and all other possible fire paraphernalia which would come under the head of "little things." Then, there are 900 fire hydrants on 15-inch (mostly) water mains, with a water pressure of 45 to 100 pounds. The pressure is sufficient for most fires, so that the engines are seldom used. $75,000 is being spent this year on making the main system a perfect one. In 1902 there were 266 alarms responded to—and right here is proof of the efficiency of the service. The total loss from all fires during the year was but $135,270.

The long service of some of the firemen is quite remarkable. Chief Prevost has been in 21 years. First in Montreal, and 7 years at the head of the service in Ottawa. Thomas Stanford, Senior Assistant Chief, has been a fireman here for 29 years, and James Latimer, Assistant Chief, 27 years. The two assistants have charge, one of the west, the other of the east, end of the city, while Chief Prevost lives in the centre, and responds to all calls.

Yes, Ottawa has a better fire system than even its own people know.

Ottawans Matter of Fact People.

Then, they are so matter of fact about their fires. The post office burned one night, but as it started in the upper storys, they kept right on with their work on the first floor, and before "things" fell in, the work was all done, all mail matter and moveables taken out—not a single "make-up" for outgoing trains was

missed, while next morning one would not have known that there had been a fire, as the morning mail was on time as usual, the "post office" having been removed after midnight to the Parliament Buildings. I thought this quick work, but when—less than four weeks later—they were back in the old office, I felt that the Post Office Department might give us a number of points on speed. Why, the next morning a corps of workmen, like bees for numbers, were clearing out the hot debris; these were followed by carpenters, plumbers and other builders, and as I said, less than four weeks from the fire, that had left little but the bare stone walls, the mail was again being handled in its old quarters as usual. There is little red tape in the Post Office Department under Sir William Mulock. If things are to be done, there is little question about the doing with Sir William. This office is under Postmaster Mr. J. A. Gouin, with Mr. E. B. Bates as a most capable assistant, and a corps of helpers who know and do their duty. At the time of the fire, one man, Mr. W. O. Mercer, worked with no rest for thirty-six hours.

Bytown Fire Brigades.

"Big difference, Colonel, between the old and the new way of fire fighting, here as well as elsewhere."

"What do you know about the fire companies of old Bytown days?" asked the Colonel.

"About all that Paul Favreau (the oldest fireman in Canada) ex-Chief Wm. Young, Fred. Proderick, and others of the old boys know," said I, and then I told him how that away back in 1842, the "Mutuals" was the first company. It was in Upper Town. The "Alliance" came next, in 1845, in Lower Town. Both, of course, were hand engines worked by volunteers. The water was supplied by the "puncheon men," who were paid—the first one to reach the fire, $2.00—and 25 cents for subsequent barrels. The race to get there first often resulted in almost empty barrels, either by reason of little water at the start, or jolted out on the way. No matter, the first barrel drew the $2.00, even though the engine drew but a pail of water from it at the end.

In 1847, John Langford joined the Mutuals and became Chief. In 1853, the corporation purchased three engines—the "Chaudiere," "Ottawa," and "Rideau." The first-named was given to the "Mutuals," which then took the name of the engine. The "Ottawa" and "Rideau" were manned by companies under their names.

About this time two hook and ladder companies were formed in Upper and in Lower Town, and took the names of the two districts.

As the city grew, another engine, the "Queen," was purchased.

The " Rideau," " Queen," and Lower Town hook and ladder companies were composed exclusively of French residents, the other companies of English speakers.

Up to 1867 the companies were managed on the go-as-you-please plan. That year the corporation assumed some authority over them, and appointed a chief and deputy chief, who were to have full command over all. John Langford was made chief, and Paul Favreau deputy.

The various companies had, at that time, the following number of men: The " Chaudiere," 60 men; " Ottawa," 60; " Rideau," 40; " Queen," 40; Lower Town hooks and ladders, 25; Central hooks and ladders, 25. In all, 250.

In 1872, John Langford resigned, and Wm. Young was made Chief, having been a member of the Upper Town hook and ladder company since 1859.

Chief Young at once made a business matter of fire fighting, visiting cities in Canada, and the larger ones of the United States.

The first steam fire engine—the " Conqueror," from Merryweather & Sons, London, England—was the beginning of a new era for Ottawa. The engine reached the city after much delay, in January, 1874. Many an Ottawan will remember the " Conqueror " and " anti-Conqueror " factions. " It is too heavy," said the antis. " Just right," said the others.

Next the " Ottawas " were voted a Silsby engine, which was so trim and nice that it was called the " John Heney," after a very popular alderman, who, at 85, is quite as popular as ever.

The " Chaudiere's " turn came next, and a Hislop & Roland, Chatham, Ont., steamer was given them.

THE COLONEL, THE TOMATOES AND THE DOG.

The Colonel and I have had many choice bits of experience in and around Ottawa during our wanderings, but just at the moment I cannot think of one other that took up so much of our time, not that we were particularly busy that afternoon, but we never like to actually give precious moments unless something is accomplished, and really, I can't, even yet, see what we gained by the wasted hours, and waste them we certainly did. Yes, just sat 'round in that tree from early afternoon until the moon was well up. We didn't have a thing to do but just sit there. If we had only gotten down and played a game of *Mumblepeg,* it would have been a restful change, but we did not think of it—at least we did not get down to play the game. *" What were we doing in the tree?"* Pardon me, I had forgotten that you did not know. I knew so well that I thought you'd know about it. *" Tell you?"*

Well, you see, it was the day the Colonel and I were over there back of Ottawa East. While going leisurely along viewing the beauties of the Rideau River, and taking in bits of scenery and other things that were not fastened down, we passed a tomato patch near a farm house. There being no wire fence that day, the Colonel began hunting for a " ripe one," but just as he found it, the farmer ran out, gesticulating and saying something in French, while unchaining a nice large dog which he had in the yard.

" What is he saying, Rube," asked the Colonel, as we started for a wide branching tree, fortunately not too far away.

" I think, Horatius, that he is telling us that we can find riper tomatoes over where he is," but we didn't go over to see, as we were both busy, just then, seeing if we couldn't reach that tree before the dog. It was almost an even race, but we got there first. Not very much first, but enough to save having to wear patches. I don't know when I have seen a dog that could run like that one. He looked big and clumsy, but he wasn't; no, not even a little bit clumsy. He was, in fact, real fleet. It was only the handicap of distance which lost him the race. About half a foot less and he had been the winner.

That farmer may have been French as to language, but he certainly had one of the best English laughs I've heard in Ottawa. I know, for as we looked back to where he was standing, he was busy using that laugh, just as though it were a real pleasure to him. We looked in all directions, but neither the Colonel nor I could see a single thing in sight to laugh at, but there that French farmer stood holding his sides and " haw-hawing " in excellent English, without even an accent in the " haw-haw." He did look so foolish to us as we sat in that tree trying to make friends with his dog, but that dog wouldn't get sociable, no matter what we said to him. We learned afterwards that the beast was French, and we had wasted all our pet names on him. And yet, while he may not have been a sociable dog, he had some rare qualities, and not least among those qualities was his patience. I have known intimately many dogs in my life, but at the moment, I cannot recall one that had more patience, one who seemed to really enjoy having patience, so much as that one. He never once got tired waiting. Several times during the afternoon we thought he was asleep, but he wasn't asleep at all: No, he was just a good patient watchdog, with pressing business to attend to, and never once neglected his duty for a minute during the hours he spent with us. We will furnish him with a "character" to this effect should his master ever come for one. We may furnish his master with other things, but that's not in this story.

Our landlady said that evening, that next time we were so late to tea that we could just go to the restaurant. We explained that

we had been to the restaurants, but that they were all closed. And to think, too, we had to eat those tomatoes without salt.

"How did we get away?"

Oh, yes; I must tell you. It's the best part of the story, at any rate the part we most enjoyed. Well, long about — o'clock p.m., we saw the whole police force of Ottawa East coming along, under full sail, our way. It was out on dress parade, or else looking for something to arrest. It does so like to arrest things that it even goes out after dark looking for them. It is such a fearless body! Just as it reached our tree, it saw the dog, and stopped—stopped short, did that whole police force of Ottawa East. "Ha, ha," it said, as it saw that moon-bathed dog, "ha, ha, oud widoud yer mussle! Ve dinks ve vill arrest yu, und led yu to dur bound, vunce quvick!" It stopped, as if in a deep study, how best to make its "arresd." The Colonel saw *its* quandary, and called down in a sepulchral tone: "Surround him, Charlie! Surround him!" *It* started to say "Ha, ha" again, but that patient dog started first, at the same time beginning to rise up. Now, while that dog was French by birth, he must have been English by accent, for in *his* "Ha, ha!" he dropped both hs and ran the aas together, with a peculiar nasal accent all his own, and the combination was too much for the "force." It started full speed out into the "somewhere," with the dog a good second. "I reckon," said the Colonel, as we got down out of the tree to watch the *race*, "I reckon Charlie 'dinks' he is leading our dog to the pound to *arresd* him for not wearing his muzzle." We never learned which got there first, as we were too much occupied in reaching a point in the opposite direction. And that's how we got away from that tree in Ottawa East.

CENTRAL CANADA EXHIBITION.

They had a "Fair" in Ottawa while we were there. It was the regular old-fashioned "Fair," with its fine horses, cattle, hogs, sheep, hens and rain; it's "hit-the-nigger-and-get-a-cigar" fair; red lemonade, peanuts, and—well, they had them all—and a number of other things thrown in to give you the full value for your money; but with them all they didn't call it a Fair. It was an "Exhibition."

"Fairs," said I, have been relegated, with the "Jays" and "Jayesses" who used to attend them."

"Rube," asked the Colonel, "don't you feel lonesome?" I didn't reply, I could see no reason for his query.

"Colonel," said I, "had you asked that question at the last Fair—Exhibition—I went to in Canada, I should have said 'yes.' Did I ever tell you about it? No? Well, I was in a town one

day where was being held one of these exhibitions. I was alone, and whenever I am alone, I want to talk to someone around. That day I had to soliloquize, I tried to talk to everybody in sight, but no one could even tell me if the weather was good or bad, or if the crops needed rain; no, they all shrugged their shoulders, and referred me, with outstretched arms, to 'Sapon.' I hunted the grounds over for Mr. 'Sapon,' or any of his family, but none of them were there that day, and I wandered on among the big pumpkins, cabbages and beets, and felt lonesome. I did see a man who looked like he might be able to hold up one end of a conversation, and boldly asked: 'Can you talk?'"

"Yes, you—why do you ask?" he replied, discourteously.

"Just wanted to see if you could, that's all!" I wasn't going to talk with him; he was so rude, and said emphatic things too emphatically.

"Well, I finally went over to the poultry department, to get back my spirits and break up that lonesome feeling. I tell you, Colonel, I felt at home among those chickens."

"What! At home amongst chickens! How's that?"

"Of course, and why not? They were the only things on the ground that I could understand. They cackled their *lays* and crowed their crows in most excellent English! What was it, Colonel, you were saying about the Jays?"

No "Jays" at the Fair.

Speaking of "Jays" and "Jayesses," if the funny magazine man had to depend for his pictures upon an Ottawa Fair for subjects, he would have to go out of business the first season. This is no jolly, but a fact. The people, even from the backwoods country, were well dressed, and appeared at their ease amongst city folk. I made special enquiry as to the why, and was told that dress and education have become so general that the remotest corner of the country has good schools, and the people well dressed. They even claim that the Province of Ontario has as fine a school system as there is in the world, and teachers, too, who are educated to teach; and while they receive better pay than in the Province of Quebec, they do not receive pay enough, and the supply is falling away, the bright young Canadian girls seeking positions in other channels.

"Made in Canada."

Wherever we went, in any part of the grounds, from entrance to exit, we were met with the placard: "Made in Canada." There were more things at that Exhibition than I had once thought were made in all Canada.

I wished that you people at home and in Europe who imagine that Canada is an icy wilderness, could have been here to see

everything, from beautiful oil-paintings down, or up to, a plough, made right here in this land of natural beauty and manufactured necessities. Why, bless you, the Colonel and I are coming to think of it as the "wonderland" we used to read about. I may some day write you a story: "Rube in Wonderland." It would beat "Alice" herself—if the land had anything to do with it.

"Rube, come on; this is not that other Fair. You don't need to stand round and soliloquize, or listen to the "lays" of the birds."

Rube Buys a Microscope.

"No, nor am I a 'Rube-come-on,' even though that microscope man in the main building did, yesterday, sell me that valuable glass which made a living, moving ocean out of a drop of water, as long as he was there, and through which I couldn't have seen a cow when I got to the boarding house. Queer how things change after you buy them!"

"Yes, I saw him *change* that glass as soon as he got your money, but I thought it a good lesson to you, so did not speak of it at the time. Was it "Jays" you were soliloquizing about, and saying there were none on the ground?" I only looked at him, as we reached the main building, where we stopped to see the prettiest exhibit on the ground, just to the right of the entrance. It was

Shurly and Dietrich's Saws.

"Rube, these are none of your *old saws,*" as we stood in front of the beautiful display.

"I suppose, Colonel, you consider that a *cutting* remark, but it's a long Distons from being so."

"No," said the handsome young man from Galt, who only heard part of my remark, "these are not Diston's; we beat Diston himself at the World's Fair in Chicago, and can beat the world—and "Made in Canada" too, made in the Manchester of Canada, Galt."

"Where's Galt?"

"*Where's Galt*! Where are you from, anyhow, not to know the most famous town in Canada! Why, it's 57 miles west of Toronto, on the Canadian Pacific. Oh, I see; you are Yankees, ain't you? Well, you are excusable; the smoke of your Pittsburgs has been, up to now, clouding our smokestacks, but we're building them so high that we'll make you see them before long." As he promised to send us a picture of his display of saws, of every conceivable style, from one of a few inches to a "band" of 50 feet long, we forgave him for his boast over us. He even showed us one he called the "Maple Leaf Greyhound," which cut through a two foot hardwood block in 28 seconds, when I saw that I could not but sigh for the wasted hours I had spent "riding" the old fashioned variety down on the Ohio farm, where I worked

for three a day. "Three *what?*" asks the Colonel. "Meals, what do you suppose!" And even then the farmer said he lost money. Now, he never would have said that if S. and D. had invented the "Maple Leaf" earlier in life.

Both Shurly and Dietrich were once with the Diston's, in Philadelphia, where they learned all they could, and then came to Canada to improve on that old firm's mode of business. They must have come near doing so, as vide Chicago Fair.

Nearly everywhere the Colonel and I go about the country, we see on the fences

"Karn is King."

We had often wondered who Karn was, and why he was "King"—we found out at the Fair. When we stood round the Karn section, and listened to the pianos and organs, from reed to pipe, we could then *hear* why "Karn is King."

"Where are these made in Canada?" we asked of the stylish attendant.

"At Woodstock."

"Where's Woodstock?" Say, I wish I had that young man's photograph, taken at that moment. Both look and pose would have made a picture for the family album, to be shown later on with: "*This is my cousin, taken one day in Ottawa when shocked by two ignorant Yankees*—you jist otter hear him plav the pianner tho." He finally came to, and told us that it was on the Canadian Pacific, 88 miles west of Toronto.

Canada has so many lakes and rivers that in no part of the world is boating and canoeing so popular. And in no part of the world are the boat and canoe builders so proficient as up here. Even knowing this, we had no conception of the extent to which the business is carried until we went round to the Peterborough Canoe Company's exhibit, and talked with the one in charge. So familiar are this company's canoes that the very town itself has, through them, become known over the world—and especially so to the hunters and fishers who come to Canada. A Peterborough boat or canoe is like a watch labelled "Waltham," it don't need any other commendation.

We next went over and watched little Miss Deitz, a graduate of the Metropolitan, run off 100 words a minute on a typewriter, without looking at the keys, which for that matter were covered over. She was writing a very "touching" little story about how this machine is beating all others.

The Oliver Typewriter—Oliver Born in Canada.

And speaking of "Made in Canada," and typewriters, the manufacture of the famous Oliver is becoming a great industry in this country, and just here I will say that all over Canada new factories are starting up, not only to manfacture the inventions

of the Canadians themselves (and there are up here some world-famed inventors—vide Bell, of the telephone, and Edison's parents were Nova Scotians), but the excellent things of other countries are now being made here. The Linotype, on which these words will be set, is now made in Canada. A large company went to the States to look over the typewriters, and chose the Oliver as the best in the field. And by the way, Oliver himself is a Canadian from Woodstock.

Some of our great agricultural implement manufacturers are establishing immense plants in Canada. As we wandered around the grounds of this great Exposition, it was hard to believe that we were not looking over that in one of our own great cities.

The foregoing are but a few of the hundreds of exhibits. I give them but as illustrations of what is "Made in Canada."

An Old Page Turns Up.

On the way over to Machinery Hall, I was carried, in mind, back to the old Ohio farm, by seeing the placard, the Page Wire Fence Company. "Oh," said I, "Colonel, here's something at last not made in Canada;" they had to send to us for the 'Page.' with which the old farm is fenced—and I don't blame them, for they can't beat it." But when W. E. Fairbairn handed me his card, bless you, there it was on one corner, "M.I.C." "What," said I, "this too?" Fairbairn being a member of my family—of readers—saw the point, and replied: "Yes, Rube, this too. The demand for the best fence in the world was so great up here, that we had to build a factory over in Walkerville, Ont., where fences and other things *strong* are made. Have one?"

"Well, I don't care if I do!" said the Colonel, a little off his guard for the moment, and thinking that Fairbairn meant another *strong* Walkerville article. But he didn't mean that at all, no, he meant "Have a booklet," with which the Colonel was already *loaded*. From this particular booklet I learned that the Page is strung from Cape Breton to Vancouver. Well, no wonder it's a "M. I. C."

Rube Finds Something Superior from Home.

As we leisurely strolled through Machinery Hall, looking at patent churns and things, and talking at the upper end of our voices to be heard above the din of canines in the "Dog Show" in the next room, my eye caught "Superior." And again I went back to the old home, for that name is so attached to *Springfield, Ohio,* that I never see it without sending a wireless telegram. The message may not be received, as the one going away often holds the only working end of the "wireless," or if there be one at the other end, it is seldom toned up to the receiving tension.

But there was "Superior," and soon there was I, looking at the best drill—grain drill—in the world, for it was our own and

only. I exclaimed "M. I. O." (Made in Ohio). I was so delighted to see it that even the unhappy times I had to "drill" for three meals per day seemed now very delightful days.

It isn't the dog, but the memories that "even a dog from home" bring up. "Colonel, let's stop at 'Ohio,'" and we did—stopped looking at the "M. I. C.'s," and went to the show part of the Fair. I don't know how our fairs are now conducted, as it has been years since I attended one, but they are different up here. The racing is entirely separate, but then as a "continuous performance," with fireworks at night, are provided, no one objects to the "extra for Grand Stand." It is a feature that if not taken up by the management at home, it should be, as it adds both to the enjoyment of the people and to the balance sheet of the association.

Hon. W. C. Edwards' Exhibit of Cattle.

To this Central Canada Exhibition much is due for the improved live stock seen all throughout the Ottawa Valley. As facts count for more than assertions, it may be well to speak of actual values of some of the live stock. Hon. W. C. Edwards had a large number of shorthorn cattle at this Exhibition, from his Pine Grove Stock Farm, at Rockland, on the Ottawa. One cow alone is valued at $6,000: Missie, 153. Her full brother, Marquis of Benda, is equally, or more valuable. Her yearling heifer calf at $2,000; present, bull calf at same price.

Hon. Mr. Edwards' herd of 175 animals are all high grade in character and breeding. It is the best herd in this country, and equalled but by three others in the world. This is a fact worth making a note of by those who don't know of this wonderland.

The New York Judge at the Dog Show.

We were about to leave that part of the grounds, when we chanced to pass the dog show building.

"Listen, Colonel," said I, stopping, "what is the awful commotion inside?"

"Let's go in and see" said he, and we threw two dimes "to the dogs," and went in. We hadn't got more than through the outer show room when we saw a poor innocent looking man cornered up trying his utmost to talk to a room full of jesticulating women, who were talking in the same register, and all talking at the same time. Poor man, I wondered what he had done. I was sure he was a pickpocket or had tried to slay some one. Finally I could catch an occasional sentence, and then I learned the why of the riot.

"What do you know about dogs, anyhow?" said the Amazon with a Prince Charles.

"You come here from New York to judge dogs when you don't know a bull pup from a Mantle China!"

The man tried to say something, but I could only catch a few of his words, such as "more—racket"—"bull"—"china"—"shop!" I could not see the meaning of his stray words.

A woman next me was saying to a real pretty little thing, but without any "points:" "Yes ittle one we'll do straight home—that awful New York *animal* says that ugly cur inside is better than oo. He don't know anything"—then she kissed the "ittle one."

"Come on Rube, it's nothing. I see it all. The imported Judge has simply given a lot of wrong decisions, that's all! He will never dare to come here again."

"How do you know he has given wrong decisions?"

"*How do I know?* Why man, are you stone deaf? Can't you hear the women telling him that he has?"

Why the Colonel Left Home.

On the way back from the Fair the Colonel got confidential and said, "Rube, did I ever tell you why I left my native city? *No?* Well, the judge's experience at the show brought it vividly back to my mind. I was at one time called the most popular man in my town. Now understand, Rube, I'm not boasting, I'm simply telling you what they called me during my most *popular* days. I dare not think of what they called me later on, but at the time I'm telling you of, I could have had the town if I had asked for it. I could get any office I wanted, all the money from the bank I needed, nothing went on but I was at the head or close by, helping run it. In short they gave me to understand that I was *"It,"* and for a time I believed them. Well, some idiot in town had a baby, which he was sure was without the remotest doubt the prettiest, the cunningest, the sweetest, the plumpest, the fairest, the all roundest baby that ever happened in all Ohio, and this idiot was its father and it was his first and only. He proposed

A Baby Show,

and as the town and country were full of other idiots, and every one with the same hallucination, his proposition was received with general approbation, and the show was held. Babies poured in from every nook and corner of the town and country, fat babies, lean babies, tall babies, stout babies, red headed, white, red, and even black babies were cuddled, truddled into town for that show. It was on Thursday of the County Fair. You never saw such a crowd before or since in that town!

"All was in readiness when the question arose: "Who will be the Judge?" If I had ever doubted my popularity before, all doubt was thrown to the wind when almost in one voice the fond parents called out "Colonel Horatius!—Colonel Horatius!" Say, Rube, I felt for a few moments that: "This is the happiest

period of my life." It did prove to be a "period," but the shortest—and has extended the longest *of my life.* I consented and judged that baby show. I picked out a real genuine little beauty from the remote part of the County, but every other idiot on that ground, with a baby, set up such an ado, and called me so many odd names that before night I wondered who I was anyhow. Well, that was the end of my popular dreams in that County. I could not have been elected after that for pound keeper, and could not have borrowed a thing but trouble, and of that I had more already than I needed. I finally left town and have been back but once since. Take my advice, Rube, if ever you get to thinking you are *It,* remember my experience and refuse all offers of a Judgeship at a baby show." And the Colonel actually sighed in remembrance.

Wouldn't Take the Tickets.

Before the Fair was over the Colonel agreed to not mention my purchase of the microscope—and this is why. One afternoon there was a great rush for the Grand Stand as a special attraction was "on." No one could get near the ticket office but those who were there already and they couldn't get away. "Tickets"—"Tickets," called out a man standing near the entrance. "Here give me two and be quick about it!" said the Colonel, and inside of a minute we were inside of the vortex, being pushed along to the ticket taker. "Here you there—come back, this is no boarding tent!" And then he held up the two tickets the Colonel had gone and purchased for a "hot dinner." As we fought our way out everybody stopped long enough to laugh. I would not so much have minded it, but the Colonel, when asked, by a newspaper man, said he was from Hull. I didn't like it a bit as I am very partial to Hull. When finally we got our tickets and seats, and sort o' "between the acts," whom should we see near us, enjoying it all to the full, but the Old Citizen's brother, with his brother's information distributor in good working order.

The Old Citizen's Brother.

"I was just a thinkin of the furst 'Ex.' the Dumminyun ever held in Ottawer," he began. "It was, by the way, the furst ever held in Canada, that is the furst by the Dumminyun, or as I'm tryin to tell ye the furst Dumminyun Exhibishion, and—"

"Yes, yes, go on, we understand. The show will be over before you get started if you don't. Look, Colonel, there's another balloon with two parachutes going up. Next year the whole family and the dog will have parachutes. Anything for excitement! Oh, beg pardon"—to the O. C.'s brother—"you were about to tell us of

The First Dominion Exhibition,

you said, I believe, or started to say, that it was held here in Ottawa?"

"Yes, in the fall of 1879, in Septembur. I remember it well, my thurd darter wus born that yere. She's married now, an livin in Manitober—I tell yer Manitober's the country!"

"Let's have the Exhibition first," broke in the Colonel, "and then you may give us the daughter, Manitoba and the whole Northwest, if there's any time left."

"Well, it wus under the osspices of the Agriculture and Arts Assosighashun. It's President was Sam Wilmit, an it's Seckertary was John R. Craig—John's now out in Meadow Crick, Alberta. He's got the gratest cattle ranch out thare—what du ye think John's got the ranch fenced with. Eh?"

"The Page wire?" asked the Colonel, who is "stuck" on the Page, or would be if it had barbs.

"Naw—bettern that!"

"What then?" again asked the Colonel.

"Why, John's gone and had a mountain strung almost clean round hes ranch to keep the wind out an the cattle in. It comes *high* but it's a grate fence!" and then he stopped so long to laugh at his little joke, that he nearly forgot the First Dominion Exhibition. We gave up trying to hold him to his subject, and just let him wander all over the Dominion, stopping in every Province and Territory, and giving us a lot of really valuable information about them all, but in the usual disconnected form. We culled, however, some interesting data on the first "Ex."

C. H. McIntosh was the Mayor—Mayor for '79, '80 and '81. The "Fair" was opened by His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne, and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise.

Some of the cattle exhibitors were, the Watts, J. & W., of Salem, John Snell and Sons, of Edmonton, F. W. Stone, of Guelph, and to our surprise he told us that W. C. Edwards was an exhibitor. We had thought the Senator too young to be a fair exhibitor a quarter of a century ago. Then there was Thos, Clarke, of Nepean, and to show the nice calves in that day, he said that Hon. George Brown, of Bow Park, had his $12,000 yearling there.

"Estimated value?" I asked.

"Naw, Brown *paid* $12,000 for it!"

"It's a wonder they let him out long enough to show his calf," said the Colonel.

"Out of what?" asked the old man.

"Why, out of the asylum, of course!"

"If yud seen that calf an his pedagog that reached back ten generashuns to Duke something, yud not chaff at the price!" and he seemed injured that the Colonel should think the Hon. Brown crazy for paying so much money in that day of cheap cattle.

Princess Louise presented the medals to the exhibitors, after the Fair, at a banquet held to spend some of the profits of the show. At that banquet were many whose names were great then and others who have since had titles added to their names. Here are some of those present: Sir John A. and Lady Macdonald, Sir Charles Tupper, Hon. D. Christie, (Sir) Mackenzie Bowell, Major and Mrs. De Winton, Dr. (Sir) James A. Grant, Mr. (Sir) Adolph Caron, Alonzo Wright, Hon. James Skead, J. W. Currier, Major McIntosh, A. S. Woodburn, John R. Craig, Ira Morgan, President Wilmot and many others.

RUBE BUYS A PUP.

Speaking of dog shows and things, I am reminded of one of my Ottawa investments.

It was on a Bank Street car. It was evening, the little girl with the basket looked very sad. That she was in trouble I was certain. When little girls are in trouble I too am sad. I watched her face. It was not a pretty face, but a wan pinched face—pinched by poverty. What was in the basket, that she gave it so much attention? Ah, it moves! *What?* Yes, it's a pup. Poor child, thought I, she is taking her one little pet away to sell it to buy bread, possibly to relieve the hunger of brothers and sisters at home. It must not be, she must not sell the dear little thing—her playfellow! No, I will prevent it. "What have you in the basket?" I asked, even though I already knew.

"It's a pup," she said timidly.

"Where are you taking it?" I asked in a gentle tone.

"I'm taking it to a man who wants to buy it," and her voice trembled. I knew it, I knew it, she has been sent to sell her one pet, and oh, how lonely will she be without it. No, I will prevent it. I'll buy the pup and then give it back to her—and make her oh so happy. I do love to make children happy! "How much do you ask for the little thing?" said I, soft like—really "softer" even than I thought.

"My ma said I must ask a dollar and a half, but to take thirty cents rather than to bring it home." I looked at it. It wasn't cheap in so full a market as Ottawa, but what matter, the money would buy bread and relieve hunger mayhap. I would buy it and then return it to her, and bring back the smiles to her sad little face. I was fairly bubbling with joy as I paid her full price. Ah, just as I thought, she smiled! She was almost pretty at that moment—but she smiled too soon. I only expected to see the smile on the return of her pet—why, she even laughed—and that too before I had had time to return her little playfellow. Ah, I know why she seemed so cheerful—she thought of the bread my

money would buy—and possibly a bit of cake for the little ones at home. I would not return it at once, I would reserve the pleasure for a few blocks—that is I *thought* I would reserve the pleasure, but just then she got up as though to leave the car, so I had to act quickly. "Here, take back your pet—I don't want it—you may keep the money too," and everybody looked his and her commendation.

"Oh, Oh I'll get licked if I bring it home!" she said, scared like.

"Why so," I asked in surprise, and the car full looked surprised too.

"Oh, cause we've got fourteen more just like it, and they're eating their blamed heads off." And as she went away with my dollar and a half she was smiling, and so was everybody else in the car.

P.S.—If you should hear of anyone wanting a well *bread* pup send him around, I'll pay full commission, to any one who will sell 'the *dear* little thing" for me. I find now that I bought at the wrong time—every family in town has a full supply, and the number is growing even faster than the population.

THE COLONEL AND RUBE GO TO PARLIAMENT,

not by votes, but by inclination. You see, everybody was talking about a great speech that was to be delivered. It had been talked about for days. "What will he say? What can he say?" were questions heard on all sides. His opponents said, "He can say nothing to the point," while his friends were confident that he could say a whole lot, and everything to the point.

The Colonel and I went to hear it, as 'twas the proper thing to do. Everybody else had gone before, and no place was left us but a little standing room against the wall. The speech was so good, however, that we did not mind the inconvenience. We were well repaid. We knew not the merits of the case. 'Tis not for us to study the "why" of Canadian politics, but we did enjoy the manner of the speaker's delivery.

The Colonel hears something about Canadian Girls.

The great room was packed. There were those from many parts of the Dominion, and a most excellent opportunity it was for studying the different faces of the people. The Colonel, always interested in the ladies, frequently asked of the citizen with us: "Who is the lady?" indicating by various ways to designate the particular one meant.

"She is from 'Toronto' or 'Winnipeg,' &c., as the case might be.

"Who is the haughty one who seems to think only of self?"

"She is from ————, and is very rich."

"*Old* or recent?"

"Recent," says the citizen, "recent; the 'old' know better how not to display it."

"Who is that one whose repartee seems so to animate those of her party?" asked the Colonel, indicating a very bright-faced blonde near where we stood.

"She is from Toronto, and is said to be very clever," said the citizen.

"Who is that sweet-faced lady on the far side of the gallery?"

"The one with the tall brunette? She is from Nova Scotia. Of course, you know the Nova Scotia ladies, like the men, are remarkable for their brilliance. What? Oh, no; everybody seems to think that, but it is not by any means the case. Of course, they have much fish, but they'd be more brilliant on vegetables than some people on whale, and what I say refers to all the Lower Provinces." The Colonel declared afterward that when the citizen said this about "whale diet" that he looked and winked a very peculiar wink in my direction. He need not have done that; I knew that what he was saying was true, and he need not have looked at me for corroboration. No, some people "don't know nawthin'" and couldn't learn, even on a whole school of whales.

"Is there a delegation from Old Quebec to-day?"

"Why do you ask?" queried the citizen.

"Well, look in all directions, and we can see so many pretty, bright-faced ladies that I can't think of any town outside of Quebec that could produce them, and I thought that Quebec *must* have a delegation over to-day to hear the speech."

"Why, Colonel, you must have been going about Ottawa with your eyes shut. Quebec could not find a delegation to equal the girls of Ottawa; for proof of this, look about you," and the Colonel did, and smiled a very pleased smile.

And so ran on the Colonel with his questions and the citizen with his replies.

All this after the great speech, and sort o' between' the remarks that followed by other members. Yes, that speech was a masterpiece. It was one of many good ones we heard while in Ottawa. The Dominion has many men of ability, and has sent a number of them to Ottawa. If a criticism were to be made on the House, it would be that the repartee is seldom witty, as in the old days, of which we are told, and too often is it of an order that reflects little credit on the members dealing in it. It is frequently no higher than: "You're another." This, of course, only refers to those members who are here by reason of influence in their little localities, and not because the country at large would have selected them.

RUBE AND THE COLONEL GO TO THE CIRCUS.

"Rube did you get 'em?" asked the Colonel, that day I went to the Orphan Asylum to borrow a few orphans to take *to see the animals.*

"No, a whole house full and no one to loan a single kid!" said I. We had made it up to take out some of the little uns, feed 'em on peanuts, candy, popcorn, and red lemonade, and watch 'em have fun at their first circus, but it was a failure. The authority is so divided up that nothing short of a board meeting could grant our request, so we compromised by having Reynolds pick out some of Ottawa's typical newsies. If the boys he sent were typical, then Ottawa newsies are "ded uns" for a fact. There was nothing new to them. They'd seen 'em all and knew every animal by sight, while every act was old to them, in short, though young, they were blasé and we were disappointed.

"Colonel," said I, when we got back, "boys ain't boys any more, they begin seeing things so young that they're men in knickerbockers. Oh, how different in our day! The nearest approach to a circus we saw were the flaming posters, telling of wonders that made our imagination almost too large for us to hold. Father was agin the circus, so we had to content us with posters and processions until we were thirteen or fourteen.

"I must tell you Colonel about

Rube's First Circus.

My first circus—and how we got home from it. We boys had saved up all spring, and for a whole month before it was billed for, we had worked early and late in the hope that father would relent and let us go, but 'twas no use, for, as I said, he was agin circuses.

"It was seven miles away, but we boys had it all planned to "run off." "Jack" Harney, the hired boy, had somehow become possessed of an old and very delapidated horse, "Nuff" Weaver hired a big, heavy spring wagon of a neighbor, and Brother Frank and I were to pay for the tickets as our share.

"We set out with Jack's seven-mile nag, and"——

"Why 'seven-mile nag' Rube?" asked the Colonel.

"Don't spoil the story, Colonel. You'll see in due time.

"The way old Rosenante flew, with his stub tail high in the air, was a caution! We reached Springfield in time to visit the pictures on the outside of all the wonderful side shows, and deeply regret that we hadn't the price to see inside. that we might look upon the fat lady, the skeleton man, the sword swallower, the great snakes, and watch the glassblower spin ships out of glass.

Later in life we learned that very often the best part of more than a side show is on the outside canvas, and knew then how little we had missed in not having the price.

"But now for the show itself! The marvellous aggregation of which we had dreamed for years! That one-ring circus was more wonderful than any five-ring show we have ever since looked upon! I never saw tumblers tumble equal to those marvellous acrobats, or riders ride as those men who jumped through paper-covered hoops. Oh, how we did enjoy it! Then, that fierce Numidian lion, which we were certain would eat the daring man, who took his life in one hand and a club in the other, as he entered the cage! Oh, how we trembled for that brave lion tamer! We did not then know the age of the animal, or that his meat had to be *Hambergered* for him, else we had *not* trembled.

"The Clowns were far funnier even than Dave Stoner at his best.

"Oh, the joy of it all! The tinsel of the actors to us was real gold; the man and woman on the trapeze seemed to be winged birds, flying through the air at the dizzy height of fifteen feet; the chariot races at the end we have never seen equalled. All—everything in that one-ring circus was nothing short of marvellous!

"It came to an end all too soon, even though it was nearly midnight before it closed!

"And now for home. Jack's old grey gave out before we had gotten three miles. We coaxed, pushed on the lines, and finally beat him, but all to no purpose. He would not or could not pull us a foot further, and we had to unhitch and "play horse" ourselves with that big spring wagon. "Nuff" was a cripple, and could not even walk, much less help pull or push, so we had to let him ride, as we slowly moved along. The only easy part was the going down hill, but that was more than taken off by the pull up to the top. Hundreds of times have I gone over that road since, but those hills never seemed so near mountains as they did that night, or rather that morning, as we did not reach the farm until near breakfast."

"Did you get "thrashed" for running off?" asked the Colonel.

"No; father said he concluded we had been punished enough, and I have never doubted his conclusion. But even had he thrashed us soundly, that show was worth it, heavy wagon and all."

How the Colonel Watered the Elephant.

"You were more fortunate than I," said the Colonel, as he bit off the end of a fresh cigar.

"How's that?" I asked.

"You had the price and I didn't!"

I could tell by the way the Colonel eyed his Havana that he had in mind *his* first circus, so I asked: "Tell us about it!"

"Well," he began, reminiscently, "I lived in a town hardly big enough for a show, but when I was about fourteen, one came along. For weeks it was the only subject talked of at the corner grocery store and the blacksmith shop. Early and late you might hear about Dan Rice and his great aggregation of clowns, bareback riders, and Jingo the elephant. Toward the last the greeting, when the neighbors would meet, was not a 'how-dy,' or a 'fine day this.' No, cordiality, and even the weather, were forgotten, in that one important question: 'Goin' ter see the elephant!' I little thought how soon I was to become intimately acquainted with that same elephant Jingo.

"The day came at last. People for miles drove in with the whole family to see the show, even the preacher took the children to see Jingo. As I said, I hadn't the price. I had run off from school the day before to visit the show grounds—nothing to see, but even the place had a fascination which I could not resist. For this truancy I was to be punished by seeing the rest of the family pass in, while I stood outside and gazed with longing eyes at the wonders painted upon the canvas, wonders, as you know, which will never leave the mind. That I might at least get the full benefit of these wonderful 'oil paintings,' I was on the grounds early.

"I hadn't been there but a few minutes when a big man said to me, pleasant like: 'Say, boy, do you want to see the show?' What good fortune was coming my way, anyhow! I could hardly believe my own ears, but ventured a timid 'Yesser!' 'Well, take this bucket and bring *pore* Jingo a drink. He has been travelling all night, and he is a little thirsty.' By this time I had the bucket, and hardly waited for the nice big man to tell me how thirsty *pore* Jingo was.

"I knew a well nearly a quarter of a mile away, and as I ran, I said to myself: 'Easy? Well rather! Horatius, you're in luck!' When I got back to the tent, the nice man said, as he set the bucket before 'pore Jingo': 'You're a good runner, my boy!' while Jingo said 'Soop,' and the bucket was empty. 'Get another,' said the nice man, 'and you shall see the greatest aggregation on earth!' I got another, and Jingo said 'soop' again. And by the time I had carried twenty buckets, and nearly pumped that well dry, he had acquired the 'soop' habit, and kept it up, seemingly growing more thirsty as my trips to the well grew longer, as I was becoming very tired. I shall never know how long it would have taken to fill that inland lake, as just before I had become exhausted, and ready to strike my job, Jingo was wanted in the ring. The big man picked me up in his arms as though I were a mere baby, and together we entered the tent. It is hard to tell which attracted more attention, Jingo or I, for as he came in at

one side, the big man and I came in at the other. He carried me right past where our family sat in the cheap seats, and placed me in the very best part of the tent, next to the big 'Squire, in a kind of a box, with flags hanging all around the railing.

"Oh, how I did enjoy that show! And yet, as I look back to that long ago, it is hard to tell which I enjoyed more, the show, or seeing the envious eyes of our family and my school fellows, as they looked upon the box with the flag-covered railing."

SHE SURVIVED.

"Rube," asked the Colonel, one day, as we sat on the hill overlooking the beautiful Kingsmere. "Are you going to play 'good angel,' and present to all the book makers a copy each of this Ottawa book, as you did the book makers of Montreal?"

"No, Colonel. No, it would not be safe. It would be too great a risk."

"I don't follow you, Rube, what do you mean by 'risk?'"

"Well, you see, I was then, to some extent, a novice. I had no conception of the number of people it took to make a book, so I promised each one a copy who in any way worked on it. It was printed at a large plant, and not only everyone in that plant, but some of their relations were run in. Everyone had taken a very prominent part in the making of that book. Why, before I was through with the matter I felt that I had not even been a small factor in it's making. I had only written it, the others (even the elevator boy who had brought the paper up from the basement had his claims) were the principals. I carried out my promise to the letter. They all got their copy."

"And yet I don't see the 'risk.' You're so easy to *work,* that you must have really enjoyed giving those books away."

"Oh yes, Colonel, it was fun to watch that first edition melt away, but I was 'new' then and did think that some one of them might have told me if they liked the book, but none of them did. No, not one even mentioned it. A week later I asked Susie, one of the 'feeders'—the pretty soprano, with the glasses—'How did you like my book?' said I. *'Oh I survived,'* said she, with a drawl, in the *Key of G.* upper register, as she walked on without comment. Now, Colonel, you see why I said, 'It would be too great a risk.' Suppose for one moment that 'Susie' had not survived! It's awful to contemplate! Never again will I put a whole printing plant in such a perilous situation."

FOUR SCORE AND TEN.

He had reached that age when each added year is reason of pride, so I did not hesitate to ask: "How old are you?" It was on the Sappers' Bridge; the sun, like the old man, was reaching its last stage. It was throwing long shadows across the little park where I had been *attempting* a picture. "How old am I?" repeating my question, "I am ninety," he continued, and by asking and by repeating, I found that he was born in 1813, in Gloucester, England. He had been a soldier and a sailor. He fired the first gun in the salute on a warship, in London, in honor of Queen Victoria's coronation in 1837. Out of sentiment for the long ago, the military had him fire the first gun in the salute, in Ottawa, in honor of the coronation of the late Queen's illustrious son, King Edward. He was in the first Kaffir war in 1843, and in India's wars in 1845. He first came to Ottawa in 1851. At the opening of the Crimea, his soldier heart again longed for the battlefield, but he reached England too late for duty, and returned to Canada. He is now waiting for the last tattoo. He has been twice married, and has been the father of eleven children, but wives and children are now all gone, and John W. Clifford is again alone.

* * * * *

The "last tattoo" sounded to-day—July 15th, 1904. I used often to wonder why I never met the old man any more, as not long after the meeting on the bridge, I would miss him for weeks at a time, and each time he was more frail—his steps were growing feebler. I would try to engage him in conversation, but his memory was fast going. Then I missed him entirely, and knew not his whereabouts until I heard of his death in the Old Men's Home, where he had been taken and kindly cared for until the end. A pauper's grave would have been his last resting place —as he had no relatives, and had outlived all his old-time friends —had it not been for some of the military officers, who are ever keeping watch over the soldiers of long ago. These officers gave him kindly burial, Col. J. B. Donaldson, of the Militia Headquarters, officiating at the funeral.

You who are far away have no conception of the real heart kindness of the people of this beautiful city. The above is but an instance.

THE LITTLE GIRL IN THE WHITE KIDS.

A Sketch.

She was possibly fourteen and delicately pretty. She was a little working girl. This I knew, for it was very early. She carried her dinner done up in a little parcel. The car was crowded, rough workingmen occupied seats near her, and she would have shrunk away from them, but she could not. Oh! how pathetic the sight. She was not born to work, and had the instincts of a lady, young as she was. Her every movement showed that she felt her position. What intensified my sympathy was to see her little hands encased in what were once white kid gloves—white before they became black from age and long wear. She seemed not to think of their present shade, but of their former whiteness. She stroked those gloves daintily as she looked down at them, as much as to say: "These are what make me different from other little working girls, I am not like them with their big rough hands, and yet," with a sigh, "like them I have to work."

Not far away sat another girl of her own age, big, strong and ruddy. No gloves encased her hands, and I did not feel sorry for her, for she seemed glad on her way to work.

The two will grow up, and may-hap both marry, marry each in the same sphere, for, dainty or rugged, the working girl, unlike the boy, has little hope of rising from her condition in life.

Aye, it was pathetic to see that delicately pretty little working girl in the white kid gloves, that morning.

THE OTHER PICTURE.

That little girl was poor, this man is rich, very rich. He once was poor, very poor, but as his riches grew the heart never changed. It never grew hard with wealth, and he is the same genial spirit as of old, with a kindly care for those less fortunate. Years ago his little girls came in one day with: "Papa, we want a carriage."

"You may have it on one condition," said he.

"Oh, papa, what is it?"

"That you will never drive alone, but will always take out other little girls who have no carriage."

The little girls got the carriage, and many a poor child was made happy by the gift.

What a world this would be if there were more rich men like this genial Ottawan.

POPULARITY.

"Rube," said the Colonel, one day on Wellington Street, "there in that sleigh is the most prominent man in all Ottawa, and I will wager you that I can prove it."

"I'll take you, Colonel, for a 'V,'" said I, as proving is harder than claiming.

"Done. Now, I'll prove it."

"How?"

"I'll ask him."

"The 'V' is yours, Colonel, I know the man." This was so easy that the Colonel did not get over referring to it for two whole days, when we saw the same man coming down Sparks Street with another Ottawan. I thought of my lost "V," and said: "Colonel," said I, "there are two men, one the most popular, the other the most generally disliked in the city, and I can prove it."

"Another 'V,' Rube?"

"Yes, for a 'V,' and prove it as readily as you took mine the other day."

"How?"

"Easy enough, ask the first citizen we meet. I'll take the 'V,' Colonel," and he gave it, for he knew the men.

"CANADA UNSOCIAL."

The Colonel has often intimated that Canada is unsocial. He has even said, "It is cold," and brings to bear all the proof he can find. His latest is about a young Englishman who came over as a secretary for some one of prominence. "He was," said the Colonel, "an accomplished young man, and among his accomplishments, a fine singer. He joined a choir in Montreal. He soon complained to another member, 'I never saw such a cold lot of people. Here I've been singing in this choir for a month, and not a soul has spoken to me.' 'Why,' said the addressed member, 'that's nothing; I've been here for a year, and not one of the ladies has spoken to me yet.' 'Is that so! Well, no wonder there's such a lot of old maids in the Montreal choirs. Canada is too *cold* for me; I'm going back to England,' and he went. Now, Rube, if an Englishman says Canada is 'cold,' even you, if honest, would admit the fact."

"Yes, but Colonel," said I, "you mistake the 'correct' for the 'unsocial.' These people think it is not 'correct' to be effusively enthusiastic, and you mistake that for coldness."

" Again, ask a man on the street a simple question, the way to a certain part of the city, and ten to one he will answer you over his shoulder. He will not even stop long enough to answer it, or if he does, it is in a ' by-what-right-Sir-do-you-speak-to-me-without an-introduction?' tone of voice"

" I know now, Colonel, the kind of men you mean. They are only ' cork tree ' men, and we have lots of them at home."

" 'Cork tree!' What sort of a man is that? "

" Very light, and whose outside covering is the only part of them of any worth."

" Come now, Rube; you're begging the question! How about the big man you called on who, you said, treated you so uncivilly that you hurried away as soon as you could get out."

"Well, yes, Colonel; I did say he had not the manners of one of our County Justices of the Peace, but he was the exception, and should not be instanced as the rule." But the Colonel would not give in; said he was used to people who were not all the while trying to impress one with the fact that the " other fellow " was beneath notice. The Colonel takes the wrong view. I have gained access to a few of the Canadian homes, and find, where once one gets to know them, that they are very charming people, and what the Colonel takes for " coldness " is simply reserve, which nothing short of merit can penetrate. It may be unfortunate, this " reserve," for one may not remain long enough to penetrate it, and go away, and with the Colonel say: " Canada is socially cold."

" Well, Rube," persisted the Colonel, determined to make me admit something, " you must agree with me that the churches are cold, that there is no cordiality towards strangers, or toward each other for that matter."

" Yes, Colonel, I must agree with you in that. But what different are they from our own churches? You seem to forget, Colonel, that church cordiality is entirely out of fashion in these days of the 'proper.'

" Long prayers are offered up for the sinner to be brought in, and finally when he is ' brought in,' he is not made welcome—unless he will be a social acquisition to the church. No, Colonel, this coldness is confined to no country. It is becoming general, and Canadian churches are only following in the procession."

" Rube, we will not argue the question further, since you will not admit anything against Canada."

" I will admit nothing, and with reason, for I love Canada and its people. I have had an individual Canadian do for me that which no individual American has ever done, and for that individual Act I shall ever love the whole Dominion, and shall never silently listen to anything said against it."

Later on the Colonel agreed with me that: " Canada's all right! Why, Rube, even the churches—in Ottawa—are cordial!"

Cordiality in Ottawa Churches.

This was quite true; the people here even smile toward each other on leaving the "meeting house," and actually speak to strangers, and ask them to "come again." And speaking of Ottawa churches, they have some very pretty ones, as vide my picture gallery. And apropos of the congregations, they will compare favorably with those in any of our large cities, in intelligence, in the attire of the men and the dressing of the women. If one were unconsciously dropped into an Ottawa church, he would not know but what he were in a New York City church. Or if perchance he did know, it would be by the greater number of men present, as in Ottawa the men go to "meeting" too.

Again, one might know from the better congregational singing—the Canadians being naturally musical.

THE LITTLE TIN DISH.

I don't remember just how the subject came up. It was one the Colonel seldom broached—so long as there was anything else to *broach.* Oh, yes I remember, we were talking about how much water—in the form of rain—fell on an acre of land—that is how much in weight. To wonder is to find out, which brings forward the subject of the courtesy of the various departments of the Canadian Government. We had often remarked how general it was—this courtesy. We had come to think that there was no exception, forgetting that it takes *one* to make a rule. Well, the day I took the little tin dish over to the ——— department, I ran square into the "exception."

The One Exception of Departmental Courtesy.

"Who sent you here?" was the gruff greeting I received. I thought of some one easy, to blame it on, and said,

"Mr. X."

"Well, what do you want?"

"Want to find out what water weighs," said I, scared like.

"*What* water ways? This is not the department of canals. I'm not interested in canals."

"No, I mean w-e-i-g-h-s. I know you're not interested in canals, nobody is, else they'd been wise and had the one to the Georgian Bay built long ago. Begging your pardon I have a little tin dish which I want to have filled with water and carefully weighed as I want to make a calculation," and I told him the "calculation."

"Any school boy ought to tell you that!" and for fifteen minutes I felt real inexpensive, in fact almost "cheap," as he sent me across the hall. "Go over there and he will weigh it!" "He" proved to be a most obliging young man. Obliging, but not mathematical. He carefully weighed my little tin dish, filled it with distilled water, weighed both and started in to calculate. Unfortunately his scales were built entirely on the gram system, and he was so long reducing grams to ounces that the head of the department—whom I had first seen—came into that room like two men and both in a hurry. Again he asked:

"Who sent you here to take up our time like this?"

"Mr. X." said I, timidly. "Mr. X., of the ——— department. He told me I would find you a *very* courteous gentleman." He left the room without a word further, while the young man kept on with his figuring—trying to turn grams into ounces, while I stood ready to turn ounces into pounds. If that young man could only have ounced those grams I could have pounded the ounces, and we'd both have known how much the little tin dish held. But he was again so long that the man with the dark mein reappeared—this time with a foot rule, with which he made careful measurements of the little tin dish, and went back to his desk across the hall, to figure out what "any school boy ought to tell you."

Growing tired I left them both figuring, while I went over to a school to ask "any school boy," "what does a cubic foot of water weigh?"

The first one I met looked surprised, as he replied, off hand, without any figuring or weighing, "62½ pounds for a cubic foot of water. Ask me something hard!" and to please him, I asked what it would weigh if it was froze—but he only gave me a cold stare which I was used to, after my departmental experience of the morning, and did not mind.

Yes, this was the only instance, and I have often since thought that on ordinary occasions, I would have been kindly received, but I had gone and asked too hard a proposition.

To this day I have not got back my little tin dish—I was too afraid to go after it. It may remain as a reminder of the "exception." It is odd, the very price of it is so in keeping with the experience, that I shall ever remember the two together—It cost just *Thirty Cents.*

"What did I learn as to the

Weight of Water on an Acre?"

"What! you too interested? Well, I'll tell you. I wonder if it will surprise you as much as it did me! A shower of rain in

which one inch of water falls, will weigh, for one acre of space $101\frac{28}{100}$ tons of water, English tons of 2240 lbs., and $113\frac{43}{100}$ Canadian and United States tons, of 2000 lbs., or for a foot of waterfall, $1215\frac{36}{100}$ English, and $1361\frac{16}{100}$ Canadian tons."

"My eyes—what a load the old earth had to carry in Noah's time!" exclaimed my enquirer.

And I said "yes!" by way of assent, I always like to agree with the man if not with his opinions.

A GOOD LINCOLN STORY.

I had heard it before and so have you, but we did not know if it were true, since so many of the good Lincoln stories were never known to the great Commoner.

This one was told while Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas were stumping together, during the Presidential campaign of 1859, when they were opponents for the Presidency. Mr. Erskine Douglas, of Bellefontaine, Ohio—a cousin of Stephen A.—a prominent grain dealer and railroad man, who had formerly resided in Springfield, Illinois, where he was a personal friend of both candidates, accompanied them on their tour through Ohio. On one occasion, in a town where Erskine was well known, Stephen A. opened the debate.

How Lincoln Sold Whiskey—and Why.

The candidates were occasionally given to "jollying" each other, but always in the kindest spirit. At one part of his speech Stephen A. asked: "Do you know who this man Lincoln is? Do you know that he once ran a little corner grocery store? Do you know that in that store he used to sell whiskey? Yes, fellow citizens, actually sold whiskey, sold it to his neighbors to steal away their brains. Will you vote for a man who could have so little care for his fellow beings? As to the truth of what I say, I need but leave it to your fellow citizen, Erskine Douglas." Erskine with much nodding approves it all.

When Lincoln arose he began very seriously to reply. When he reached the above charge, he said: "My opponent has told you that I ran a little grocery store. He was right, the store was a very small one, but it was the largest I had. He has told you that I sold whiskey. Again he was right. I sold whiskey—very very poor whiskey. It was in a low community, and that was the kind my customers wanted. I had to keep it to hold their trade. My conscience often told me that I was wrong to be stealing away the brains—what little they had—of my fellows, but they de-

manded the whiskey and I had to sell it to them or lose their trade, and gentlemen," here he stopped, slowly turned 'round, and pointing at the two, continued, " and gentlemen, the two best customers I had were Stephen A. and your fellow townsman Erskine Douglas, and as to the truth of what I say, I need but leave it to your fellow citizen, Erskine Douglas," but Erskine did no nodding this time. The fact that both were known to be temperate, if not tectotalers, did not save them from the shouts of laughter at their expense.

On learning that Mr. C. A. Douglas, a son of Erskine, and a well known financial man of Ottawa, was my old Ohio neighbor, the story came to mind and I asked if it were true.

"Yes," said he, "I remember it well. As a little boy I sat on the edge of the platform, at this particular meeting, almost at the very feet of the speakers. I can remember how proud I was to think that my cousin was running for President of the United States, but after that story I never dared to do any 'crowing' over the other boys, for they were sure to refer to Lincoln's corner grocery."

" TO SEE OURSELS," OR THE YOUNG MAN FROM PRINCE EDWARD.

One has to get outside of one's own country to know how small and insignificant one's own country really is. The Colonel and I were made to realize this fact that day we met the man from Prince Edward Island. He had once been to the States, and had remained more than a month studying our characteristics, and knew so much more of our country and people than did either the Colonel or I—about our customs, our ways of living—in short our real insignificance. " So different," said he, " in every way to Prince Edward. Why, you could not think of the difference, it is so marked!" And the company seemed to feel sorry for us, as the young man expatiated upon the States. He made the case so plain that neither the Colonel nor I could think of anything to say, that is, anything apropos, but as usual the Colonel must say something, so he asked the young man: " Where is this Prince Edward Island?" Oh! dear, there it was again! The Colonel is forever " getting his foot in it," or having it stepped on. In this instance it was *stepped on*, as I said: "Keep still," just loud enough for all to hear; "don't show your ignorance of geography here. Don't you know that Prince Edward is on the Bay of Quinte, in Lake Ontario, west of Kingston? *' Where's Prince Edward Island?'* " Then, to the young man I said, apologetically, " You must pardon my friend here, for not knowing your country. He lost his geography when he was quite small, and never acquired a new one,"

but the young man looked real hurt, and I did not blame him. "Where is Prince Edward Island!" Some people never could learn geography, and the Colonel is one of the "some."

When I got him alone I told him enough about the young man's country to make him remember it. I usually find a place he knows, then teach him the new place.

"You know New Jersey?" I asked.

"Of course I do!"

"Well, Prince Edward Island is about one-fourth the size. It is a very important country. Some great people came from there. One of the greatest judges, one of the most noted pianists, newspaper men, a number, in short, from that little country have come so many prominents that they are near countless."

"Have they all come away?"

.."'*All come away!*' Why, no; there are only 5,819 less people than were there ten years ago, and they have built 141 new houses in that time. Why, bless you, it has more people left than Weehawken and Hackensack combined, and almost as many as Patterson after the fire. '*All come away!*' Colonel, in some ways you are a very dull man, at times almost stupid, when it comes to knowing about the location of people's country. Your ignorance embarrassed me very much this afternoon." I may have been a little severe on the Colonel, but he deserved it.

IT ISN'T THE SIZE OF THE HEAD THAT COUNTS.

"Rube, there is a smart man," said the Colonel, one day on Elgin Street, as he indicated a man who had the air of owning everything in sight.

"Why so?" I asked.

"See what a large head he has!" I saw, but knowing the man, I could not resist saying: "Colonel:

It isn't the size of the head that counts,
 It isn't the size of the head,
He may wear a hat with a number 8 mark,
 With a brain inside in color all dark,
Oh it isn't the size of the head.
 'Tis the grey therein though small it be
That gives to the brain ca-pac-i-tee,
 And not the size of the head.

An elephant said to a flea one day,
'I'm big you're small, get out o' the way,'
Oh it isn't the size of the head.
The flea hopped on to the elephant's trunk
And climbed aboard *yust lika de monk,*
Oh it isn't the size of the head.
The elephant then ran away with fear,
For big as he was, he had a flea in his ear,
Which said: 'It isn't the size of the head that counts,
It isn't the size of the head.'"

THE DEATH OF POOR PADDY.

Everybody at the boarding house said that he had one of the very best of characters, while all the neighbors within four blocks, declared openly that a more disreputable dog never stole a bone than this same dearly beloved Paddy.

Why this disparity of opinion I could never determine. To be sure he had a reputation of being a fighter. Some said that he would rather fight than eat, but during the whole time that we were there we never knew him to fight once. Possibly the neighbors were right in saying that the reason of this was that he had killed all the dogs in the vicinity that could not get out of his way.

Be that as it may, we never saw him fight, or in the least way attempt to annoy any other dog, save when occasionally one who was not acquainted with him would quietly pass our door with a nice large bone which he had acquired somewhere up town and was carrying home to gnaw at his leisure. When, I say, a dog so ignorant of Paddy's reputation passed through our street, Paddy would bound out at him as though he wanted bone, dog and all, but he never fought, no, not once while I knew him, the other dogs would get away too quick, leaving Paddy the bone. What Paddy wanted with it, however, no one could tell, as the pretty Star Boarder looked after him so carefully that he could not possibly have wanted so common a morsel as a street bone.

Why he was loved by one side and hated by the other was a mystery to us. He was not a beautiful dog—I have never seen one less so, but he was beloved. It may have been that his very ugliness was his beauty. I have seen men about whom this might have been said, but do not know that it might be said of a dog.

But to cut short my sketch, on returning from one of our excursions we found the household deeply mourning the sudden death of poor Paddy. "He was well at noon and dead at night," was the common form in which we were given the news. Of

course there were variations in the recital of the affair, in fact so many that two weeks later I asked the Colonel: "Why is it, Colonel, you never join in the table conversation? You used to take part, but of late I have scarcely heard you say a word."

"What," exclaimed the Colonel; "I join in the conversation! How could I? I wasn't acquainted with the dog!"

* * * * * *

They buried poor Paddy in the northeast corner of the yard, and planted above his grave a twig of shamrock in memory, but the neighbors all declared that even so hardy a plant as the shamrock could not survive in the same soil. They were wrong; the plant is flourishing and a green flag—harp-emblasoned, waves above his grave.

That the neighbors' hatred of Paddy was pure prejudice there is now no question, for analysing his character, we find that it will bear a scrutiny which many another on the block could not bear.

If there is one character that I dislike above all others, it is the backbiter—the man or the woman who has ill words to say about an absent one. He or she will backbite and the victim may never know from whence the source—may never know who it was who did it. Not so with Paddy; if he did any backbiting you knew it instantly, and needed no detective. Again, I dislike the one who promises and never fulfils. The boy with a large red apple, who used to promise a bite, and then ate it all himself was my detestation. Unlike the boy, if Paddy promised a little bite you always got it, and he had often been known to give it without the promise. His generosity may have been a little surprising, but you got the bite just the same.

There was a nobility about Paddy after which many another "cur" might well pattern. He might kill, as he had often been accused of doing, but he was always "in at the death" and never resorted to poison, as some of the other curs had been known to resort—he himself being one of the victims.

At the house is another dog—the pup now grown. He still lives. No one loves, neither does any one hate him. He has not the force of character to fight, nor has he any qualities that are lovable. He is just a dog—a dog because he can't be anything else. He hasn't the energy to be anything else. He would not be even a dog if it required energy. His only aim in life is to eat, and no one will ever think enough on the subject to put poison in his food, for he don't count. It's only the dogs that have character that need have fear of the heavy villain.

A dog is handicapped. He must be a fighter or nothing. Paddy chose the former. That's why the green flag, harp-emblazoned, waves over his grave, and the wind sighs through the shamrock in the corner of the yard.

Poor Paddy, you were a fighter, but you were beloved.

THE COLONEL, THE SPINSTER AND THE PRIVATE ASYLUM.

Canada is remarkable for it's many old people. You have all heard the joke of a very old man referring to his grandfather. Here, *that* is no joke. One day I had occasion to call on an old lady for a bit of information. She was frail with age.

"I really forget," she said, in reply to my inquiry. "I forget, but possibly mamma may know," and she went in to the next room to see if "mamma" remembered, but she too had forgotten. I'm almost certain had I not gone at once "grandmamma" would have been asked.

I did not always go after needed information. I sometimes sent the Colonel—that is at first I sent the Colonel, later he refused to go. It all came about by my wanting to get some data, *a la Bytown.* I wanted to know if one of a name was related to an early settler, and so instructed the Colonel, I might say I sent him over to E—— Street, but I won't. He had been gone an hour when he came in all disheveled and greatly excited: 'I wish you to understand, Rube, that the next time you want any old Bytown information, you'll get it yourself. You'll never again get me to go to a *private lunatic asylum* for data! Just look at me! Ain't I a sight!"

"Well, yes, Colonel, you do look a bit done for," and he did. "How did it all happen?" I asked.

"I really don't know. I went over and asked, as you told me to, and see the result!"

"Yes, Colonel, but what did you say or do?"

"Nothing at all, nothing in the world out of proper. I was as polite as possible, but almost at the very first question I asked the demented person, she jumped at me and—well, here I am, look at me—look at me. And I feel even worse than I look,—and all for your insatiable desire to hunt out old things. I tell you there will be no more old things for me, after *her.*"

"Calm down, Colonel, calm down, and tell me what you asked her?"

"I almost forget—she scared it clear out of me—Oh, yes, now I recall it. I didn't like to come right at the subject, so I asked her, polite like, if she was born in old Bytown days—and *this* is her answer—look at me. I tell you, Rube, you can hereafter do your own private lunaticlish business, as I'll do no more of it, no more of it for me!" And he has kept his word.

An Ottawa lady, remarkable for her cleverness in depicting "The Characters we meet," has kindly furnished this Laurentides sketch, of

"Our Batiste."

Our guide and man of all work, who helped around the shack during the four weeks spent in the Laurentian Mountains, was a typical "habitant." "De fader of tirteen childer," none of whom could read or write, for as he himself said: "Be gosh, what's de use of dat? I'm not read or write, and I'm allus have planty for heat and wear, an sum tam planty to drink too."

We, as specimens from town interested him greatly. He was watching us closely one day as we gathered the beautiful wild flowers and carried them home, and then Baptiste could be silent no longer:

"Wal, for sure, you peoples dat come from de town ar de greenest tings I nevar see; you look at dis and dat and say: 'Oh, my!' 'Oh, my!' all de tam like you nevar see notings before, but den (in an apologetic tone) your not so green as de people I work for las summar. Be gosh, dere crazy for sure, dey pick up de little stones from de crick and dem tings dat grow on de tree (fungus) and draw picters on dem for take home. Well for sure dem people from Boston de greenest tings I nevar see," and we Ottawans were satisfied.

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE."

A French Canadian shantyman, whose name is William Whistle, made a speech at the entertainment given by the lumbermen on the occasion of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York to Ottawa. The speech was a specimen that requires the pen of a Drummond, Bret Harte or Mark Twain to reproduce in such a way as to preserve its originality, force and simplicity, in the patois of the French Canadian bushmen. He began:—

Gentlemans: I am no use for talk on de membres of Parliament; I am no use for talk on the shantymans, but aftare all I'll do the bes' I can't.

For tirty years I work for Messieu Edware, except tree year when I have been in bizzness for myself. On the first year I work for Messieu Edware I arn everything an able man she's want for herself and her familee. By an by I look roun' and I see Messieu Edware do one big bizzness an gettin rich, an I tink I'll lac to do jus' de same. I say to Messieu Edware I'll tak de contrac' for mak saw-log. Well, I'll get de contrac'. I'll mak shanty for

tree year, and at de en of tree year my farm she's gone; everyting I have got is gone, an worse'n dat, I owe Messieu Edware seventeen tousand dollare. I am gone broke, an am oblige to go to Messieu Edware an ask him for a job again, an I'll got it too. I'm d——n glad to get it too, for with de work I tink I'll earn a living for my wife an familee, but dat will not help me pay de seventeen tousand dollare, an dat seventeen tousand dollare debt will mak worry me very much, for when I'm a young boy my modder will say onto me, "William, if you mak de debt an don't pay de debt in dis worl', you'll have to pay it in de nex'," an dat will wory me very much. By an by I'll mak up my min' to go right at it. I'll go on de confess. I'll go tree times on de confess, but de priest she'll not tak' de confess for dat seventeen tousand dollare. Den I'll mak' up my min' I'll go right to de Lord herself, an I'll say to de Lord, "Now, jus' look here, dere hain't any use in talking; you'll mak' me wise enough to earn a farm an everyting a man she's want for herself an her familee, but aftare dat you'll mak' me fool enough to lose it all. Now, I want you, Lord, for tak' dat seventeen tousand dollare youself and jus' fix it up de bes' way you can't," an aftare dat I'll nevaire hear Messieu Edware talking of dat seventeen tousand dollare again. Aftare all Messieu Edware send me to build shanty for de King an de Queen, an I'll do it again if he want me, an by an by I'm getting ole, perhaps too ole to do de work for Messieu Edware, an I'll go on Englan an perhaps de King she will give me a job dere."—(Tremendous cheering.)

PART FIFTH.

THE SPOKES.

Being an Account of Rube's and the Colonel's Wanderings Through the Beautiful Surroundings of the Capital.

PART FIFTH.

THE SPOKES.

"UP THE GATINEAU."

We had said "no" so often to the question: "Have you been up the Gatineau?" and had the questioner look as though he felt real sorry for us at that "no," that we determined to make it possible to say "yes." Now we can say "we *have* been up the Gatineau," and if we are not asked, we simply stop the man on the street and tell him about it. The Colonel and I are sort o' proud of the fact that we are no longer the exceptions. Some readers may not know of this delightful trip, and to them I mean to talk—the rest already know of it.

The Gatineau is a river nearly as wide as the Miami at Dayton, Ohio, and with far more water. It is 600, possibly 700, miles long, heading in the same portion of the country with the Ottawa. It is not navigable except by canoes and logs, and for them but in one direction, as it has more rapids, cascades and falls than the Ottawa has lakes, and is more crooked than the Meander itself. It is more picturesque than a park, and more worth seeing than many of the far-famed scenes our people go thousands of miles to look upon.

There are two ways of seeing it—one by the railway itself, the other, and better, is to stop off at some of the more important stations, and leisurely wander along its tree-embowered banks, and thus get it's full beauty.

Gracefield being the objective point, I have not space for the many pretty fishing and camping places along the way. I must, however, "cast" a few lines at

Wakefield,

21 miles out—the prettiest village on the line. It is the summer home of many Ottawans. N. A. Belcourt, B.A., K.C., Speaker of the House, the M.P. of frequent mention, summers here, as do W. H. Rowley, T. C. Bate, Rev. J. M. Snowdon, of St. George's, the much-loved chaplain of the "43rd," and many others of note.

Baltimore, Md., has her representative in that popular minister, Rev. Mr. Guthrie. Professor Macoun, the great botanist, is here for the third time, studying the flowers of the Gatineau.

"The Gatineau Cave."

Before leaving Ottawa I was asked: "Where is that noted cave along the river?" I had in turn asked it myself. No one could tell, but now I have found it for you. It is easterly, "a pleasant drive," which means ten miles from Wakefield, "on the other side of the river." It has been explored only about one-fourth of a mile.

At North Wakefield, three miles further along, is another place of note—not for itself, but its surroundings. Chilcott Lake is three miles westerly; there a number of Ottawans are summering. Mr. W. L. Marler, manager of The Merchants' Bank, has his summer home at North Wakefield.

"Gracefield."

Gracefield is at present the end of the road. It is 59 miles from Ottawa. At the rapid rate, however, at which work is being pushed by the Canadian Pacific, under Superintendent Dunn, it will soon reach Maniwaki, 23 miles further north. (It has been completed and opens up a grand fishing country.)

I shall have more to say of Gracefield than of any other point along the line. There may be points of more interest, but the Colonel and I failed to find them. It was at Gracefield where we had our real fun. I say "fun," as that is what boys have, and for the time the Colonel and I were boys again. We fished and hunted—no, I won't say "hunted," for we found the wild goose when we were not hunting for it. It was here we saw the country wedding in all its varied colors. "Colors," for they were its main feature.

Gracefield is not a large town, yet covers much ground. We passed a house not far from the station, where was a jolly lot of summer boarders. We asked how far it was to Gracefield, and a bevy of pretty girls laughingly told us that we were now in the town itself. We were driven to the hotel, not far away, where we found Captain Leech, Assistant Engineer of the C.P.R., who took us in charge, and to him we owe our "fun." He and his

family had been there a week, and he knew what we should see and do, to get the most out of our stay.

The next morning the Captain said: "We will go up to Castor Lake, four and a half miles above Gracefield, on the new line." "How will we go?" asked the Colonel, who is always interested in the "how." "Superintendent Dunn and Paymaster Heney board here, and they always have a way; we will go with them," replied the Captain. "Ah! that is good," said the Colonel, cheerfully, thinking of a special car. "Yes, Dunn and Heney always have a way." They walked that morning. This would not have been so bad had it not been that it began pouring rain shortly after we started. I like water, but I always prefer choosing in what form to take it, and so complained. "Don't worry, Rube," said the Colonel; "always remember that: 'Behind the clouds is the sun still shining,' and that:

"Thy fate is the common fate of all,
On to each *back* some rain must fall.'"

Now, that was just like the Colonel. There he trudged along, encased in a rubber coat, advising me, without either a rain coat or umbrella, not to worry. It is remarkable the amount of philosophy a man in a rubber coat can indulge in, on the subject of water on a rainy day.

At the "Camp" we waited until the rain stopped, in the meantime making friends with the cook from Carp, who let us partake of some nice pies he had just made. It was the first time I had enjoyed the hospitality of a railroad camp, since back in 18—, out in Kansas. I could not but notice the difference in the morale of the men. In Kansas the revolver was a very necessary implement; here, the only "revolver" I saw was the great steam scoop which was loading a car every two minutes.

Bass Fishing on Castor Lake.

We got a boat, crossed the beautiful lake to "the good fishing hole," of which the Captain knew.

I will not detail this day further than to say that it was one of the most delightful outings I had had in Canada. I caught fish until I was tired casting. I was surprised to see what a fine fisherman I was. I really thought that I was a wonder, and was making up a long stretch of "Rube as a Walton," but imagine my feelings when, as we were ready to pull in the lines to return to camp, the Captain quietly remarked: "Now, Rube, of course you know it is against the law to keep fish under a certain size. If we do, and Game Warden Boyer sees us at the Vicotria Hotel, he will have us fined," and at that he threw nearly every blamed one of my fish back into the lake, and as they sank, my feelings went down too. But what could I do. I didn't want to be fined by Game Warden

Boyer, he was too good a fellow for me to thus embarrass; so, I let the Captain keep on throwing until I didn't have over a dozen left, which I gave to the cook at the camp to show that I appreciated the pie he had given me in the morning. That was the reason I gave, but the Colonel said I was ashamed to carry back to town my few little fish, when the Captain had so large a "string" of three pounders. It was so strange. There we sat with the same kind of tackle, and fishing at the same spot with the same kind of bait, and while I pulled out those of unlawful size, the Captain was "hauling" out fish to be proud of. Now, this is true. Explain it you who can.

The Colonel, the Wild Goose, and the Widdy.

The Captain had some letters to write next morning, so the Colonel and I went down the Pickanock (Indian for "black water river"), in a boat, to where it enters the Gatineau just below Gracefield. While we were rowing along, the Colonel spied a wild goose. He was, in a moment, even wilder than the goose itself. "Row to the shore quickly, Rube, till I run up to the hotel for a gun," with which he soon returned. The Captain said he created much excitement, as a wild goose at this season of the year was indeed a *rara avis*. I had kept the goose in sight, and the Colonel brought him down with the first shot. Well, I don't believe Senator Proctor was prouder of that first moose than was the Colonel with his goose. He sat 'round the hotel piazza talking about it till dinner. Told over and over of how we stealthily rowed up to within shooting distance, and how that with the first shot he had brought it down. But imagine his surprise when Murphy came up after dinner, and said: "Colonel, there's a woman downstairs says she would like to see you." The Colonel said he didn't know any of the ladies of Gracefield, and "Go down Murphy, and see what the lady wants; there must be some mistake." But Murphy came back and said: "It's Mrs. Maloney, and she insists on seeing you." The Colonel went down, and soon I could hear loud talking: "Ye'll pay me or oi'll hav the lah ohn yees. Purty mon ye ahr to shoot a pore widdy's pet goose." "How much do you want?" the Colonel asked. "Oi wants foive dollars, or oi'll have the lah ohn yees before marnin." "What, five dollars for one grey goose that looked so much like a wild one, that an expert could not tell the difference!" exclaimed the Colonel.

"Oi can't hilp what the goose looked loik. Is it the foive or the lah, quick?" Then I heard her continue in quite another tone. "Ah! it's a foine gintleman ye ahr. Oi hopes ye and your friend, the guy wid yees, may have a noice toime; but yees had batther go fishin' an' wait till the huntin' sason opens, ahnd it won't be so expinsive—good noit, noice gintleman—oi thanks yees."

"Well, did you ever!" exclaimed the Colonel, as he came upstairs. "Yes," said I, "once, but I killed five that time." The Colonel, however, didn't want to hear the story. Said he'd lost all interest in geese. "Nothing personal, Colonel?" but he paid no attention to my question, and I haven't dared speak of the matter since.

The Country Wedding.

I had often heard of these country weddings, and had seen a few, but everybody said I hadn't seen a real one yet. Well, I certainly saw a "real one" at Gracefield. It passed the hotel while the Colonel and I were there. It came from 15 miles away, from "back in the hills," as they told us at the hotel. There were sixty vehicles, from "trotting buggies" holding two, up to wagons with eight. The to-be bride and her father led the procession, the friends following, their vehicles stringing along about fifteen feet apart, and at the very end came the groom and his "best man." After the ceremony, in the village church, the young men of the company ran ahead to the next corner, and as the bride came up, on her way to the hotel, she had to salute, with a kiss. (The Colonel declares that some of the boys took two), each one in turn.

"The gowns?" Ah! they were the features. The rainbow was not in the same class with the colors worn by the "ladies" of that wedding party. The bride wore a fiery-red waist, with a bright blue skirt, and the rest had chosen shades of all the other colors, and as the party moved in and out at that street corner, it was like an old-fashioned kaleidoscope with added mixtures of color. The procession now formed for the return, "back to the hills." Where they came from we could not tell, but at a given signal, a man sprang to the head of each horse of the long line and fastened a flag to the bridle. The flags, like the gowns of the "ladies," were of all colors, but without any design. The bride and bridegroom now led the procession. The flags at the horses' heads fluttered in the breeze as the merry company moved away. In all the time, during their stay in town, not one seemed to notice the "show" that they made for the onlookers. They acted as though they were utterly oblivious of the hundreds of eyes of critical Gracefield. Like animals on exhibition, they heeded not the onlookers. Two days later, word came back that the party was still dancing and making merry.

The bride was possibly seventeen years old, and, the Colonel says, innocently pretty.

We may smile at what once was general custom. Who knows, but this I know, happiness at a wedding is the aim of all, and that party, in its way, was as happy as any I have ever seen, so what need they have cared for critical eyes?

The Big Trout Fish and Game Club.

Late one night a company of gentlemen came to the hotel. We met them next morning at early breakfast. They had come to Gracefield on the train, and were to be driven back to the northwest, 25 miles, to Pythongo Lake. They were members and their friends of the Big Trout Fish and Game Club, which has 137 square miles, with many lakes. They were going out to fish.

Hugh McLean, Secretary of the Club was in charge. Many of my readers will know genial Hugh McLean, member of the big lumber firm of McLean Bros., of Buffalo. Dr. Kemble, of Kingston, N.Y., was going along to look after their bodies, said Hugh, while Rev. Dr. Wm. Young Chapman, of Buffalo, was to —I forget what the Dr. was going along to look after, but he was good-natured enough to have kept the party in the best of "spirits" during the outing, and that's what most fishing parties up here seem to need. Frank Palen, of Kingston, and Wm. Kessler, of Halstead, Penn., made up the rest of the party. Of course, John Gilmour is an honorary member of this club, as is also Hon. W. C. Edwards.

Game Warden.

There is an office which to the outside public is of much importance, so I will give it a sketch to itself, from the fact that Gracefield is in the heart of a great hunting country. Deer are so plentiful, almost within the town limits, that in the fall, hundreds come here to shoot, and they must have to do with the game warden, P. D. Boyer, the genial host of the Victoria Hotel, one of the best kept hotels in the Gatineau Valley. Mr. Boyer is very popular, and most obliging in furnishing information to those contemplating coming for the fishing or hunting season. He knows the good fishing lakes, and the deer "runs," for miles around.

Speaking of hotels, the surprise of our trip was the cheap rates at which one can live while having all the pleasures of an outing at Gracefield, and no matter the appetite one may acquire while roaming about midst pretty scenes, or rowing on the lakes, the menu is always sufficient for any occasion, and good and wholesome is the food.

We did not get out to Blue Sea Lake, a few miles north of Gracefield. The extension of the railway will pass close by it. It is very large, and said to be a fine sheet of water. Castor, with its many pretty arms and inlets, is several miles in length, and yet it is said to be small in comparison to the great Blue Sea Lake.

North-easterly from Gracefield—about 12 miles—is one of the most prominent clubs in Canada. It is

The Gatineau Fish and Game Club, or the Thirty-one Mile Lake Club.

So called from a lake 31 miles in length. The other name of this lake is Lac du Commissionaire. Its beauty may be imagined from its having 126 islands, ranging from one of a half acre to the largest, containing 726 acres. It is separated from Lake Pemechangan—10 miles long—by a very narrow strip of ground, and although so near, it is 40 feet higher. Wonderful formation! The former lake is long, the latter is circular; the one has many islands, the other has but three, one of which is three miles long. This island contains a mountain almost 1,000 feet high. Again, "Wonderful formation!"

These lakes are very deep, water cold throughout the year, and are very famous for the fine quality of small-mouthed bass; they are never allowed to be depleted. It would be very easy to average 50 bass per day, but the club limit the catch to 20 bass per rod. Trout fishing, which is a shorter season, is not limited.

The club own the ground around both lakes for one mile back, in all, 105 miles, and the territory abounds with game, both large and small.

The territory is guarded by several wardens in the employ of the club; the land is heavily timbered over a large area, and this is protected by fire wardens in the employ of W. C. Edwards Lumber Co.

Owing to the splendid protection given to this territory, it stands much in the same relation to the province of Quebec that the Algonquin Park does to the province of Ontario, the game being carefully protected.

The club preserves extend over four townships. The club house is a large, handsome frame building, containing smoking-room, dining-room, and 25 bed-rooms; large galleries, 12 feet broad, extend around the club house on three sides. There are also two handsome cottages, one for the superintendent and employees, and the other for members who bring their wives or female members of the family. These buildings are all situated on the narrow neck of land separating the two lakes.

This club have their own horses and equipment for the accommodation of members. They have two steam launches on Thirty-one Mile Lake, several boat houses, and about 30 skiffs and canoes.

The officers are: President, Mr. C. Ross, of the great department stores of the C. Ross Company; Vice-President. W. Y. Soper; Secretary and Treasurer, Jas. F. Cunningham. The other Directors are: Messrs. Russell Blackburn, Albert Maclaren, E. S. Leetham and W. Hughson.

The American members of this club are: Dr. J. D. Bryant, W. A. Chipman, New York; E. C. Converse, New York; M. F. Cornwall, New York; R. Lindsay Colman, Red

Bank, N.J.; S. P. Franchot, Red Bank, N.J.; W. P. Ritchey, Buffalo, N.Y.; Guy E. Robinson, New York; F. Weber, New York; W. G. White, New York; Gen. Wylie, New York.

The Wright Fish and Game Club

have their limits (some fifty square miles) between Thirty-one Mile Lake and the Lievre River. Its officers are: President, Mr. F. J. Graham, of the great firm of Bryson, Graham & Co., in Ottawa; Vice-President, Mr. D. E. Johnson, of Beament & Johnson, and Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. H. H. Williams.

Like the Thirty-one Mile Lake Club, it has many American members, among whom are such well-known men as T. D. and T. H. Downing, Roland McClave, W. L. and W. L. S. Pierce, G. Fred. Hawkins, F. H. Page, S. Shibley, A. Crall, John D. Barrett and H. H. Adams, jr., nearly all of New York City.

On meeting the last named, I was reminded of the meeting of Julius Chambers, the famous newspaper man, and Will Carleton, the poet. Julius was in Paris for the New York *Herald,* and one day, seeing among the hotel arrivals the name of Carleton, wrote him: "Don't you think it is about time you and I knew each other? I'm your next door neighbour in Brooklyn." Mr. Adams' office is at 149 Broadway, where I once had an office. It seemed odd that we should have had to meet, for the first time, in the back woods in far-off Canada. The world is often smaller than a city.

"Up the Gatineau" will long be remembered as one of the most delightful of the Hub's Spokes.

"King of the Gatineau."

This was the title long borne by Alonzo, son of Tiberius, and grandson of the great Philemon Wright, who first settled near the mouth of this beautiful river. Alonzo Wright's home was along the east bank of the Gatineau, a few miles north of where it enters the Ottawa. It is beautiful even yet, although since his death ten years ago it has not been kept up in the kingly style of his day.

The questions: "Who shall inherit the title? Who shall be king of the Gatineau?" have long been asked. One has even assumed it, and thereby gained a fame that extends fully ten miles around his little village, near the bank of the stream, but to those eleven miles away he is but a "Pretender," with no claims other than that of presumption.

To a stranger, looking at this wildly beautiful cascaded stream, tearing it course down from the far-away north to the Grand at the Capital, it would seem that the title should belong to the man who has, and has had, most to do with the river.

There is one who for years has been so identified with it, that when you think of the one you naturally think of the other. He

has not had to do alone with a remote village upon its bank, but with the full length of it. He should be king of the Gatineau, and when you have read of him, I am sure you will agree with me. You will agree that the real king is

Samuel Bingham.

Intimately connected with the history of Ottawa during the years from 1880 to 1898 is the name of Samuel Bingham, for nine years an alderman who worked for the city's interest, and in 1897 became possibly the most unique mayor in Canada, having been elected by a good majority in a three-cornered contest against two men whose popularity made Mr. Bingham's friends advise him to "wait till next year," but from boy to man he was not one of the kind to wait when once he decided to act.

Mayor Bingham was unique in that he not only gave his salary to the orphanages and hospitals of the city, but gave of his own means for other benefits to Ottawa. To him is due the pretty park, named in his honor "Bingham's Park," on Sussex and Dalhousie Streets, and as I have spoken elsewhere, to him is due the children's playground on Dalhousie Street, complete in all its appointments. He is known and loved by all the boys, for they know him as their friend.

Samuel Bingham was born in Ottawa in 1846, and has always resided here. He is, in fact, a self-made man. Starting poor, he has become one of the Capital's wealthiest citizens, and what counts for more than the making of money, he is liberal with his means. His life is a good lesson for the youth of to-day. He began work at $1.00 a month, and boarded at home. It was not the dollar for which he worked, but that he might gain experience which in after life would bring more dollars. It is said he was as faithful to his employer for that one hundred cents as though each cent had been a dollar.

He learned the lumber business with Mr. James Maclaren, who had also started a poor boy, and became many times a millionaire.

Years ago logs were brought down the Gatineau River without any system; sometimes a dozen sets of men ran them. Mr. Geo. Brophy, connected with the Public Works Department, suggested that the contract be given to one man. Who to get was not long a question. He who when a boy had worked for one dollar a month was chosen, and has ever since handled the millions of logs, all the way along for 100 miles up this raging, tumbling stream.

A Great Log Jam.

You will see in the "Gallery" a picture of one of the greatest log jams ever known: 250,000 logs at the Cascades—a few miles up the river! Some conception of this vast pile of wealth may be had if you will think of one hundred acres—in places 20 feet deep—covered with logs, some of which were worth $40 each.

How to move them was not long a question, for with Mr. Bingham there is never a question. "Find a way" is his motto. In this instance he invented a way, and that way is so graphically described by Charlie Askwith, who went up to see the sight, that I will give it, in part, as it will show some of the work of

Logging on the Gatineau.

"Time and time again the story has been told how brave river men take their lives in their hands, and leaping out on the front of the log jam loosen the key log, often only to be swept under the jam and crushed lifeless.

But the ex-Mayor has changed all this, and even the picturesque river men have to make way for the advance of the all-prevailing machinery.

The ex-Mayor has invented a plan which has never been tried before on the Gatineau. It was put in operation to-day.

The machine is very simple. On a large raft or crib a stationery steam engine has been set up. Attached to this is a drum, on which a wire cable with a hook on the end of it, winds and unwinds.

The engine and cribwood is towed up to the jam. The raft is tied to a pier in such a way that if the jam suddenly breaks, and fifty thousand logs come careering down the river, the crib is swept aside and no harm comes to it.

The hook in the cable is attached to the logs on the top of the jam. They are pulled from the top one by one without strain or danger. The operation is very rapid, and with good work one log a second ought to be set sailing down the stream, to the seventy-five or eighty sorters that the ex-Mayor keeps at the mouth of the river to sort out logs belonging to the different owners.

The application of this new idea occurred to the ex-Mayor, who may be said to be the inventor of this new system of jam breaking.

The French-Canadian river men that Mr. Bingham has working for him are all bright young fellows, who know the spirits of the river, and in the light of the camp fire at night can tell wonderful stories of how the spirits of dead Indians haunt the hills beyond, of the Loup Garou and of the terrible Windigo. This is a great animal or spirit, and if you come across his tracks in the woods, and are fool-hardy enough to cross them, you will never more be seen by mortal eye.

One man knew of a cook, Baptiste, who once crossed the Windigo's track, and was never seen again."

This river and "shanty lore" should be collected. It is full of interest, but with the crowding on of civilization(?), it is fast being lost. It is said by those who know, that there are no more entertaining men in the world than the river and shanty men, with

their legends, songs, and rare stories. If ever I find the time, I shall spend a winter in the woods, and collect them for a book—and should you ever see on some far-away book stand,

The Yankee among the Shanties,

you will know without looking at the title page that it is "Rube and the Colonel's" own experience in the forests of Canada.

Mr. Bingham, it is claimed, has handled more logs than any other living man.

This public spirited citizen, while Alderman and Mayor, worked as conscientiously as though conducting his own private affairs. He worked with judgment as well as liberality. When Chairman of the Board of Works, he repaired, at his own expense, the Rideau Bridge, which had become unfit for public use. His efforts brought to Ottawa the first steam roller. Sparks Street was paved also through his efforts.

When elected Mayor, he showed his appreciation by giving a great banquet, not only to the representative men of the city, but of the nation as well, after which he gave a luncheon to ne ladies, for be it known, the Mayor never forgets the ladies.

During the year of his mayoralty, the Pope, Leo XIII, honored him by appointing him Chevalier of the Holy Sepulchre, one of the most distinguished honors that can be conferred by the Pope on any person outside of clerical circles.

The city press has paid Mr. Bingham much deserved compliment. The Ottawa *Journal* said: "Mayor Bingham is held by all to be a big-hearted man, a citizen of good character and clean record, who has won the honors." The *Free Press* said: "In the new Mayor the citizens have a man in whom they may justly have every confidence," while the *Citizen* said: "He is a shrewd, energetic man, accustomed to handle large and important enterprises. He is thoroughly honest, a man of means, and of considerable independence of character, and is, moreover, a genial, whole-souled warm-hearted Irishman."

I have given the "King" much space, for such as he count far more in the interest of a city's welfare than men of words alone.

DOWN THE OTTAWA.

It was a perfect morning in August. The Colonel and I had planned for a number of days to take this trip, but other things had taken our attention, and then came the perfect day.

It was one of those mornings you feel the joy of each breath, you are content with yourself and everything about you; the people around you look happy, for you yourself are happy. The "Empress" starts from the Queen's Wharf, on Sussex Street, at 7.45 a.m. We are up early, and are at the boat with a half hour to wait. We sit and watch the happy excursionists come aboard. They come, from baby in arms to tottering age—the little girls carrying their dolls, as the mother-love in their hearts makes them want dolly to have "a good time" too. The picture around us takes in the pinacles of the Parliament Buildings, above the tree-clothed bluff, upon which they proudly sit; the long Interprovincial Bridge spanning the Ottawa as it reaches across to Hull on the north or Quebec side; the Chaudiere Falls in the west distance, surrounded by the mills of industry; the far-away hills to the north and to the east; the river flowing on through lakes and rapids, to join its companions on their journey to the sea. Here and there we see little boats plying in and out among the floating refuse from the saw mills above, and on inquiry find that the

Wood Gleaners

are an Ottawa feature. At early morning and after working hours in the evening, these gleaners are out with their boats, gathering wood for their winter store. They have a long rod, with an iron-pointed spear and hook, by which they draw to the boat pieces of floating board or slab, and when they have a load, row to the bank and deposit it, to be drawn to their houses later on. There is a code of honor among them which makes their little piles of wood as safe as though in their own cellar at home. As I write, there is passing an Amazon, in a boat hardly large enough to hold her, yet she plies the spear and hook as dexterously as the men, and wholly oblivious of all danger of an upset; yet, for that matter, she is quite safe, as by no possible chance could she sink if the boat did overturn.

The whistle blows, the wheels turn, and we are off. To the right we pass the Ottawa Rowing Club, and far up the bluff we pass "Earnscliffe," the former home of the great Sir John A. Macdonald; then the Ottawa mills of Hon. W. C. Edwards, and the Rideau Falls; after which we come in view of the beautiful Rockliffe Park. Just before rounding the turn of the river, we pass the Ottawa Canoe Club house at the end of the Park. To

the left, in mid-stream, is Kettle Island, extending three miles down the river; to the right again we see, here and there, along the well-shaded banks, the tents of many campers—and, apropos of outing, I have never been in a land where tent camping is so general as here. It is certainly an ideal way of fully enjoying the summer. I sometimes think that I would have made a good gipsy. A *summer* gipsy, I mean. Still to the right stands, in the distance, a tall flag staff. The bank is too high to see the tents and quarters at the Rifle Range, but we know they are there, for we have often enjoyed the hospitality of the "boys" gathered here from all parts of the Dominion for rifle practice.

The waters of the Ottawa are as smooth this morning as my "Shadow Picture" at Lake Bouquet—shown in The Yankee in Quebec.

Five miles below the city we pass Duck Island, to the right as we come in view of East Templeton to the left. Here are the mills of the Maclarens. Bell rings for breakfast; then we regret we had not known of this boat breakfast, but we had not known of it, and had to hunt out an open restaurant among the many closed ones, as Ottawa is not an early riser.

The river widens below East Templeton, and narrows again before reaching the pretty grove-surrounded summer resort of Besserers, 11 miles below. From Besserers to Cumberland, 9 miles farther on to the right (Ontario side). It is just river, river, beautifully banked with pretty farms, in places reaching to the water's edge, while at others the scenery is wild and picturesque.

Cumberland is a pretty little village sitting on the hillside, framed in sylvan cosiness. A mile away, and on the Quebec side, we come to Buckingham, Prince's Wharf. The town of Buckingham itself is four miles to the north, on the C. P. R. It is quite a considerable place—3,000 inhabitants. It was here that the late James Maclaren made many of his millions. He is the Maclaren about whom I told you, who as a boy, crossed Lake Deschenes, with all his few possessions in a canoe, on his way to Wakefield, on the Gatineau.

Rockland.

This town of 2,000 inhabitants is one of the most important on the river. It might be called Hon. W. C. Edwards' town. This is literally true, for with his two great mills gone, Rock-land would be its name alone. These are but a part of his lumber interests.

Four miles below, on the Quebec side, we reach Thurso, with its large church and small houses. It is a village of 700 inhabitants. Our friend, J. A. Cameron, Crown Lands Agent, comes aboard for a trip down the river. This is the home of Captain Fred Elliott, captain of our boat, the "Empress," one of the best-liked men on the river. We shortly pass the Thurso Islands, with their "animal" outlined trees. Look at them from a distance, and if your imagination is a vivid one, you may see many odd

shapes of things. Wendover and Treadwell, 35 and 40 miles from Ottawa, are but stopping places. Along here come in the two rivers, the North Nation from the Quebec, and the South Nation from the Ontario side. They are considerable streams, and enter the Ottawa almost opposite to each other.

Papineauville, on the North Nation, is a little town, but one full of enterprise. It has a number of mills. The Misses Chabots have here a very popular hotel, frequented by many Ottawans.

We next reach the most famous village on the Ottawa River, made so by reason of its having been the home of the Hon. Louis J. Papineau, who, though called "The Rebel of 1837," did greater things, possibly, for Canada than any other one man of his time. Did greater things, or set in motion those things which were afterwards consummated, by reason of which Canada vastly benefited.

I cannot even touch upon his life, since it has taken many volumes to outline it, but I can advise you to read of this remarkable man, who for so many years was intimately connected with the political affairs of this northern country. The village is

Montebello.

46 miles down the river from Ottawa. On the north bank, there is the Chateau Montebello, on one of the very few old French seigniorial establishments existing at the present time, and the only one in the Province of Quebec. Its former extent was a square of 18 miles, reaching back and along the Ottawa. The Manor House, a large and solidly-built stone structure, may be seen from the steamer, a short distance west of the landing. Its site was ideally selected, on a high elevation overlooking the river. It is reached by a long detour through the town to the Manor entrance, thence along a densely shaded winding roadway, that calls to mind the entrance way to some old English castle.

I had been told of the courtesy of its present owner, Louis J. A. Papineau, son of the great leader, but was not prepared for the charming manner in which this courtly gentleman received and entertained me. I am sorry to note it, but the: "Well, what can I do for you?" is the chilling reception too often given one. Oh, the contrast! The three hours I spent at the Manor will ever be remembered as happy ones. They flew away all too soon, for what with visiting, going through his library of 5,000 volumes, selected by his cultured father, looking over rare paintings, and going through his museum, listening to his entertaining: "This was picked up at Rome, that at Algiers, and these are some rare bits from Pompeii," the time for the boat's return came long before I wished for it. The famous painting of his father, from which most of the pictures seen have been copied, hangs in his parlor. It was painted by M——, of Quebec, who died a few years ago, aged over 80. He has another portrait of his father, at 50; from

this his present wife, a lady of much beauty and culture, has made a good copy, which was presented to the province, and hangs in the Parliament Buildings in Quebec. The portrait of his mother shows a face of queenly beauty. The library is mostly of classical and historical books; there are only a few novels, and they of the best writers. It contains some rare volumes, such as Memoirs of Lafayette, and others of illustrious world men. He has had built a house separate for his collection of curios. I have never seen so fine a collection in a private museum as this. He has gathered from all countries in Europe except Russia. Algiers has contributed as well, and what is remarkable, he has few curios but are of interest. Many excursionists and tourists visit his museum, as on each Saturday afternoon he shows visitors through. This day there were many to see it, some from as far away as New Haven, Conn., and numbers from Ottawa. Mr. Papineau was among the political exiles after the Rebellion, along with his father, and spent two years in New York City in the practice of law. "I remained long enough," he said, "to know and ever after think well of the Yankees." This was pleasing to hear.

That visit will ever be a delightful memory. It was one of those which, in this busy age, are too rarely made, even when the opportunity is more rarely offered.

On the way to the boat I stopped to see one of the prettiest churches I have seen in Canada—not a large church, but a very unique one. It was planned by Napoleon Bourassa, the well-know architect, a relative of Mr. Papineau.

At Montebello is the Owens Lumber Company. Their mills are very extensive. Hon. Senator Owens, of Ottawa, is of the company. The points of interest beyond Montebello are L'Original, Grenville, and further on a short distance, though not on the steamboat line, is Hawkesbury, a town of 5,000, situated on islands and the south shore of the Ottawa. It is a very extensive lumbering town.

L'Original is the county seat of the Counties of Prescott and Russell. It is here that tourists leave the boat to go back a few miles to the south to

Caledonia Springs,

a famous resort as far back as in the forties, when Wm. Parker made them so famous as a resort for Americans. Their fame waned for years, but is now becoming even greater, as vast improvements are being made.

Grenville is the end of the excursion, but many through passengers take the little cars and go over a unique railroad, 13 miles long and five feet six inches wide—the only "Broad Gauge" railroad in America. They again take the boat, the "Sovereign," at Carillon, and go on to Montreal. Of this part of the trip I have told fully in The Wandering Yankee, and will not retell it here.

There were on board many well known people, among them Mr. R. W. Shepherd, Senator J. D. McGregor, of New Glasgow, N.S.; D. C. Fraser, the jovial M. P. (since made a judge), for Guysborough, N.S.; C. F. McIsaac, M.P. for Antigonish, N.S., seat of the late Sir John Thompson; and Alex. Johnson, the youthful member for Cape Breton, N.S. Among others were Hector Chauvin, a prominent attorney of Montebello, and Mr. B. B. Keefer, editor of the Ottawa *Citizen.*

Here's the Colonel again, who, as usual, wants to know "why?" This time it's "why don't you mention the ladies?" I fear if he were writing this, you'd think that Canada had no men. The Colonel remained on the boat, and had gone on to Grenville, and I had much to tell him of the pleasant things he had missed by not stopping off with me at Montebello.

We reached Ottawa about 6.30. This was the most pleasant day's outing I have had in Canada. I may have seen more of beauty, but for real pleasure, it was the most delightful of all.

Later.—The foregoing was written of a 1903 trip. Shortly after, Mr. Papineau's death occurred. I visited Montebello just in time. The old "country gentlemen" are fast passing, and their places are being taken by the men who know no leisure. The men of to-day are even in a hurry with their pleasure.

Later.—On Thursday night, Oct. 7th, 1904, Mr. David Russell, the proprietor of the Grand Hotel at the above mentioned Caledonia Springs, gave there a banquet to his friend, the Hon. Wm. Pugsley, Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, which has possibly never been surpassed in Canada,

A $15,000 *Banquet.*

for magnificence of entertainment. This hospital millionaire brought one hundred and fifty of his guests from far away St. John—the beautiful "city of the sea,"—in a special train of eleven cars, to which three were added at Montreal. From Ottawa and other Canadian cities came many prominent friends of Mr. Russell—men who like himself have made their rank in the world of finance and of State, since they left their early home by the sea.

This banquet, although far surpassing anything of its kind, in this old hostelry, brought back, in mind, "the other men and the other days," when the Grand was the mecca of the thousands who sought perfection of entertainment, and in the hands of Mr. Russell, those old days will come again.

THE OTTAWA TRANSPORTATION CO., LIMITED.

That day we went down the Ottawa, we saw many long blue barges going up and down the river, in tows of six to twelve, drawn by powerful tugs—practically steamboats. On inquiry, we learned that they belonged to the Ottawa Transportation Company, whose President is everybody's friend, genial D. Murphy, M.P.P. The fleet consists of 80 barges and 6 steamers, one of the largest on the continent for inland service.

This company carry a large portion of the millions of lumber that is sawed in and about Ottawa. They take it to Montreal, Quebec, and as far as Whitehall—the canals being too shallow to allow them to go farther. The immense size of one of these barges may be seen by the capacity. They carry as much as 350,000 feet of lumber.

Mr. Murphy came to Ottawa when a boy of twelve years, and worked his way up from cabin boy through all positions to captain, then part owner of a small fleet, finally principal owner of this great service. He is a director of the Bank of Ottawa, and of many other large mercantile establishments in the Capital.

DESCHENES LAKE.

The Colonel came in one morning in great good humor. "Rube," he began, "I've heard of one of the finest half-day trips about Ottawa. Holmden told me about it, and Holmden is authority on the beautiful, when it comes to scenic pleasures. He says that the 26 miles up the Deschenes lake from Queen's Park is full of interest, and that the falls at the west end of the lake are unique, owing to their number. Get ready, as the trolley car we have to take starts at 2 o'clock. It starts from under the Dufferin Bridge."

We caught the car, went out through Hull and Aylmer to Queen's Park, where the steamer "George B. Greene" was fast being filled by a merry company of excursionists and tourists, this being one of the trips the wise tourist takes when visiting Ottawa. "Half a day for half a dollar."

We are on and off without delay, as Captain Chartier is a prompt Captain.

"Hello! Kedey!" "Colonel, that is Mr. Kedey, who owns the Grand View Hotel at Fitzroy Harbor, where Major Brown, you know, told us to go if we wanted a good time and good treatment. I'm going to get him to point out the places along the lake, as the Major says Kedey knows the lake like a book, as he used to run rafts down the Ottawa. Yes, I'll ask him to tell us all the points of interest."

"No," desisted the Colonel, for once considerate, "he might not like to be bothered."

"What! Why the Major says that Kedey is never happier than when doing some favor for people."

"All right." And it was. We found him and kept him busy all the way up. Brown was correct, he did know the Ottawa, and particularly the Deschenes Lake (a widening of the river), called, in 1832, Chaudiere Lake, vide Lieut.-Colonel Joseph Bouchette.

I cannot go into details. I'll give you what there is to be seen, and the obliging Captain will point out the places.

Three miles across and up the lake, we stop at

Berry's Wharf,

with its old stone brewery, now out of commission. This is on the south, or Ontario side, on which side are most of the stops.

A mile above Berry's, Kedey asks: "See the little old stone church? There is

Pinhey's Point,

named for Captain Pinhey, an English officer who came out with others in the early part of the last century (about 1818). In that church are kept the names of the early settlers. That long stone

house was the Captain's home. In front of it, on terraces, are some little cannon, or were the last time I was there."

Smith's Point

is next. Then comes

Armitage's Wharf,

from which we run toward the north or Quebec shore. Looking through the trees we see

The Dominican Cottage,

used as a summer home for young students of the Dominican Order.

12 Miles Island

is seen in the middle distance—12 miles to Aylmer, and 12 miles to Quyon. Hence the name.

Basken's Wharf

is the next on the Ontario side. The lake widens into broad

Constance Bay,

a beautiful sheet of water. Ask the Captain to tell you the

Indian Story

in connection with this bay. No, he may be busy, so I'll let Kedey tell it. He calls attention to Sandy Point, a long point formed by narrow Buckham's Bay, running in almost parallel with the larger bay.

"This locality has a history," began Kedey. "In the early French days, the voyageurs' only means of reaching the far west was by the Ottawa.

Indian Massacre.

"On one occasion a large number of these voyageurs were coming up the river from Montreal, for furs. They would have run into an Indian ambush, but for a warning given them by a friendly Indian. He pointed out the camp where the Iroquois were entrenched, waiting for them. They turned and made a wide detour, coming up Buckham's Bay, behind the camp of the savages, and after a short, sharp battle, killed all the Indians, and went on their way up the Ottawa."

"Say, Kedey," I asked, "suppose the Indians had made that wide detour, and after that short, sharp battle had killed all the voyageurs, would it have been called a battle?"

"Oh, no; no, indeed, Rube; it would have, in that case, been a wicked massacre."

Blueberry Country.

This point between the bays is a great blueberry section. Four square miles is devoted almost exclusively to this berry.

Beyond the next lighthouse, about a mile, you can see far up toward the east, Buckham's Bay, spoken of above. The scenery all about is very pretty. Across to the north is Mohr's Island Reserve, of the Upper Ottawa Improvement Company.

On Mohr's Island,

with the little houses on the Easterly End, there is a great boom.

Haunted House.

Across to the South, Kedey points out the "Haunted House." It is so queer how quickly an empty house becomes "haunted."

Maclaren's Wharf.

From the wharf, past a little clump of trees, is pointed out the birthplace of the late James Maclaren, many times a "lumberman millionaire."

Quyon.

The only considerable town on the way is reached shortly before coming to the Chats Falls. It is a summer resort for many Ottawans.

"Oh, see," exclaimed a lady, shortly after passing Quyon, "there comes a town down the lake, drawn by a steamboat! Say, Mr. Kedey," (all the ladies by this time knew Kedey), "is that the way you move your towns up here in Canada?"

"My dear lady, that is not a town; it is a timber raft."

"A timber raft! Why, it looks like a lilliputian town, with all those tiny houses. Oh, isn't it too funny!" And she made a note of it. It did look like a lilliputian town, with its fifty houses for the men to sleep in.

We now came in sight of

Chats Falls.

Be sure to call this "Shaw," else you will be taken for a foreigner or stranger in "these here parts." As I have said elsewhere, the river is here three miles across. The Falls are the dropping of the level of Chats to Deschenes Lake—41 feet. There are 14 separate falls, some of them very beautiful. There is here a 150,000 horse-power going to waste.

The steamboat passes along in front of the finest of them, giving the passengers a good view from the deck. Imagine, if you will, a great dam of rock 41 feet high, three miles long, with here

and there openings through which the water passes in vast, tumbling, foaming volumes, and between the openings, tree-covered, rocky islands, which separate the water into the various falls. The large one ahead, as a matter of course, Kedey points out as " Mohr's Island." Then he remarks: " Of course, you notice there are *more* of this name than all others," at which the Colonel decides Kedey shall be fined, but Sayer has nothing stronger than cream soda. This, the Colonel again decides, is cause enough for remitting the fine.

Fitzroy Harbor

is the end of the run. We came again on a Wednesday, when the boat starts at 9 a.m., instead of 2 p.m. On Saturday the boat does not stop at Fitzroy Harbor, but on Wednesday it stops for two or more hours, giving the passengers ample time to be ferried across to Kedey's Grand View House, where a good dinner is served for 25 cents. This is one of the favorite trips about Ottawa, and yet many an Ottawan has never taken it. Like the Bostonians, who live so near Bunker Hill monument, that they never visit it. If, however, the people here realized how delightful an outing this is, they would surely take it. We liked it so well that we acquired the habit, and went often.

" The World is Small."

On coming back down the lake on one of these excursions, I could not but think, " What a little world this is after all!" I was attracted to a sweet-faced child—a little girl. I talked with her. I found her very interesting, and soon learned that she was from near New York, and was greatly surprised to find in her the child of an old friend, a near-by neighbor of years ago. I had lost all account of them, and far away from the old home, here on Lake Deschenes, in Canada, little Ruth Young lisped the news: " My papa is dead; an I am at Dranpa's, in Ottawa."

THE RIDEAU LAKES TRIP.

"Colonel," said I, when we reached Kingston, "what do you think of it?"

"I think that the man who called this the 'Rideau Canal' should have had another guess. 'Canal' for so much of beauty is nothing short of libel."

I will wager that every time you have heard of the Rideau Canal, you made a mental picture of a *ditch,* running from Ottawa to Kingston, 126¼ miles long, with a little tow path on one side, with a sleepy mule at one end of a long rope, pulling a long, rakey, white canal boat. Now, honest, didn't you? I did, and don't blame you. Well, never again think of one of the loveliest bits of beauty in all Canada as a ditch, for it is nothing of the kind. Instead it is a river resembling England's Thames, but wider, connecting a chain of magnificent lakes. In places cuts have been made, and these cuts—aside from that part in and near Ottawa—are, all told, not over ten miles long. They do not detract, but add beauty by contrast with the river and lakes. The Rideau is historical. Along its banks were the first settlements of this part of the country. At Burritt's Rapids—or its modern name, "Burritts on the Rideau"—Stephen Burritt settled in 1793, and where his son, Colonel Edmund, was born—the first white child in this portion of Canada. Later Bradish Billings settled on its eastern bank, near where now Ottawa stands. He was soon followed by many other pioneers, in Nepean, on the western side of the river.

I am seldom at a loss for words to describe what is to be looked upon in Canada, as the very beauty of the scenery enthuses one to easy expression, but for the Rideau Lakes, I fear that words would but detract from their real worth. It is one of those tours about which there is but one thought or spoken expression, "They are beautiful!"

Starting from Ottawa, at 3 o'clock, one clear August afternoon, with Captain Noonan, in the "Rideau Queen," we passed leisurely along the park-like borders of the canal, where the Park Commissioner's best work may be looked upon. Never before had we fully realized the work this Commission is doing, for in no other way may its magnificence be so well viewed as from the third deck of the little steamer. And when we think that it has just begun, we need draw a mental picture of what the miles of park will be when the trees and rare plants and shrubbery are fully grown. *And that Commission's work is done for love of City alone, for it gets no pay in money.*

Not until we have passed the locks beyond the Experimental Farm does the "Queen" show us her speed, but when we reach the river she becomes a thing of life, and the tree-bordered banks fly past as by a railway train.

I do not dare begin a description of what may be seen along or through the river and lakes to the summit (282 feet higher than Ottawa) at Newboro village, and on from thence through the lakes, enchained by the Cataraqui River, to Kingston (164 feet lower than Newboro village), on the St. Lawrence. 'Twould take a volume, while I have but space for a running sketch, and yet I fain would say enough to make you wish to see what we have seen, knowing that your thanks will be given for inducing you to become a tourist through so much of beauty.

To give you some conception of the lakes, the Big Rideau is 21 miles long, and in places 7 to 8 miles wide. This great lake, with its hundreds of islands, is, as you may imagine, rarely beautiful. It is like the Thousand Islands in Miniature. Many of these Islands contain cottages and are much beautified.

There are numerous towns along the way, the most prominent being Smith's Falls, 60 miles from Ottawa. It is an important railroad junction, and a very enterprising town.

Kingston and the 1,000 *Islands.*

I would tell you of Kingston, one of the well known cities of Canada, by reason of its being a great summer resort for Americans, but I find it of so great importance that I must reserve it for a book by itself, and not count it as but a "spoke" to this great "Hub." It is a "Hub" itself with its own "spokes," lying in the centre of so much beauty in lake and river scenery, that tens of thousands of our people annually find their way to this gateway to the Thousand Islands. And yet, I cannot pass it by without saying a word about its delighful people. They do make one love their City by their genial manner towards the stranger, and I do not wonder that the tourist comes and comes again, year after year, to spend the summer among them Every one with whom you come in contact seems to feel that it is his duty to make you like his city, and you go away, only to say nice things about Kingston, and to tell your friends if ever they go to Canada to stop off and partake of their hospitality, and then ever after have your friends thank you for it.

Oh, I beg pardon, I came near forgetting to tell you how to reach Kingston from the States. This is an important feature, and in telling it will at the same time put you in the way of reaching any part of Canada by the best route. You are, say, in New York City, Boston, Albany, or any of the great cities of the State of New York, or in Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago or other of the western cities, all you need to do is to take the New York Central train and come direct to either Clayton or Cape Vincent, New York. If by the former you are almost in the midst of the Thousand Islands, through which you pass on your way across the beautiful St. Lawrence to Kingston. From the moment you get on board the steamer at Clayton, the pleasure of the trip begins. By this direct route you not only see the beauty of the

Rideau trip, of which words fail me in describing, but you see as well as the Thousand Islands, of whose beauty all have heard And just here I must tell you, that which I had known before coming to Canada, and which I warrant you do not know, i.e. the inexpensiveness of seeing the Islands. I had often heard of the Thousand Islands, but had the impression that to see them properly would be a very expensive matter, but the Thousand Island Steamboat Company run regular steamers, and for a trifling cost you may see all parts of the Islands to the very best advantage. These trips are: (1) The fifty-mile tour by the fast observation steamer "New Island Wanderer." On this tour you see both the American and Canadian Channels, passing all the summer resorts, beautiful residences, historical places, and picturesque spots. (2) "The Club Ramble," in the steel plate steam yacht "Ramona." By this tour you pass in and out through the intricate channels, seen only by this narrow shallow-draught little vessel.

These are daylight tours, but possibly the most delightful of all is (3) the tour by night in the palatial steamer "St. Lawrence." Nothing like it in all the world. It is spectacular and marvelously fascinating. The steamer has a searchlight of 1,000,000 candle power. So intense is the light that it seems to turn night into day. It flits here and there, searching out the beauty spots, and framing them in darkness, intense by contrast, making pictures one can never forget.

No wonder that this island region has been termed "The Venice of the Western Hemisphere!" And yet, thousands of our people have "raved" over the beauties of the distant scene, who have never looked upon this fairyland so near at home.

These are but suggestions of trips, the details might run to any length, so much is there of worth to see, on the way from Clayton to the Capital. Many tourists stop over at Kingston, or leisurely tour the Rideau lakes, where fishing is so excellent. This latter fact I know, as the Colonel and I spent three days at one place, where we caught more bass than we had ever caught before in any waters. This is one of the tours where the fish stories and pictures of "one day's catch" may be relied upon.

Do you enjoy a water trip? Let me then tell you how that after you have visited the beautiful Capital City, you may go aboard the "Empress" to Grenville, and at Carillon take the "Sovereign" and go down the Ottawa—the veritable Grand River—to Montreal, where again you may take any one of the many floating palaces of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, and go down the St. Lawrence to Quebec, and still again by the same line from Quebec to and up the wierd Saguenay, of which strange river I have so often told you. If you have the time, and take this inland tour from Clayton to Chicoutimi, it will be told, long years from now, to the happy group about your knee, who will never tire of hearing of when "dranpa and dranma was to Canada."

NEW YEARS DAY IN HULL.

We have been told of the cordiality of the citizens of Hull, and especially were advised to "go to Hull on New Years' Day, if you would see the hospitality of its people." The Colonel and I took the advice, and were fortunate in having as our cicerone, that genial notary, Mr. Henry Desjardins, who was known and welcomed wherever he went. We had never before met so many French-speaking people in their homes as on this occasion; they were so delightful in their hospitality, and so genuine in their greeting, that we learned that day what we had missed in not knowing before, their home life. We shall ever remember with rare pleasure our New Years in Hull.

An old citizen had told the Colonel that among the New Year's customs of Hull, he must expect the ladies to greet him with a kiss. Now, to you who know the Colonel, it will be no surprise to hear him say, on his way back to Ottawa that night: "Rube, I'm a bit disappointed. I'm going to-morrow to hunt up that old citizen, and tell him what I think. 'Greet us with a kiss!' Why, I only got one kiss all day, and that from a sweet little lady of thirteen summers, and no winters, if I may judge from her sunshine, and I had to take that—I couldn't help it."

This reminded me of once kissing a little girl of ten, saying at the time: "I always kiss the pretty girls of ten and under."

She turned to a maiden aunt, who stood by, and asked: "Auntie, how old are *you?*" "Auntie" was over ten, and refused to state her summers.

La Guignolée.

New to us, and will be to many of you, is the French custom, "La Guignolée" (pronounced Ginolee), and yet so old that Caesar must have known of it. I will first give you its origin, and then the pretty custom itself as seen here.

In the time of the ancient Druid priests, in Chatres, in Beauce and Normandy, it was their (the Druids) custom to gather the mistletoe, along about the 21st of December, for holiday decoration. They would bless it, and give it out to the people, for their merry season. That everybody might be happy at this time, gifts were collected from the well-to-do, on the night before New Year, and distributed among the poor, amid much singing and jollity. As the mistletoe in French is "gui" (gee, "g," hard as in gorge), the French for "the Singing of the Mistletoe," is "La Guignolée," hence the custom became known as La Guignolée, and a quaint melody also bears the name, and this quaint melody is always sung by the band of merry gift distributors.

Some weeks before the holiday season, preparations are made, often on a large scale; food, clothing, or simple gifts are donated for the occasion by the generous people. These are collected into large sleighs, the band dress in a peculiar costume, with long white beards and tall odd-shaped hats, and when all is in readiness, they start on their rounds, singing the quaint melody, from door to door, often keeping it up until morning. All doors are left unlocked, for no one knows just where the band may want to leave a gift, or drop into the house packages of the substantial. A list has been made out with great care, and the very needy are always on the list. "The ashamed poor," as the French say, may also be remembered, but so carefully are the donations made that even the next door neighbor will not know of it.

Amongst the kind-hearted people of Hull the custom is kept up from year to year, and so well are all needs known, that few there be in the whole city but who may in fact have a "Happy New Year."

Musical Santa Claus.

To the children it is Santa Claus, on a numerous and musical scale; they all look forward to it as a great event. A gentleman past middle life said to me, in describing it: "Even to this day I enjoy La Guignolée. The memory of when, as a child, I stood waiting at the door for the passing singers, is very dear to me. The first far-away note, heard on the still night air, was sweeter music to my child-heart than I have ever since heard, and as nearer and nearer swelled that note, until it broke into the quaint swinging chorus, I grew ever wilder with joy. Oh, yes, my Santa Claus was La Guignolée. He brought me naught but music, but, oh! the joy of the music!" And he seemed a boy again, for very joy of memory. "Even now, old as I am," he continued, "I cannot hear that melody without a throb of real heart pleasure," and his voice and face told me how truly he spoke.

Purer French in Canada than in France.

This old custom of Normandy seems so appropriate among the French of Canada, for from Normandy they both originally came. Few other parts ever contributed to the New France, and the French spoken in Canada is more free from dialects than France itself, for it is Normandic, and one language. Apropos of the language, but not the custom in question, I cannot but speak in passing of what a French writer once said of the many languages of France. "In the north-east, German and Flemish are spoken; in Britanny, the Celt is the language in use; in south-west France, the Basque people know only Spanish; around Savoy, the Italian is in general use; while in southern France, about thirteen million French know only the provincial, a sort of

Latin dialect, and only in Normandy, where originated the language, is the true French spoken."

Another point not generally known, is that the French spoken in Canada is freer from patois than that spoken in Paris, and further, the French of Canada is free from all words of slang.

The French in Canada.

Little is known in the States or in England of the French people of Canada. It has been said that they are the happiest people in the world. Their home life is simple, and yet full of the joys unknown to the conventional. In a company of French each one can do something. It may be to play some musical instrument or to recite, while they can all sing, and many of them have beautiful voices. That day in Hull we heard classical music better rendered than we had listened to from any other women pianists since we came to the valley.

The kindness shown in their home life is proverbial, and withal, the Colonel and I are delighted with them, and would say even more of these genial people.

Highest Offices held by Frenchmen.

Here is a remarkable fact. The highest offices in Canada are held by French Canadians They are: The Premier; the Speaker of the House, Hon. N. A. Belcourt; and the Chief Justice, the Hon. Elzear Taschereau. The President of the most important society in Canada—The Royal Society of Canada—is Benjamin Sulte, one of the ablest historians on the continent. He is of French origin.

Descendants of the Famous.

Hull has some descendants of families very famous in our history. Mr. E. B. Eddy is of the Miles Standish line, while Mr. S. S. Cushman, the Vice-President of the Eddy Company, is a descendant of Robert Cushman, who not only planned but carried out the sailing of the Mayflower (1620). Charlotte Cushman and very many of our foremost in various lines were of this family.

ARNPRIOR.

Population 4,400.

We saw cattle and horses on our way to Arnprior that morning, that one might think were from the blue grass lands of Kentucky. The Colonel, who is always boasting of Ohio farms, when he saw this Ottawa Valley, admitted that, "Although not in Ohio, it's pretty fair land!" Now, as for myself, I never liked the Ohio farms, in fact I liked them less than in any other State. My experience with them was not at all a pleasant one. I had to *work* on them and it's a sad memory.

We passed the grape lands of the Mosgroves, a few miles out. Grapes grow here in great abundance, the Mosgroves having thirty-five acres in bearing, not far from Britannia Park, on the river.

We pass a number of small towns on the way—none of them remarkable for—"What is it Colonel?" Oh yes, the Colonel says I must not forget to mention

Carp,

but now that I have mentioned it he forgets what it is remarkable for, unless it be the pretty gum chewers who got on the train that morning. It seemed that all the pretty girls in town were at the station, and all chewing "wax."

We had heard oft before of a "Carp,"
But thought it a critic with "harp,"
"Chewing" all the day long
On the other man's wrong,
Like a pretty gum chewer of Carp.

* * * * * *

We had ne're thought of it as a town,
The home of a Jones or a Brown,
A place with red houses and law,
Where the girls and old maids work the jaw,
Like the pretty girls work it in Carp.

* * * * * *

But levity aside (the above is levity) Carp's 600 people are all right. They have a pretty little town, a hotel that might well be taken as a model for many another place in the valley; a 350 barrel flouring mill; a bank (Bank of Ottawa); two large general stores; the Moses and Sons cheese box manufactory—(the largest manufacturers of cheese boxes in Ontario, with three mills); and a baseball team that can play ball.

At Galetta five miles east of Arnprior, we crossed the Mississippi river. It is not so large as ours and resembles it only in muddiness and name. It is a pleasure to run across a river or a name that carries one back home, so will remember with pleasure Galetta, and it's "Mississippi."

There is a stage line from Galetta to Fitzroy Harbor four miles to the north, where the Mississippi enters the Ottawa river or Lake Deschenes, as here called, where are the Falls.

I may speak elsewhere of Chats (Shaw) Falls, and here will simply say that to miss seeing them will be your loss. They are immediately opposite Fitzroy Harbor. The Ottawa river here flows from Chats lake to Deschenes lake. The river is at this point 3 miles wide and reaches the lower level 41 feet below, by 14 distinct falls. You may know how fine they are, when I tell you of the man who said to me: "They are far more beautiful than Niagara." He had not seen Niagara yet, but said he was going next summer if he got a raise in salary. They *are* beautiful. Niagara is grand.

So Much of Beauty that the Canadians don't Realize It.

I cannot compare them for you, as there are possibly none others in the world like them. Up here where they have so many beautiful things all around them, and in all directions, these people somehow don't appreciate what they have, and a stranger might come and go and not be told of things, near by, which at home he would take a long journey to look upon.

The first thing we noticed in Arnprior were the muddy streets which recalled the lines of Williams.

> " Nan and her man went to Arnprior,
> Where they both got stuck in the mire,
> They pulled out the man but as for poor Nan
> Why on her they used an iron prier."

Williams has quite recovered and has reformed, and as Arnprior, having just completed a fine system of sewers and water works, is shortly to build streets and sidewalks second to none in the valley, we will let the incident drop, and go up town to see Mayor Cranston, and ask him about his town. We found him to be quite the genial gentleman promised by our Ottawa friends. He takes a just pride in his town and people. He set out at once to show us around.

A Lumber Town.

There is here located one of the largest lumber firms in Canada—the McLachlin Brothers, whose yards are said to be the most extensive of any private company in the world. They are a half mile wide, and three miles long with thirty-five miles of railroad

tracks. Seven hundred men are employed in the four great mills, which are run part by steam and part by water power from the Madawaska. From 80 to 100 millions of feet are cut annually. J. R. and A. Gillies, and the Gillies Brothers, are two other very extensive manufacturers of lumber. Among the other industries are: S. R. Rudd, sash and doors; V. Barnette, sash and doors; C. Merrick, boat builder; Dontigny & Hughton, woollen mills; McLachlin Brothers, flouring mills; Arnprior Marble Works, and others.

Arnprior is the largest shipping point in Eastern Ontario, outside of the cities. As many as three loaded trains leave in a day.

The present King, made Arnprior a visit in 1860. He was entertained by Mr. Daniel McLachlin, the builder of Arnprior, the father of the McLachlin Brothers, in a beautiful home (a picture of which see in the "gallery"), on the hill at the edge of the town, now occupied by Mr. H. F. McLachlin. It overlooks the Chats lake. The grounds are parklike and possibly the prettiest about Ottawa, being high above the lake and very carefully kept. The Prince planted an oak tree, which stands not far from the residence.

The Indian Grave. A Memory.

Arnprior prides herself on her pretty Tuque Blue Cemetery. It is a quiet restful place, not far from the lake. In the older part we saw a stone which marked the grave of a whole family of Indians, drowned in 1862. Their names, carved deep into the stone were most poetical. The Indian name and its translation were both given:—"She who follows"—Mang—"Loon;" "She who climbs"—"Morning Star," etc. I never see the word "Loon" but my mind flies far away to the beautiful lakes in Northern Quebec, where first I saw the strange bird of that name. It is a lonely feeling that steals over me, but oh such a restful happy one. I often live over that tour among the lakes with Phillip and George as my guides.* I may never again have so delightful a tour. It was all so new to me. I enjoyed each little part of it. I caught no fish; I killed no animal. I did not want to fish, nor did I want to kill, I only wanted to float through lakes of primeval forest beauty and enjoy nature at its full, and I did. To-day as I looked at that grave, that one name stood out and alone. It took me far away to a day when I was happy.

Newspapers.

There are four newspapers here: The Arnprior Chronicle, Jeffery Brothers, proprietors, and W. J. Stiles, editor; The Weekly News, George E. Neilson, jr., editor; The Watchman, Jas. C. Will-

* "The Yankee in Quebec."

iams, editor, and the German Post, Rev. R. P. Christianson, editor. These newspapers are enterprising and well edited. We are indebted to each of them for many favors and courtesies.

* * * * * *

Men of Large Heart.

Since writing the above an incident has occurred which must be recorded. It is one of those incidents for which I shall ever have a place even though I have to stop the press to tell it.

I spoke of the great lumber firm of McLachlin Brothers, located in this town. The incident shows that the rich are often men of large heart. These Brothers closed their mills and on special trains brought 1,800 of their employees and their families to Ottawa, for a day at the exhibition, paying every expense and counting full time for their men on pay day. Is it to be wondered that Arnprior is proud of such citizens! If such as they were more numerous there would not be the strife between capital and labor that there is. By such as they the world will be made better!

* * * * * *

I had scarcely chronicled this act of kindness when I noticed the death of Mr. C. McLachlin, the younger brother. I may forget that he had been worth millions of dollars, but I can not forget that with all his millions he was kind.

PEMBROKE.

Population 5,400.

A Cordial Little City.

"Colonel, what is the first thing you notice on reaching a new town?" I asked one day, when the Colonel was in a particularly good humor. "That's an easy one," he replied. "It is not the place but the people. I have seen towns and cities so beautiful that they might have been fenced in and labelled 'perfect,' and yet I fairly hated their names, and would go out of my way to pass around them in going through a country. No, Rube, it's not the place but the people. I have seen the people of a town assume the air of vast importance, and seem to feel sorry for the stranger who chanced to be thrown among them, simply because the unfortunate was not of their town, when in fact their town itself was of such insignificance that the only impression it ever made was the little black spot on the country map."

I said "the Colonel was in a particularly good humor that day." Well, "that day" happened to find us in Pembroke, and I am sure the "good humor" was occasioned by the cordiality of

its people. Kindness goes so far and costs so little, that I often wonder that it is not more general; nor does it consist in great acts. It is often the little things that count most. I left the Colonel at the hotel one morning while I strolled out to see the town. Going too far, it began raining before I could get back. A man sitting in his porch hailed me and asked me to come in out of the rain, and the shower passing, loaned me his umbrella, lest it rain before I reached the hotel. That evening, on returning the umbrella, I asked the gentleman for the residence of one living in his vicinity. He did not point it out as he could have done, but went with me. I wondered at the time who he was, and was greatly surprised, later, to learn that he was one of the wealthiest men in Pembroke. I may never see him again, the chances are that I never shall, as I have not the time to retrace steps. Will I remember him as "one of the wealthiest men in Pembroke?" No, wealth counts but little to the passing stranger. *He loaned me his umbrella and went with me to a neighbor's.* These little things are what count. I shall ever love Pembroke for this kindness of one of her citizens, and, now be honest, my reader, don't you too, think well of that town? The correct literary writer often finds fault with me for telling the little things, the common places of life, the human things, but I shall keep on telling them just the same. They are becoming too few in this age of the "correct," and I will note the few as I pass along.

I wished some information, about a place we were passing, one day on a train. A man sat opposite me in the car, who could give the information, and I asked it. He gave it, and in another part of this volume you will find it, and be pleased to get it, for it is valuable, but ah, how coldly he gave it. I thanked him and he said I was welcome, but his manner belied his words. That man was doubtless "correct," but he was not human, if kindness to one's fellows counts for humanity. He was *not* a Canadian, save by adoption. Would that I might write that which could make the world happier, and I will try, even though I may but tell the little things. My "wealthy" friend was not the exception. Courtesy was general in Pembroke, and you will say the same when you visit that pretty little city on the southern shore of Lake Allumette.

Pembroke is reached by the Canada Atlantic and the Canadian Pacific, 105 miles west of Ottawa.

It has three banks: Bank of Ottawa, F. C. Mulkins, manager; The Quebec Bank, P. D. Strickland, manager; and Royal Bank of Canada, Wm. Kingsmill, manager. Two hospitals, three Public Schools, a High School, a Roman Catholic Separate School, and a large Convent.

Industries.

Pembroke has three large saw mills, a 250 barrel flouring mill, a woolen mill, a scale factory, a machine shop, two foundries and two sash and door mills.

Three newspapers furnish the news for Pembroke. The Standard, W. H. Bone, editor; the Advocate, M. Ringrose, editor; the Observer, R. C. Miller, editor. They have the appearance of being well supported and prosperous.

Mr. W. D. Cunneyworth, the courteous agent of the Canada Atlantic called at the Copeland, (a hotel by the way, which we can most heartily commend both for table and courtesy, from the good natured Daniel Burns, landlord, to the office boy), shortly after we reached town and said that we should take the trip

Up the Allumette past Oiseau Rock, to "Days Washin'."

"Take it," said he, "it is one of the favorite trips of Canada," and when that is said one may count on something fine indeed, for a "Canadian favorite" means a good deal, where there are so many beautiful trips. We had often heard of the Allumette, and of the Oiseau ("Weezah") Rock, but had never known just where they were, or that they were together. The Allumette is another of those great lakes in the Ottawa. It is 8 miles wide, and 50 miles long, and in places very deep, especially "Deep River," where it is 400 feet in depth. Now don't forget that Allumette is a lake, in front of Pembroke. You may better remember it if I tell you that it is another Saguenay river, only that it is full of islands, and has ten or more creeks and rivers running into it. Among the latter are the Chalk and the Petewawa, two very large rivers. Most of the streams enter from the south or Ontario side, and what is remarkable, the mouth of nearly every one of them is turned west and enters toward the head of the lake. Another Saguenay feature is Oiseau Rock, which is a miniature Eternity Rock, so familiar to those who have had the good fortune to see that wierd river.

With this introduction, I am going to turn you over to

Captain Will Murphy,

of the Victoria. Now let him talk and you will have nothing to do, but ask questions. No wonder the Captain is such a favorite among the ladies, he never tires of answering: "Oh, Captain, what's that over there?" He may have answered it a thousand times before, but you would never know it from his good natured reply. "The land you see across the lake to the north is Allumette Island. It is 6 miles wide and 16 miles long. It has a population of 1,200." Ten miles up he points out the Calbute Snye

(Channel), and tells you that boats used to go through it before the locks were broken away. "In places it is so narrow that you could pick leaves from the trees on either side of the boat. See that white house at the head of the Island? That is the summer house of our good Mayor Delahaye. There is Gray's boom, and is one of the many booms of the Upper Ottawa Improvement Company, one of whose many steamboats we met a few minutes ago. There's Joe O'Meara's island. That pretty island you see to the right belongs to our Pembroke Member of Parliament, Hon. Thomas Mackie. There to the left is the Petewawa river, and that beautiful grove on the point belongs to one of our lawyers, Mr. J. H. Metcalfe," said the Captain, just after pointing out the island of Mr. George Gordon. "That is Edw. Dunlop's island, and *What's that? 'Liveryman?'* No, why do you ask?" and the Captain looked surprised.

"Well, I certainly have heard that name in connection with *something* about 'livery,'" said I, and the Captain's eyes twinkled as he replied: "Now, see here, Rube, I'm a very Conservative man, and while not stingy I am not Liberal enough to give you anything about *tires* or other things 'livery,' so don't ask me, but I was pointing out the islands. There's Darceys, used as a camp by the Darcey Club of Ottawa." "Hello Charlie!" said he to a passing launch.

"That naptha launch we just passed belongs to Charlie McCool, Member for Nipissing. There is good fishing all along here. 'That?' That's Windsor Island, Harding and Neopole own it. That fine island over there belongs to Mr. W. R. White, the President of this Steamboat Company. Over there to the left is King Edward's Island."

"Oh, Captain, what is that funny little thing it has on it?" asked the pretty girl from Baltimore.

"That 'funny little thing' was once the cabin of the old Steamer Ottawa," replied Murphy, who went on pointing out the islands of Thomas Pink, just at the turn of the channel, C. Chapman, Robt. Delahaye, John McCormick, Kenning and Sutton, A. Archer, Jas. A. Thibadeau and C. L. McCool. At this time we were nearing

Fort William,

fourteen miles from Pembroke. This was one of the original Hudson Bay Forts. There is still standing the little old church and the Indian burying ground, with large oak trees growing over the graves. This is a popular picnic ground. There is here a large summer hotel, The Pontiac, kept by the McCools. Shortly after leaving Fort William we saw to the left, at the mouth of Chalk river, a long rocky island with a front almost perpendicular, too rough for anybody to claim. Now bear in mind I had not in any way tried to divide with the Captain the attention of the

ladies, but when Miss New York asked, "Oh, Captain, whose island is that?"

"That don't belong to anybody, but I am going to give it to Rube here, Rube hereafter that island will be

"The Wandering Yankee."

"Oh, why do you call it that Captain?" Miss Washington asked. "Because it is such a *bluff!* Rube, 'chalk' that down on your chart!" and I didn't speak to the Captain again for full ten minutes, at which time we all wanted to know, "what is that hill called over there to the left?" "That is

High View.

It is 20 miles from Pembroke. Here are the summer homes of many prominent people. Amongst them W. H. Perrott, A. Foster, A. Johnson, F. Fenton, W. B. McAllister and D. C. Chamberlain, of Ottawa, Mrs. R. Dunlop, John Roberts and A. Wright. Near here is the Pontiac Game Club of New York City."

Soon after this, the lake narrows into "Deep River." Up to the right we see

Oiseau Rock.

When nearing it, the boat swung in until we could look almost up its steep sides. "Oh, Captain, where is the 'Old Man's Face?'" asked Miss Brooklyn. "Now look as we pass," and everybody looked up. "Oh there I see it," said Miss Cincinnati who was as usual the first to unravel things. Then when it was pointed out, all could distinguish the face of a long bearded old man.

"On the very top of the rock and running back a half mile, there is a beautiful clear lake. Here picnic parties often come to spend the day. Tell me some of you how water gets up to that lake?" "By capillary attraction, as water is drawn up into a cube of sugar," answered Miss Cincinnati again, offhand like.

"I thought it came from a higher elevation," remarked Miss Iowa. "Yes, so does almost everybody else, but tell me how does enough water get to that 'higher elevation' to supply all these mountain lakes? No, it is drawn up as I said, by capillary attraction, and don't 'happen.'"

Further up there is another rocky point, McQueschen's Rock, which to me is even prettier than Oiseau. "The Bronson's, of Ottawa, have a 100 mile Hunting Preserve, over there to the north on the Quebec side." We pass Schyan's Point to the right and Robert's wharf to the left nearly opposite, and then Des Joachims comes in sight, and Des Joachims is the limit, that is the end of the lake. I defy you to pronounce that name, I tried and the nearest I could come to it was

"Days Washin,"

and some of the crowd we found there, looked like they needed it.

Over to the south you see the falls with the old tumble down bridge, and the two new bridges further up across the beautiful rapids. Miles of logs fill the lake at the head, and the steamer has to pick its way through the stray "floaters." We do not stay long as the obliging Captain had stopped at too many wharves on the way up, to deliver a letter or take on some trifle for the settlers. The Captain, the Colonel and others of us, go up to the little hotel, "The White House," so called from having been painted that color in early days. The name is all that stuck. We meet here, among others, the Chief of Police and Game Warden, who tells us that game is so plentiful a few miles back, that moose, caribou and deer, are like cattle for number. I got his name, that I might tell my hunter friends, who can write him for particulars. It is Thomas Costello, game warden, Des Joachims, P.Q.

We met here Judge H. K. Downey. He is not the sober, sedate Judge we often meet with on the bench. "What?" The Captain wants to know if I see a little old Indian man, and I say "yes," although he is almost too small to see. "Well, he is Chief of the Algonquins!" says the Captain, and at once I feel sorry for the Algonquins. We turn round and start back. Father Forget, a little priest, with his horse and buggy gets on the boat. He is one of the men whom I should remember. He had a personality that was most pleasing and could tell a capital story.

The Captain Posted the Letter.

I told how obliging a Captain we had. I was wondering if there was a limit. There was. We were late, and Murphy was making up all the time possible when far across the lake to the right he sighted a signal flag. The Captain said something to himself, but rang the bell to turn, possibly a mile out of his way. What could it be! It *must* be important to call a boat so much out of its course! He ran along side, the hawser was made fast and the boat stopped. "What is it, quick, I'm late?" "Say, see here, Capn, I wantcher ter post this here letr," said a native. "I hain't got no stamp but Ile pay yer next time if I happen ter be down to ther warf when yer pass."

Some of us had thought, up to that minute, that the Captain might be a Sunday School teacher, but he wasn't. No, the Captain is not a Sunday School teacher. I don't know just why I think so, but I am almost certain he is not. (This letter is a fact.)

For the benefit of my fishing and hunting readers, I will say that with Pembroke as a starting point, there are few better districts than the one up the Allumette. In all the many streams that enter the lake, trout are very plentiful, while the lake itself in places is full of bass. This is the

Sportsman's Paradise.

I need but refer to a few of the many hunting and fishing clubs, who have camps in this section: "The Pontiac," with many New York members; "The Wedgewood," Dr. J. E. Deacon, President, Edw. Dunlop, Secy.; "The Caribou," of Ottawa and Pembroke, President, James Leach; "The Indian Point," Dr. Josephs, President, Dr. Kenning, Secretary, Edw. Ryan, Treas.; "The Oiseau," Robt. Strutt, President, Jas. Fraser, Secy., Joseph Summerville, Treas.; "The Nekbong," W. R. White, K.C., President; and just now is forming the "Idlewild Hunting and Fishing Club," limited to 25 members. They have a 30 mile limit on the Quebec side, on the Ottawa, northerly from Pembroke. They purpose building one of the finest hunting and fishing club houses in Canada. Its President is B. H. Blakeslee, Sec'y-Treas., Mrs. F. A. Wegner, and Mr. F. A. Wegner, Managing Director.

We leave Pembroke for Golden Lake, where we take the train for Algonquin Park.

FROM PEMBROKE TO ALGONQUIN PARK.

We stopped off to fish, at Barry's Bay. Some one spoke of duck hunting one day when a native said: "Ducks ain't looked on as game, but if yer talkin about deers then you *are* talkin.

"Ther Familiar Deer."

Ther deer howsever are too tame. Why," said he, as he took a fresh *chaw,* "ther deers hereabouts gits too familyer, altergether too familyer. Why, strangers, up ter Medderwasky, wher ther train stops ter eat, ther deers have got ter know it as an eaten place, an they come an eat beranners, an apples right out er ther passengers hans, fact strangers, oh, yes, ther deers in them parts is altergether too familyer. Git any fish? Why," said he looking at some four pound trout we had caught that morning, "them's nuthin but minners, we throws such is them back in the water ter grow. It's a shame ter take sich pore little fish," and that too, when the Colonel and I, had been calling ourselves "the mighty fishers of Barry's Bay." After the native had told us about how numerous and "familyer" the deer were at Madawaska, (22 miles west of Barry's Bay) where the train stops for refreshments, we were quite anxious to be going on, after a week of delightful wandering. Yes, we were anxious to see "them familyer deers at Medderwasky," and hurried away so that we could feed "them bernanners an apples outer yer hand." We had seen many deer around the Bay, and although not in hunting season, yet they were

too wild " ter eat bernanners outer yer hand," and I could not get a snap shot of the Colonel in the feeding act. Now we were going to see deer, that could be snap-shotted at close range. I had a number of captions selected for the picture; "the Colonel feeds the deer at Madawaska," " Fifty minutes for refreshments," "The familyer deer," " Not afraid," and a number of other suitable names.

When we reached

Madawaska,

130 miles west of Ottawa, and the half way point to Depot Harbor, we hurriedly finished our dinners, laid in a supply of "bernanners" and apples and started to find the " familyer." We had hardly hoped to find them, but we would try. The Colonel went in one direction, I went in another. I was the first to find them, and called to him. When he came running up, I was feeding two pretty animals, a buck and a doe. I won't tell you what the Colonel said, when he saw me in front of a *wire pen* feeding " bernanners to them familyer deers," but from his remarks I don't think it would have been pleasant for the native of Barry's Bay to have been there.

Madawaska is the end of the Division. Here ends the east and begins the west, to Depot Harbor, (pronounce this Dep-o). Before the railway opened this country, Madawaska was the end of civilization. This is in the centre of a great lumbering district. Not far from here is where the now famous J. R. Booth, builder and principle owner of the Canada Atlantic, purchased his first timber limit. " Colonel, did I ever tell you about Booth's start? You know of his marvellous rise in the lumber, steamboat and railway works, but I don't believe I ever told you of his start. It reads like another

Aladin Story.

" J. R. Booth was a farmer boy in the Eastern Townships, Province of Quebec. His father wished him to become a farmer. J. R. had other notions. Just what those notions were he did not then know; but anything rather than to follow the plow. He left his home. His first work was to help on the building of the old fashioned railway covered bridges. He did not then have enough even to pay for a few tools, and had to borrow them until pay day. When he reached Ottawa, he found work in a mill, where he remained for a few years. In the meantime a monied man had seen in young Booth, a peculiar ability. There was a timber limit to be sold—the one near here— a limit of 150 square miles. The capitalist told Booth, 'buy this limit and I will put up the money for you.' He meant that he would furnish the money if the limit was bought within a reasonable price. Mr. Booth sent out men to estimate the quantity of timber on the

land. The day before the sale was to be held, was an anxious day for him. His prospectors had not returned, and he feared they might not reach Ottawa, in time, but at 2 o'clock on the very morning of the sale, they came in. Their report was that the timber was almost without limit. 'Trees standing like grass for number, and in quality unexcelled.'

The Sale.

"Buyers were there from far and near. Others too had sent prospectors and knew the wonderful growth of that 150 square miles. The bidding became brisk. Capital met capital, and the price rose higher and higher. No price was bid but what it met a raise. Soon all the bidders were known to the excited crowd. 'All?' No, not all. There was a silent bidder who winked his bid. 'Who was he?' The face of each man in the room was closely scanned, but the silent one was not detected nor suspected. 'Fraud,' cried an anxious bidder. 'No fraud!' answered back the auctioneer, 'all bids are honest.' One after another of the bidders dropped out, for the price was going far beyond reason, as they thought. '$30,000, who says $35-000? Thirty-five I have.' 'Thirty-six,' slowly came a bid. 'Who makes it forty thousand?' Scarce was it asked till he ran on 'forty I have;' 'forty-one,' followed the slow bidder; 'forty-two, forty-three, forty-four, going, going. Forty-four. $45,000, last call. Sold to J. R. Booth.' Had a thunder clap from a clear sky sounded at that moment, it would not have struck that crowd with the same consternation as did that, 'Sold to J. R. Booth!' 'He cannot pay for it! We have been defrauded of our rights!' The auctioneer in slow measured words replied: 'The limit is sold to J. R. Booth, and he can pay for it!'

"When his capitalist—who was at the sale, and had wondered why Booth made no bid, as he thought—found that he was 'in' for the $45,000, he said many things. Among others, 'I will give you $10,000 cash, if you will throw up the sale and let me off.' 'No,' came the wise answer of the future lumber king. 'No, you could not buy me off for all you are worth! That limit is a fortune,' and so it has proved. For forty years Mr. Booth has been cutting from it, and to-day it is valued at more than one million and a half dollars. It was the start, to-day, J. R. Booth, who left home for 'something better than farming,' has 6,000 square miles of timber limits, nearly five times the size of our Rhode Island, larger than Connecticut, and almost as large as the State of Massachusetts. He has a line of steamers carrying millions of bushels of grain, with elevators scattered over hundreds of miles to hold that grain, and lumber mills where an army of men are employed in sawing over 100 million feet per annum. All these, not to mention a railroad of over 500 miles long (since sold

to the Grand Trunk, for $14,000,000), and many other industries, and the whole running under a system marvellous for its perfection. His wisdom is shown in the selection of the young men of ability with whom he is surrounding himself. Each knows well his part and does it. There now, Colonel, you have in part the life story of one of the most remarkable business men on the continent."

The Colonel gives his last apple to the "familyer deer," and we go back to the station, to interview any Madawaskan we may find with a bit of information to impart. We find one and ask: "What do you know that we don't?"

"From your question I would hope, I knew a good many things." There, we gave him the advantage and put him at his ease. Then he told us the fish and game resources of his district. Said that in the hunting season there were many black bear, deer, and much small game, especially partridge, while as for fishing—like all other places—Madawaska is the best. Pointing over to the Opeongo Hills, a little north west, he said that Gov. E. C. Smith, of Vermont, had a hunting lodge on Victoria lake, a beautiful bit of clear water, three by five miles in extent, "and," said he, straightening up, "this country must be all right to draw a Governor, and a Vermont Governor at that." He seemed to think that "the Ohio of the east," was quite a State, and it is, if stalwart men and bright women can make it so. This may seem a long talk, but did you ever think how much can be said in "fifty minutes for refreshments?"

Beyond Madawaska, the Madawaska river is in sight most of the way, to

Whitney,

fifteen miles beyond. If we had that river it would be utilized, and it would be invaluable for mills, along its whole course, as it is a series of rapids, with here and there a lake. Whitney is at the outlet of Long Lake. The St. Anthony Lumber Company, located here has built up a considerable town. It was named for the millionaire brother of the leader of the Conservative party in Ontario.

Here is another excellent trout fishing section, but why mention this when one might cast a "fly" into almost any stream or lake along the Canada Atlantic, throughout the whole 200 miles of Lakeland, and go home with proof of any "fish story" one might wish to tell! It is indeed a land conducive of truth, for there would be no reason for the fisher's imagination.

A Biograph Picture.

When you went to the Biograph Picture Show, what did you most enjoy? Were I asked this question I would readily reply:

"That railway scene, showing a section of a beautiful country." Were that scene to be photographed on this road it would require a film reaching from Madawaska to the Georgian Bay, as it is all so beautiful that no part of it could be left out, and one would not grow tired. The scenes are ever changing, like as in a kaleidoscope. One, who has never seen the like can form no conception of the beauty through which this road runs. It is not cultivated, it is just wild and beautiful!

One more station, Rock Lake, and then we are in the little known

Algonquin National Park,

so little known, that we are going to stop off at Algonquin Station, and take you over one of the numerous tours that can be made through this wondrous land of changing beauty, and if you can conceive from a pen picture, just a little of the real, then I will feel amply repaid for trying to tell you what here may be seen.

ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK.

"Rube," said the Colonel, one night as we sat in camp on the banks of Burnt lake, the prettiest bit of water we have yet seen in Canada, "you are certainly the most fortunate traveller I ever knew. You always meet the right man in the right place." Now I'll tell you just how it all happened and to what the Colonel referred.

"The right man," was Donald Ross, and "the right place," was on the train just as we started from Madawaska after the "50 minutes for refreshments." All morning I had been asking Conductor Robertson "what more do you know of Algonquin Park?" until the poor man grew tired of telling me of the things that he had heard. So when Donald Ross, one of the ten Park Rangers, got on the train, at Madawaska, the Conductor took me to him and said: "Here is a man who knows *all* about it. I know nothing, but Ross knows the Park as a book," and so it proved. Ross was on his vacation and I met him "in the right place," for by the time we had reached the Algonquin Station he had excited my curiosity to see "The most unique Park in Canada if not on the continent."

"I am just through my vacation and I can go with you or rather you can go with me on my rounds, and as my next tour is by far the best one of them all, you will be fortunate in seeing it."

Where and What is Algonquin Park?

I will tell you a few things about the Park, before starting to see it. It is a vast tract of lakeland set apart by the wise men of Ontario for all time, "for the benefit and enjoyment of the people." It is a reserve nearly 2,000 square miles in extent. Nearly half the size of Connecticut. It lies east of Georgian Bay, about 75 miles (to the western limit of the Park) and the southern limit is nearly 100 miles north of Lake Ontario. Its eastern limit is 156 miles west of Ottawa, and its northern limit is a few miles south of the Ottawa river. There you have the location. Its elevation at the station is 1,837 feet.

The Birthplace of Rivers.

Here begin their meanderings, many rivers, some of them considerable in size. I know of no section of country where are found so large a number of streams as start in Algonquin Park. Here head the North river and the East river. I've since told this to a New York man, one whose geography is readily mixed. "Is that so? I never knew just where our two rivers started. I knew it was up north or down east somewhere, but I never before knew it was in Algonquin Park in Canada, but say hold on Rube," as an idea percolated, "how do they get across the Mississippi?"

"By viaducts, Knicky, viaducts!" and he went on making money as though he had not been stopped by so insignificant a thing as geography.

The Muskoka, Severn, Madawaska, Bonnechere, Amable du Fond, Petewawa, Magnetawan, South, and other rivers, have their birth in Algonquin Park. They run east and north to the Ottawa, and south and west to the Georgian Bay. We cross the divide on the railway. The waters part, one to the east, the other to the west.

The Land Half Water.

Had I visited Algonquin Park, when I was an Irishman, I certainly should have said: "The land up here is half water." Besides the many brooks, creeks and rivers, there are countless lakes, small and nameless up to the great Opeongo, the Cedar and the Tea. 1,000 *lakes* and some of them not yet counted.

The Opeongo is nearly 20 miles long and lies in four townships. Here was the burial place of the once great tribe of the Algonquins, now almost unknown, save by name.

A Paradise for Wild Animals.

No one is permitted to shoot any game. This fact has been sent broadcast with the result that the animals having read an account of it simply laugh at man, who must needs see, but not

molest them in their lazy abundance as he passes from lake to portage and portage to lake again. They are increasing in number very fast.

The Start.

It was a bright July morning. You, who live far to the south cannot realize that up here the sun rises only a few minutes after 4 o'clock, and it is light at 3.

To write of

The Tour of Algonquin

in detail, would require a large book, and yet in that book there need be no dull pages. But in this I must vaguely touch here and there, giving you the barest outline of the way.

The Outline.

Look at that map and follow the course we took. Even though it be a good map it will show but few of the thousand or more lakes therein. To give them all would hardly leave room on the map for the land. Algonquin Park Station, is the headquarters for the ten rangers. Here are three fairly good houses (new).

We drop the canoes into Cache lake, near the Station, leave it at its westerly side, through a small stream to White lake, short portage to a nameless lake, another portage to Little Island lake, so called from a pretty island that stands in the centre. From here to Smock (sometimes called Smoke) lake is a portage of three quarters of a mile. This is a long lake and nearly a mile wide to where you cross to a branch (North River) of the Muskoka river, down which we canoe to South Tea lake. From here go almost directly north passing Mink lake to Canoe lake, fairly good size. Here is Gilmour's log camp. Next up another branch of the Muskoka to the Joe lakes, Big and Little. Portage half mile to a small lake, next to Island lake. This is another large lake. It is very beautiful having in places along the edge, sand beaches. By this tour we have formed two sides of a triangle, and are almost directly north (10 miles) of Cache lake our starting point. From Island lake we canoe through to the two (Big and Little) Otter Slide lakes. Will tell you in another place of the otter seen here. Near by, where we pass out of Island lake, there is a Ranger's hut, a shelter for both the rangers and the travelling public. I had better say the fishing, sightseeing public. In the Park, there are near 50 of these huts. Hereabouts is where the waters divide, the Muskoka to Georgian Bay, the Petewawa to the east to the Ottawa river. From the second and larger Otter Slide lake we reach White Trout lake, by Otter slide creek, on which there are five portages, owing to the rapids or falls along it's course. White Trout lake is large and beautiful. By a short portage from its north end we reach the Pete-

wawa river, which is more a lake than a river, and is called Longer lake, though not named on the map. Before reaching Red Pine lake, we make two short portages around two considerable falls. We canoe through Red into Burnt lake, the two seeming but one, so wide the passage. I didn't intend to stop in this outline, but the beauty of Burnt lake is too great not to more than mention it. I must emphasize its beauty. Do you remember my description of Lake Bouquet or Shadow lake as I called it in "The Yankee in Quebec?" Up to now, Shadow lake had no equal, but with its many islands, Burnt lake is more beautiful. We reach another shelter hut at the northerly outlet of Burnt Island, and by a short portage go on to Perley's lakes, thence down the river (the Petewawa) on which there are three portages around falls or rapids, to Catfish lake, so called because there are no catfish in it, so Ross said.

Turtle Rock.

Don't let me forget to tell you of the strange rock seen on the easterly side of this lake. A rock weighing possibly 35 tons, raised up about one foot, and supported by three rock pedestals. Did the Algonquins do it or was this once the home of pre-historic man? By man this rock most certainly was placed where it is. It looks at a distance not unlike an enormous turtle, hence the name.

From the north-easterly outlet of Catfish we pass by a short portage to Narrow lake, from which by a portage of over a mile, we reach Twin or Spectacle lakes. The river at this point is full of cataracts, some of them falls of 50 or 60 feet, and surpassingly beautiful. Trout fishing is here as good as we found. It is almost a succession of falls for five miles The fall from one to the other of the Twin lakes is especially fine. After passing the lower Twin, we go a mile in canoe, where we come to a portage of half a mile, to Cedar lake. Where the river enters the lake, there is another 50 feet fall and pretty rapids. Here Ross caught a speckled trout, that measured 24 inches long and 13½ inches girth. I would not tell this here, even though I am remarkable for my truthfulness, were it not for the fact that W. F. Thompson has the skin of this fish tacked up on his boat house at his beautiful Rose Point Resort near Parry Sound. Thompson may try to make you believe it's one of his big salmon trout caught in the Sound, but I hardly think he will as I have called his resort "beautiful." I have again been truthful on purpose that he will bear me out on Ross's big fish.

Cedar lake is nearly 12 miles long and possibly 2 miles wide.

Turn in the Tour.

According to the map scale we are now 24 miles north and 15 miles east of starting point. We begin to return. There is

another tour, going up Cedar lake and far across to Big Tea lake in the north-western part of the Park, but we have not the time to take it. I may in another place give you some extracts from the pen of an able writer who took the tour last year. But to continue, we leave Cedar lake by its south-easterly end—where we find a shelter hut—going down the Petewawa, by several short portages to Trout lake. (Shelter hut near entrance to lake.) All along these portages the trout fishing is excellent. From Trout lake we turn westerly up the Little Madawaska river by several portages to Phlilip's lake, next to Hogan's lake, another of the larger lakes, at the easterly end of which we turn south and take the longest portage of the tour (over 3 miles) to Crow lake. From Crow lake there are two routes to get back to the railway; one easterly, down the Crow river, to Lake Lavieille and from there through other lakes, streams and portages, but the portages are longer. We chose the one from Crow lake to Proulx lake, from which by two portages we reach the Great Opeongo, the largest of all the lakes in the Park. It is really three lakes though called but one. It might seem to some to be like an inland sea, it is so large. As before stated it lies in four townships. It is deep and has fine sandy beaches, here and there, for bathing.

From the extreme (south) end there is a portage of one and a half miles to the first of five little nameless lakes, through which, by the several portages to Lake of Two Rivers where we reached the railway.

The trip has taken us two weeks, but so full of the delightful that we can scarce believe the passing of time. When one thinks of the wasted weeks often months, spent at some fashionable sea shore resort, where one sees but the rivalry of wealth, and then in contrast comes to enjoy a bit of inexpensive pleasure like a tour of The Algonquin, it makes one wonder how great will be the number of happy pleasure seekers coming here, when once they learn of the beauties of The Algonquin. I said "inexpensive," why the whole cost of the outing is not much more than living at home.

The Little Cost of Outing.

Here is what we took for four of us, in our two canoes. Ross and I in one, the Colonel and Bob Balfour in the other. Four pairs of blankets, 1 frying pan, 1 tea pail, 1 boiling pot. 4 drinking cups, 4 plates, knives, forks and spoons, 1 bag of bread, 1 box of biscuits, 10 lbs. of chesse, 5 lbs. of tea, 2 lbs. of coffee, 20 lbs. of breakfast bacon, 2 lbs. of corn meal, to roll the fish in before frying, 1 bag of salt and pepper, 6 cans of condensed milk, 6 cans of tomatoes and *liquid refreshments* for Ross, Bob and the Colonel. "What! Oh well, seein' it's you we won't count this time." These, with the delicious trout, which we take from the water at almost any point throughout the tour, supply—with an appetite,

that one always finds in the woods—a menu that a Newport chef could not surpass.

Incidents of the Tour.

Go back to the Otter Slide lakes, and if you are very still you may see the otter, like playful children, "sliding down hill 'belly-buster.'" These slides are along the banks of the lake. They are sometimes fifteen or more feet high, and worn as smooth as ice. The otter crawl up the bank one after another, and take turns sliding down, until the little grooves, from oft use, by the wet bodies, become very "slick." No children could enjoy the sport more than do these otter. Being protected by law, these valuable fur bearers are becoming very numerous.

Beaver Dams.

Between Otter Slide and White Trout lakes, we saw two beaver dams three to four feet high. They are built with sticks and stones, cemented together with mud, and so well have these little architects done their work that no water can "seap" through. The beaver, like the otter, are increasing fast. There are many other dams throughout the Park.

Moose and Red Deer

are seen so often, especially the deer, that one soon takes little note of them passing.

Rube Wants to Shoot.

I shall not forget my excitement when I saw my first deer. I had taken a gun along. I don't know why, but I took it. "Oh let me shoot at that deer," said I.

"No, it's against the law! said Ross. "It's against the law to kill any animal inside the Park limits."

"*Kill?* I didn't ask to kill it. I only asked to *shoot,* at it. I wouldn't hurt the poor thing." But Ross never having seen me shoot would not consent. I was *so* sorry as I should have liked so much a shot, that morning. Later on the deer became so plentiful that to shoot at them would have seemed like going out to a farm barnyard and shooting at the cows. It would not have been even the semblance of sport.

The Lost Medical Students.

At Catfish lake we found five medical students from Toronto. I say "found," for they had been *lost* for two days. They had started out without guides and gotten as far as "Turtle Rock," when we found them sitting 'round, singing and seemingly as happy

and content as though on their own camping ground. They told us that they had just solved *the mystery of Turtle Rock,* and proceeded to give us their solution. It must be correct as medical students, especially in their first year, are remarkable for their gift of solution.

"Once upon a time a million or two years ago" the red headed student was saying, "there lived in Algonquin Park a tribe of giants, who, by way of pastime, used to go about placing these rocks upon pedestals. This we know for here we see one of the rocks, which is proof positive of our solution." Then they sang: "For he's a jolly good fellow," and forgot all about being lost. We set them on their course, gave them a map and some bacon, and would have given them some of the *liquid refreshments* but by this time Ross, Bob and the Colonel had made that quite impossible.

Possibly the jolliest night of our tour was spent at the shelter hut at Burnt lake, the beauty of which lake I have already briefly told you. For miles around its banks are a dense mass of virgin pine, with here and there islands standing boldly out of the water, beautiful in their green. To see this one lake were worth the trip, but then as to

That Night at Shelter Hut.

Just here, I will say, that the shelter huts are built of logs and are 14 x 16 feet. They contain a stove, a table and bunks for six people with room on the floor for a number of spruce twig beds, if needs be and that night there was need.

We met here a party of six tourists, two Canadians, a Scotch preacher, an Ohio man, one from Kentucky and the Doctor from Vermont. We sat out in the open until far in the night telling stories, singing songs and talking of the delights of The Algonquin. The stories of the Yankees were nearly all old ones, but those of the Canadians and the Scotch preacher were new, at least new to me.

"Would hev Added Ten Yere ter My Life."

"Apropos of the great healthfulness of Canada," began the Canadian Doctor, "there was a man who had long lived in New York State, near the Canadian line. That is he thought he lived in New York State, but along came the International surveyors, straightening the line between the States and Canada. The result threw our old farmer over a mile into Canada, converting him from a Yankee into a Canuck. A year later, one of his former New York neighbors meeting him asked: 'Well how do you like the change? How do you like living in Canada?' 'Like it? Like it fine! I had alays herd thet it were a healthy country, and now I know. Why me 'en my fambly were never so

helthy as we hev bin in the past yere. Why I do think ef thet ar line hed bin run et first it would hev added ten yeres to my life."

He was nay Sic a Fule, or Sandy the Bonesetter.

"Doctor," began the Scotch preacher*, "that's a pretty fair story, pretty fair, but let me tell you one about the old Scotch woman, who did nay believe in you high-fa-lutin' doctors. One day her little boy, Donald, fell from a tree and broke his leg. She found that a doctor must be had quick, no time to lose, so she had to send for one of you. The leg was set, but the poor woman just knew that it would never get 'weel.' 'Oh dear,' she moaned, 'ef ony we cud have had Sandy the bonesetter, Donald wad shure racover, but tham ha-fa-lutin' doctors are nay gud, and Donald may dee.' But Donald did 'nay dee,' and was soon able to be put into a wagon with a goodly supply of bedding and driven over the mountain to Sandy, the 'bonesetter.'

"All the way over she told Donald what a wonderful man was Sandy. How that he knew all about bonesetting. 'My, ha con til by tha luk o the sken aul aboot the fracture! Ah, sarry the dee ha war nay thare whun et was bruk.'

"Along about noon they reached Sandy's the 'bonesetter.' Donald was carefully lifted out, taken in and laid upon a cot. The old lady told Sandy how sorry she was that he had not been near enough to be called when the accident happened, then told him to examine the 'laig' while she held the horse. In due time Sandy reported that the 'laig' was in a fair way of recovery, and Donald was placed back into the wagon and the happy mother started home, loud in her praise of the wonderful knowledge of Sandy. All the while she kept asking Donald, 'ded' a examine it weel?' 'Aye mither!' 'Ded a press on hard?' 'Aye mither!'

"And so they ran on, she inquiring into all the details of the examination, and Donald answering to each question, 'Aye mither.' When they reached home, poor Donald had to answer all the questions over for the benefit of the family. Finally some one said, 'oh poor Donnie huw it must have hurt to hav Sandy, the bonesetter, press say hard on tha poor lem!

"'Hurt! Hurt!' said Donald with a smile, 'It did nay hurt at all. I was nay sic fule to shaw heem th sair laig.'"

We all accorded to this story telling Scotch preacher the honors of the evening. He was moreover a singer, almost as good as

A Wade or a Fraser, the Warblers of No. 16.

Those who have heard these warblers, can fully appreciate the qualities of his wonderful voice. It was full of *technique*. I think that that was what it was full of. I don't know just what it means, that's why I use the word, in the hope that it may be cor-

*The dear old man has since died.

rect, as none of the set phrases will fit the style of voice belonging to those singers, and did I use them you might guess that I do not know anything about music—and guess rightly. It finally came my turn to "sing, tell a story or treat." As I could not do the first, and as Ross, Bob and the Colonel, had made the last impossible, I had to tell a story, so I told

The Pembroke Hunter's Story.

One that had been told me only a few days before. It was one I could not have believed myself had I not had each part of it verified to my own eyes. It is but a sample of story often related in this land of great fishers and hunters.

"We had not been having very good luck fishing that morning," said the Pembroker, "but we moved the canoe down about one hundred yards and started in to 'whip,' well sir, you never saw trout snap the fly like them trout snapped it at that new hole. In less than ten minutes we had thirty as fine five pounders as you ever saw. Here's one of them I had mounted," and there on the wall of his dining room he showed me the fish. It was a fine specimen. "The rest," said he, "were even finer." He took another drink—of water—and continued, as he started toward the parlor. "By this time I had grown tired of fishing and paddled the canoe out to the bank. Picking up my rifle—here's the rifle," said he, showing me a most *Savage* looking gun, still verifying his story as he went along. "We started up the bank, when I saw two fine bucks in exact range. I am very quick and up went my gun like a flash. I fired and brought them both down, shooting both through the head, and here are the heads." And there were the heads, one on either side of the large hall. "But a strange thing occurred when I fired that shot. There were two partridges sitting on a limb almost in exact range with the bucks, well, sir, you may imagine my surprise, when I saw both of them drop. I picked them up, put them into my game bag and went on to the bucks. I did not think about the birds any more until I reached home, when I found both alive, they only having been stunned by the passing bullet. Here are the two birds. Now, honest, ain't they fine?" I had to admit that they were beauties. "Well, after we had hung up the two bucks," he continued, "the old guide said, 'say, I have a bear trap set over here to the left near a little creek, let's go over and see what may be in it.' We went over, and bless you there was as fine a bear as you ever saw, fat and full of fight, but I soon fixed him. I was by this time tired out with good luck, but the old guide said, 'I have another bear trap down by the big pine, let's go see what's in it.' We went and sure enough there was another bear, and here are the two skins. I had 'em both tanned for parlor rugs." And there sure enough were the two bear rugs on his large parlor floor. It

was very hard for me to believe his story, but what was I to do, when, as I said before, he verified each part of it, by the proof to my very eyes.*

Nobody said a word, but one after another filed off to the hut, and left me sitting alone. I have since often wondered why that little gathering on the banks of Burnt lake, came to such a sudden silent ending, but I shall never forget the pleasures of that night. I shall never hear any of those songs sung, or the stories told, but what they will carry me back, in sweet memory to Algonquin Park in Canada.

PARRY SOUND.

Were you ever in a town and felt all the while that you were in a city? Well that's the feeling one has when in Parry Sound. There is something in the place that makes one feel that this town of 3,000 people is a thriving city. Everybody seems prosperous, and there is an air of business about their manner that is pleasing.

Fair Wages Will Keep the Boys at Home.

I sought the reason and found it, and can you guess what I found? It is one, that might be well for many another Canadian city to look into, and stop its young men from seeking homes in a foreign country, rather than staying to help build up their own land. *Parry Sound pays fair wages, that* is why it has the air of prosperity. I was told that it pays better wages than is paid in any place of its size in Canada. This may not be true, but it does pay good wages, and is in a fair way to become a city of large proportions. It has the location, both as to railroads and shipping. Situated in a shelter harbor with lines of steamers plying in all directions, it cannot but in due time command a vast trade.

"Where is Parry Sound?" As usual I began talking about it rather than first telling you where it is. Well, in the first place it is on a sound of the same name running in from Georgian Bay, some 18 or 20 miles. It is at the mouth of the Seguin river, a considerable stream that furnishes a large power for mills, besides being used for bringing in vast quantities of logs from a wide range of country along and tributary to it. It is 260 miles almost due west of Ottawa, and 140 a little west of north of Toronto. It is the County seat of the County of the same name. It is about 40 years since it was started. The Gibsons first owned the land,

* This story, almost as I have told it, was related to me in Pembroke as true, and the man had not been drinking anything but water—either.

but Wm. Beatty known as "The Governor," purchased all that portion west of Seguin river, and laid out the town, as it is.

Dry Deeds and "the Parry Sound Wink."

Wm. Beatty was a very good man. There is only one lot in the whole town on which he left it possible to have a saloon, and that was by a mistake. It is at present occupied by the Bank of Ottawa. The managers of that bank were wise, in choosing this lot. If banking don't pay in Parry Sound they can turn it into a saloon. I did not at first know of this restriction in the deeds of "The Governor," and couldn't understand why that every time I missed the Colonel and made inquiry of a citizen—any one of 'em—he would invariably tell me: "Guess the Colonel must have gone across the river!" and sure enough in a short time I'd see him coming back across the bridge smiling. It wasn't long however until he got "on to" the "Parry Sound wink," when ordering soda water. That "wink" saved him many a step.

Tourist Town.

On account of the magnificent scenery for miles around Parry Sound, many tourists find their way here each summer, and on returning next year bring their friends. There are a number of hotels, some of them models of excellence in table and courtesy. This is especially so in Paisley's Belvidere, on the high hill overlooking the Sound. If you have travelled in Western Ontario, you must know of Jim Paisley. He is *mine host* of the San Souci, at Moon River, as well as of the Belvidere, and only recently has begun making the Grand Union of Ottawa, a model house. He makes all his guests his friends, and they go but to come again.

A Fisher and a Hunter's Resort.

The fishing and hunting all around Parry Sound is most excellent. Just near by, across the Sound, is Parry Island, an Indian Reservation. Peter Megis, the Chief, can always furnish guides who know all the good hunting grounds, and ideal brooks where may be taken the "wily," in abundance. It is claimed that no better deer hunting can be found in the Dominion than within a short distance of this little city.

Timber and Lumber District.

Parry Sound is a great timber and lumber centre. The first day we reached there I was surprised to meet at the hotel one of the Shephards, of Boston, firm of Shephard Morse Lumber Company, whom I knew years ago in New York. He said that our timber is becoming so scarce they had to seek new fields, and that

Canada just now is the best. Mr. Peter Whelen, of Ottawa, their Canadian representative, was with him. We found Mr. Whelen one of those genials whom to know is one of life's pleasures. But to return to timber. Vast forests of hardwoods, are all about Parry Sound. Maple, birch, white oak of very fine quality, are all here in abundance, while hemlock, bass wood and pine, keep a number of mills going, some of them night and day.

Rube's Watch too Slow for the Saw.

I never saw lumber made so fast before. I tried one day to time the sawing of a log, but put my watch back into my pocket. It ran too slow. Why, bless you, they had band saws with the teeth on both sides. It cut coming and going. And by the way, the original inventor of this saw now lives in Parry Sound. He was formerly of Dubois, Penna. There are here three enormous saw mills. The Parry Sound Lumber Company, J. B. Miller, President, Secretary, M. McClelland; The Conger Lumber Company, W. H. Pratt, President, Wm. McClean, Secretary; The Wm. Peters Estate Lumber Company, Alvin Peters, Manager.

Parry Sound Jail.

I nearly forgot the jail, which to forget would be to leave out one of the institutions of Parry Sound. To be sure it is nearly always empty, but it is yet a feature. It is claimed that it sets one of the best tables of any boarding house in town. Prisoners however are a rarity and when they do get one they aim to treat him so well that he will want to stay, but somehow these men are of a roving nature, never satisfied in one place. That is possibly why they can't hold him for any length of time, even with good board. The very day he takes a notion to go on the road again he simply picks up his clothes and goes. If he have no suitable wardrobe of his own he just walks off with the Judge's suit, and the Judge lays in a new supply for the next one and don't seem to mind it. There is so little doing, however, in law, that I guess the Judge is always glad of a new *suit.* Yes, the jail is a feature of Parry Sound. Its empty condition speaks well for its Ministers and

Churches,

of which there are a number. Some of the churches are really beautiful edifices.

Newspapers.

The town has two newspapers. The North Star, Liberal, and The Canadian, Conservative. Wm. Ireland is editor and proprietor of the former, and Charles Sarvey editor and proprietor of the latter. They are live papers and appear to be well supported by the town.

The Bank of Ottawa has a branch here. Its building is possibly the finest business block in the place. Mr. H. Y. Complin is manager.

Municipal Success.

They have municipal electric lighting and water works, and the Mayor, Mr. J. A. Johnson, informed us that the plan is working most admirably.

* * * * * *

One evening as the Colonel and I sat out on the piazza of the Belvidere, which overlooks the island dotted Sound, we could not but enjoy the prospect before us. As far as the eye could reach, to the west, was nought but a placid sheet of water, broken in the far distance by an arm of highlands (shutting off the Sound from the Bay), above whose edge the great red sun was going to his rest among the 70,000 islands of the beautiful Georgian Bay beyond.

" Rube, of what are you thinking? " asked the Colonel, who noted my pleased silence.

" Thinking of that sweet poem of Wm. Wilfrid Campbell's. You know he is called the "Lake Poet," from the many gems he has written of this very country, or rather of the lakes to the near west of here. In looking over this magnificent scene, I could not but recall this one of his which seems so fitting to this time and place," and then I told him these lines of the gem:

" August Night on Georgian Bay."

The day dreams out, the night is brooding in,
Across this world of vapor, wood and wave,
Things blur and dim. Cool silvery ripples lave
The sands and rustling reed-beds. Now begin
Night's dreamy choruses, the numerous din
Of sleepy voices. Tremulous, one by one,
The stars blink in. The dusk drives out the sun,
And all the world the hosts of darkness win.

Anon through mists, the harvest moon will come,
With breathing flames, above the forest edge;
Flooding the silence in a silvern dream;
Conquering the night and all its voices dumb,
With unheard melodies. While all agleam
Low flutes the lake along the lustrous sedge."

" Colonel, I shall never see nor hear those lines but I shall think of this night in Parry Sound." And I spoke truly. We left next day to return to the Capital, but often and often again have I lived over that night; and enjoyed in memory the delightful tour through " Lakeland."

THE DESERTED VILLAGE OF THE NORTH.

"Rube, what village was that we passed on the way to Queen's Park?" asked the Colonel one day when we were talking over the places about Ottawa.

"That was Aylmer, 'the Deserted Village of the North.'"

"Why so called?"

"From the fact of it's having been the home of so many prominent men, now gone to other parts. It was the birthplace of the world-known

Christian Endeavor Clark.*

Rev. Francis E. Clark—born Symmes—a man of far reaching influence, whose followers will reach into millions, even during his life time."

"What, do you mean to say that the man who originated the Christian Endeavor Society was born in Aylmer? This is interesting."

"Yes, the same. He was the son of Charles Carey Symmes. When his father and mother died he was adopted by his maternal uncle and took his name, Clark."

When the Colonel heard this, nothing would do but that we should visit the birth place of this famous man, and next day we went out to Aylmer, taking the Hull electric trolley, starting from the station under the Dufferin bridge near the post office.

We got off the car at Aylmer and walked out Broad St., so called from its narrowness, directly north from the Court House, past the shaded square—walked out to where town blends into country, and there we found

Cherry Cottage,

(now occupied by T. W. E. Sowter, a geologist of more than national note), so named from the many trees of that fruit which once surrounded it. "Yes," we were told, "this is where Francis Clark was born—in that room!" Then we looked at "that room," and felt almost as though looking upon sacred walls. We left Cherry Cottage, and the first person we met informed us that we had seen but *one* of the birth places of this illustrious man, and then he kindly directed us to the other, on the corner of Main St., and the shaded square opposite the Court House. "Yes, this is the birth place of the great Christian Endeavor Clark!" at this we ceased to wonder that poor old Homer had seven cities claim-

* It is a remarkable fact that Rev. Francis E. Clark—now of Boston—the head of the Christian Endeavor Society, should come from Aylmer, Province of Quebec, and Bishop J. F. Berry—now of Buffalo, N.Y.—the head of the Epworth League, should come from Aylmer, Province of Ontario. Both from Canada and both from the only two towns of that name—towns with but a difference of 87 in their 2,000 inhabitants.

ing him. The house is a dark, gloomy looking stone building, and not at all ideal as a birth place. When we looked at the two, we did not wonder that Rev. Clark should choose to celebrate at the cottage, which, with the Christian Endeavorers, he did, during the Convention held in Ottawa in 1896, and yet all sorts of proof is advanced to show that the Symmes—Prentiss house, on Main St., is the place. A very old lady told us she knew it was, for once she took her little girl there to see the baby—and both she and her daughter are positive that Francis was that "baby." Another citizen said he knew that the stone house was the place, for his grandfather had heard that Cherry Cottage was not built until after "Frank's" arrival. They all lovingly call him "Frank," in Aylmer. It is hard to say which faction is right. I give you the two, take your choice. Be all this as it may the Cottage was the only Aylmer home "Frank" Clark ever knew. His father was a lumberman, and died on his way back from Quebec in 1854, died on the boat before reaching Three Rivers, where he was buried. He contracted cholera from the poor immigrants, whose suffering he risked his own life to relieve. His mother was a very remarkable woman; highly educated, and of great strength of character, as may be known from her talented son. "Like mother like son." She taught school in Cherry Cottage almost up to her death,which occurred March 26th, 1859, when Francis was but seven years old. (See illustrations of Rev. Clark and the Cottage.)

Madame Albani

lived in Aylmer when a little girl. She was born Lajennesse, at Chambley, Province of Quebec. Some say in Montreal. A newspaper man said he was positive of it, and for five months promised each time I met him to furnish me the facts but I couldn't hold the press open any longer and must needs give the accepted Chambley. We saw her first piano. It was made by John Broadwood and Sons, makers to His Majesty and Princess, Great Poulteney and Golden Square, London. It is very small, 27 inches wide by 64 long.

There is a Member of Parliament in London who does not fear to cross swords with the greatest of the Empire. He is a Canadian. He was the Member for Ottawa County before it was divided, and afterward represented Wright County. He resigned in 1897, when he was sent as Dominion Commissioner to Dublin, Ireland. When Colonel Lynch's seat, in Galway City, became vacant, this Canadian was chosen to fill it—chosen by acclamation. It was our pleasure to hear him speak, one night in Ottawa. He is an orator of rare ability. That Canadian is Charles R. Devlin, son of Charles Devlin, of Aylmer.

Many of Ottawa's prominent business and professional men are from this town. Among the number are, T. Lindsay, one of

the most successful merchants in Ottawa, the Davis Brothers, large contractors, H. K. Egan, capitalist, Henry Aylen, one of the best known lawyers in the city, J. C. Brown, broker, and many others.

Mayor Symmes, of "The Lilacs," has six sons, two are in Chili, South America, one in Johannesberg, South Africa, one in Montana, and two in Chicago, and all prominent in their various callings.

The Klock Brothers, of Mattawa, and Montreal, sons of the great old time lumberman, R. H. Klock, were once of Aylmer. If father was like sons he must have been a grand old man, for more genial men, than the two brothers, I have not met in all Canada.

Agricultural Fair.

The Colonel and I happened in town on Fair Day. Up here in Canada the "Fair Ground" is an institution. Towns or villages with less than 500 people will often have a most creditable exhibition. The country people go into it with the right spirit, and you would be surprised at the success, even one of their villages makes.

Rube Takes First Premium.

Seeing that there were no photographs in competition, and having a large number with me, I fixed up a card of them and took "first premium." The Colonel, however, declares that I took it when the committee wasn't looking.

The Colonel Pays Two Fares to See the Fair.

He says this to get even for my causing him to pay two admissions. You see he had climbed up on the high enclosure to take a snap shot of the grounds. Just as he was getting down, the President of the Fair happened along. "Here, we don't allow people to climb over the fence, into the grounds; you must pay your fare. Out with it!"

"I didn't climb over!" protested the Colonel.

"Didn't climb over! Why man I saw you!"

"Yes," said I, "make him pay Mr. President. I wouldn't allow people to come over the fence, you can't run your show on 'dead heads.'" Then to the Colonel, as though I didn't know him: "Mr., you ought to be ashamed of yourself to try to beat your way into peoples fairs, come pay the man." Say, I wish I could have taken the Colonel's picture at that moment, but I couldn't, he had the camera. That is why he says I took that "first premium," when the committee wasn't looking.

The Hull Electric Company

has its offices here. Wm. R. Taylor, for years connected with the Missouri Pacific, at St. Louis, is the efficient manager, under whose supervision the road is becoming a most valuable asset. It has 26 miles of track, and is well equipped. It runs from Hull to Queen's Park, along the north shore of the Ottawa, passing on the way Tetreauville, Deschenes (at which place is located the company's power house), and Aylmer.

Queen's Park contains 80 acres, and is a small Coney Island, without the objections of that famous resort. It is well shaded by pretty cedars and pines. It is rolling and picturesque. Here you can shoot the chutes, listen to the laughter of children in the merry-go-round, or lose yourself in the Mystic Moorish Maze, with its 124 trick doors. The Park lies on Lake Deschenes (meaning, the lake of the oaks), a body of water of which the famous oarsman Hanlan once said: "It is the finest stretch of water I ever saw for a regatta."

Victoria Yacht Club

has its club house at the Park. Its officers are: President, E. A. Olver; Vice-President, Geo. H. Rogers; Secretary, E. T. B. Gillmore; Treasurer, D. E. Johnson; Hon. Commodore, Geo. H. Miller; Commodore, the once famous oarsman, R. H. Haycock; Vice-Commodore, C. W. Spencer; and Rear Commodore, A. H. Taylor. Directors: E. A. Olver, Geo. Burn, S. H. Rogers, D. E. Johnson, P. McGillivray, M. W. Merrill, W. H. Thicke, O. Haycock, P. D. Bentley, T. Leavie and Geo. H. Ross.

Stars and Stripes.

It was in the ball room of the Victoria Club House where we counted 21 of our own flags. They hung side and side with the Union Jack. It made me feel ashamed of some of my own country who 'lose their heads' when they see a British flag in our cities. The fact that these 'heads' are *empty,* is the only excuse I can give, and yet I am heartily ashamed of them when I see how kind these people are toward our flag. We owe this club for many courtesies. It has a membership of about 300.

Apropos of Aylmer. It is remarkable for its pretty girls—as the Colonel discovered—and for their musical accomplishments—as I discovered. Some of them having remarkable voices.

It was once a Court town but the "seat" was removed to Hull. The old citizen in speaking of this removal said: "It nearly broke up our hotels. You know, strangers, take the members of the 'bar' (here he winked) away from a town and that town is agoing to feel the blow."

The Black Story.

"Ever hear the story about Black?" "No? well one day when the Judge was aholding a Court here in Court House No. 1, which was built in 1852, burned and rebuilt in 1865—this Black I'm a tellin you about, made a small disturbance. The Judge had dispepsy, and was just a bit more 'crabbed' that day than usual 'Here, put that man out!' said he, sharp like. Two constables grabbed Black and led him to the door, but he was too quick for them. He pushed *them* out, shut the door, turned the key, then saluted, polite like: 'Your Honor, they're both out.'"

A DAY AT CHELSEA.

A delightful days' outing is to Chelsea, 9 miles out on the Gatineau Road. Start at 9.30 from the Union Station. There is not so much to see at the station, but hours may be spent along the river, a short distance to the east of the station.

Here is the "deserted village," once the busy site of the Allan Gilmour mills. The mills and workmen's cottages are fast going to ruin, but ruins always have a charm for the tourist, even though they be but of wood. There are pretty falls and rapids, and cosey nooks along the shady banks of the Gatineau, an ideal place for a day's outing. You may fish or wander far up the river, with its ever changing scenery.

Some of the old houses show new life, as Ottawans take them for the summer months, and get far more restful pleasure than at some fashionable resort. Among these cottagers are John Sharpe, the Sculptor, John Chisholm, of the Justice Department, Rev. Mr. Turnbull, of the Bank Street Presbyterian Church, Rev. Mr. Mitchell, of the Erskine Church, Geo. H. Wilson, editor of the Evening Journal, Mr. Harris, Gerald Brown, the popular and well known representative of the Montreal Witness, and many others. Doctor George Johnson, Dominion Statistician, of frequent mention, has one of his numerous bee farms at Chelsea, where he amuses himself at odd moments. The amusement however is often for the other fellow, especially, when the Doctor has a bit of "hiving to do."

The real pleasure of a day in the country is to "run across" new places. At the station we saw a man with a wagon. "Where are you going?" said he. Now, we had heard of Kingsmere, and had the mountain (?) of that name pointed out to us from Parliament House to the north, but like many another place, it was only a name. It was something new to see, so we said: "We're going with you," and to Kingsmere

we went. "Five miles to the south of the station." That's what the driver said, to make even change at 5 cents per mile; but four and one-half is the distance, and a delightful drive, passing Old Chelsea, a mile and a half away, with its quaint country church and graveyard. Nothing of note to see, unless it was to watch the bevy of pretty girls as they paraded the main street, outchewing even "The pretty gum chewers of Carp." The Colonel says the village girl of Canada can beat our typical factory girl when it comes to wax-chewing. At Old Chelsea it was general. There may be exceptions, but if so, they were not on Main Street the day we passed.

Kingsmere is a beautiful lake, small, but situated as it is, at the foot of the mountain (?) on one side and hills all around, it is simply a charming sheet of water.

It is a very select spot. The cottages of some of the best people of Ottawa are all about, some nestling among the well-shaded banks, whilst others occupy high elevations, commanding views of surpassing beauty. Here are the summer homes of Mr. A. Fleck, of the Canada Atlantic; Mr. Levi Crannell, of frequent mention; Mr. Gilbert Allan; Rev. Dr. W. T. Herridge, of St. Andrew's Church; Mr. James; Lady Bourinot; Messrs. Charles and John Bryson, of Bryson & Graham; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jenkins, both of "musical Ottawa"; Mackenzie King, the talented young Deputy Minister of Labor, well known at Harvard, where he was for a time connected as an instructor, which place he resigned to take his present position; R. A. Bradley, barrister, and many others. We visited

Brown's Mica Mines,

the first we had ever seen. This is a great mica section. It is mined in a very primitive way, and yet thousands of dollars worth is taken out annually. If handled in a business-like way, a fortune might be dug out each year.

We returned to the station, and thence to the city, after a most delightful day's pleasure.

The Colonel and I often remark the good fortune that brought us to Ottawa, for we have never before found so charming a city, with surroundings (saving Quebec) so heart pleasing. We cannot forget our "first love," hence the parenthesis, and yet we often fear that if we stay in and about Ottawa much longer, there will be danger of a "breach of promise suit."

THE END.

BOOKS COMING

"THE BYTOWN PIONEERS."

Whilst searching for data for the foregoing, and whilst writing out that data, I began no less than three chapters each one of which has grown into what will make a book of itself. The first will be "The Bytown Pioneers." This will include all the names that could be found in early records, lists—from every source, including the memory of "The oldest inhabitant."

It will cover not only Bytown but all of Carleton County, and portions of the country to the north of the Ottawa.

"GARD'S 1955."

The second book will be "Gard's 1955." It will be a graphic account of what "Rube and the Colonel" find on return to the "New Ottawa" fifty years from date, at which time Ottawa has grown to a city of 999,999.

As communication then is very rapid they visit Quebec, Winnipeg,—"The Babylon of the North"—via. Toronto, and other great cities. The rate being

20 Miles a Minute,

very little time is wasted in travel, so that they have much time to spend, visiting in the various destinations, about which they have much to say.

It will be somewhat after the

Jules Verne Style,

although I might say in passing that a critic in looking over the manuscript said that "Jules is not in the race with some of the Colonel's stories, whilst Rube is traveling in the same *cannon ball.*" The book is not intended to relieve insomnia, and facts in no way retard the running of the

plot of which there is none to speak, unless it be in the telling of

The Marvellous Growth of Canada,

and the vast development of the Dominion. While local, in a way, it is intended to keep the Kamskatkin as wide awake as the native of the great city of Hull—which has extended its borders to the north, taking in Chelsea.

The two attend a number of public meetings, one of which was called to devise plans for

Building the Central Station.

In this, Rube makes a great hit by delivering a speech as original, which he had heard "The Senator" deliver when he (Rube) was here before. The speech will be given in full, merely to show what a memory he has. Original at the start it will have lost, in time, none of its originality.

The third book grew out of the second and takes the form of a novel—for that matter, however, both are in a way *novel,* and 'tis hoped will not prove uninteresting, especially in Quebec, or rather *under* Quebec, where the plot is laid. It may contain some wild fancies, but wild fancies will be the order in 1955, so it will be apropos. This book will be

"FROM PALACE TO THE SEA."

The name don't mean anything but may in time.

The two books will be profusely illustrated by numerous pictures, which have been promised for "The Hub and The Spokes," and which by then will have been received by the author, including one of a very popular regiment who had promised, up to the last moment, that "we *will* get you 'that group' if you just hold the press open long enough."

There will be some mention of

The Great Men of 1905.

found in a list engraved on brass, dug up by some workmen. It creates a sensation on account of its length. Rube and the Colonel create another sensation by telling in what way they were great, as unfortunately history had missed *some of* them in the shuffle of time.

But to return to seriousness and "The Bytown Pioneers." It is desirable that all apathy be thrown off and family data be furnished me as soon as possible, and the data needed will be simply the name of your first ancestor who came to Bytown, up to January 1st, 1855. I want his full name, the date of his arrival and the name of his sons. I may have much of this already, as I have as many as 1,500 names. Your family may be in the list but don't take that for granted This is the form in which I want it: "Chas. B. Woodhead came to Bytown (or as the case may be any other place in Carleton or Wright Counties) in 1829. Sons' names," (here give their names in order of birth). You need not give the daughters names, as the dear girls, then as now, had a way of changing their names on slight provocation and duplicate families would appear in the records.

Honor to Have Been of Bytown Origin.

The day is coming when to have been of old Bytown origin will be a special honor—and as they of the first to have pioneered a country deserve remembering, it is desirable that you will all help preserve the Bytown names. Ten years from now this work will be impossible, as much of it is already lost, and the memory of the old is going fast. They too are going fast. As I look over my notes, I find name after name gone, of those who gave me kindly assistance, and ere long there will be none left to prove that Bytown ever existed—save proof by record.

Address,

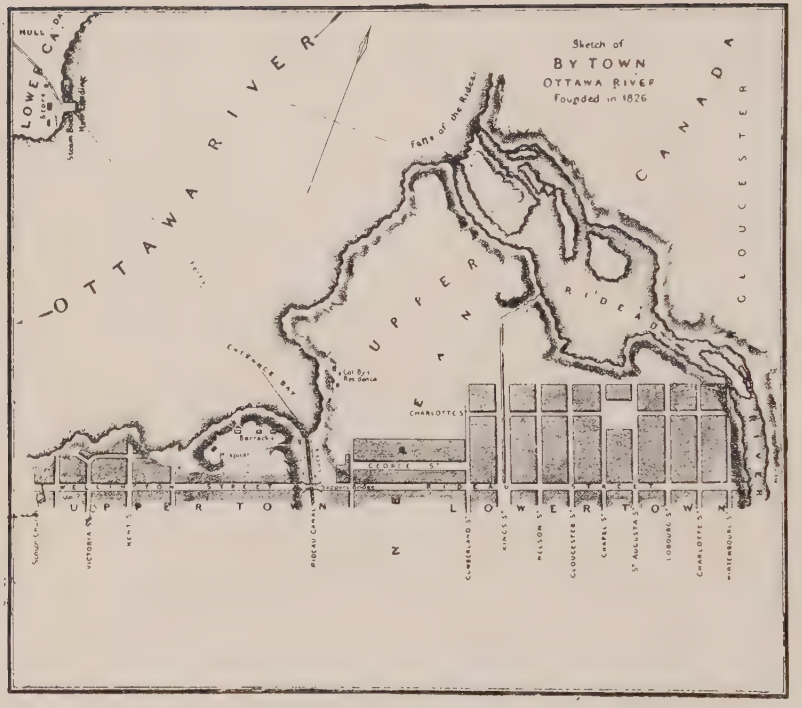
ANSON A. GARD,
Ottawa, Canada.

The
Old Art Gallery

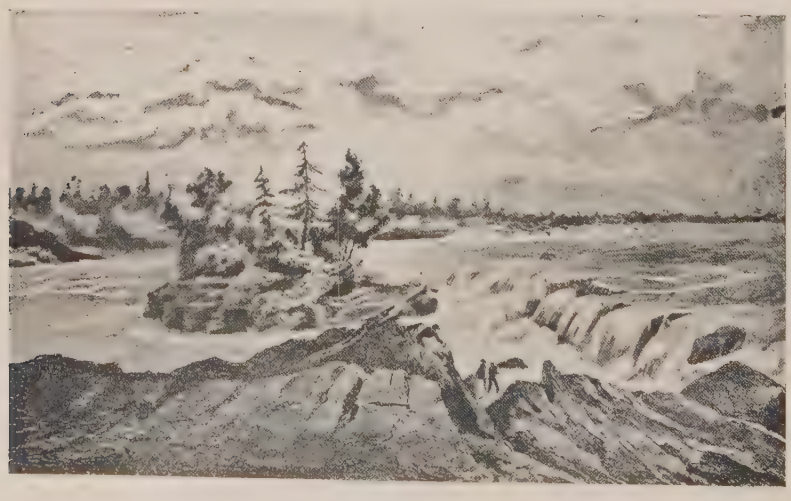
From Page 4 to 23 by W. H. Bartlett (1839)
showing Views from Halifax to Bytown

From Page 24 to 31 by W. S. Hunter, Jr. (1855)
showing Scenes in and around Early Ottawa

Miscellaneous Views of the Early Days of the
Capital, including Reproductions of some
very Rare and Valuable Old Prints



First Plan of Bytown.



The Chaudiere Falls, sketched by Colonel John By—1826.



Barracks (now Parliament) Hill, from Wellington Street—1842.



First picture of the Rideau Locks at Bytown. Drawn by G. T. Vigne in 1832.



Halifax fro n Dartmouth.



Windsor, N.S., from the residence of Judge Haliburton, author of "Sam Slick."



St. John, from the Signal.



Fredericton, N.B.



View from the Citadel, Quebec.



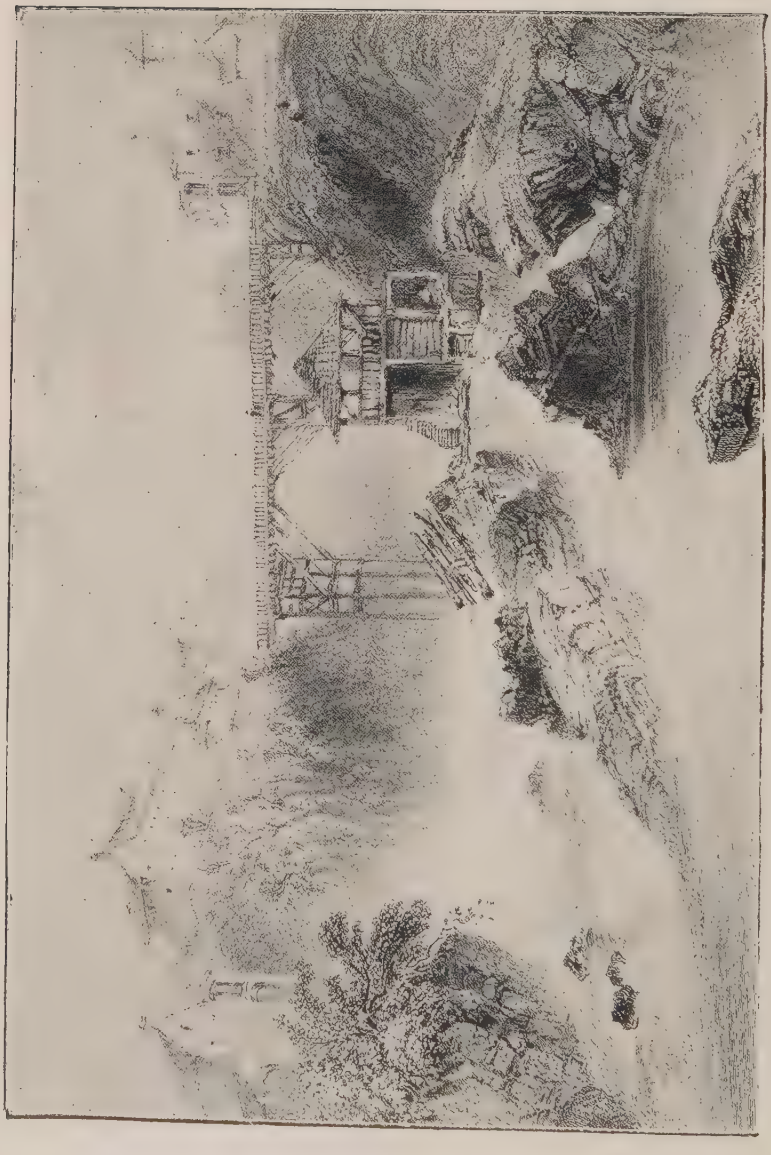
Prescott Gate, Quebec.



Montmorenci Falls, near Quebec.



Natural Steps, near Quebec.



Bridge at Sherbrooke.



Lake Memphremagog (near Georgeville).



Montreal.



Prescott, from Ogdensburg Harbor.



Citadel of Kingston.



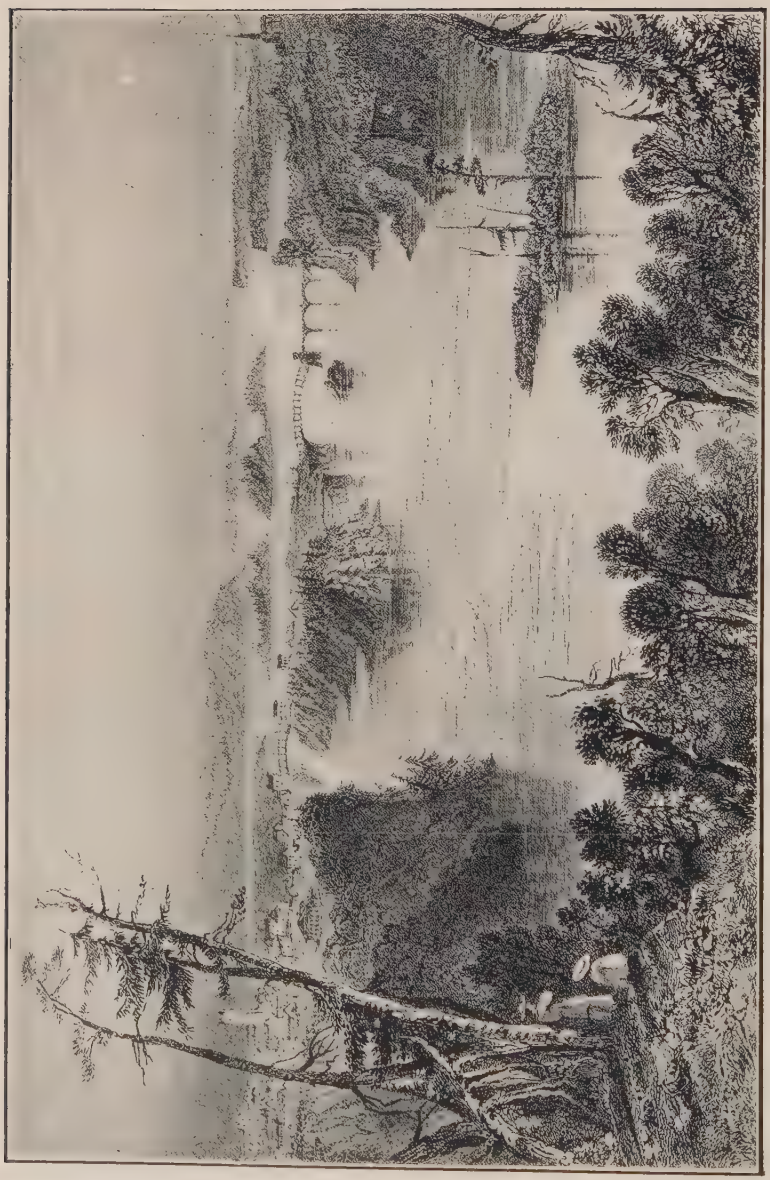
Cobourg.



Fish Market, Toronto.



The Chaudiere, near Bytown.



The Ottawa River at Bytown.



Bridge at Bytown.



The Rideau Canal, Bytown.



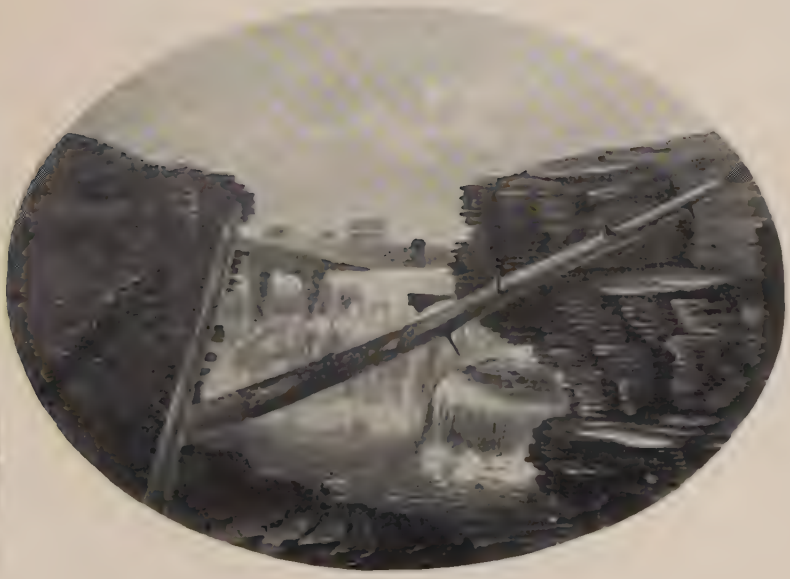
Burial Place of the Voyageurs on the Ottawa River, near Bryson.



Up the Ottawa from Barrack Hill- 1855.



The Chasm, "The Seven Falls," which Philemon Wright saw in 1798.



View from the Interior of the Chasm.



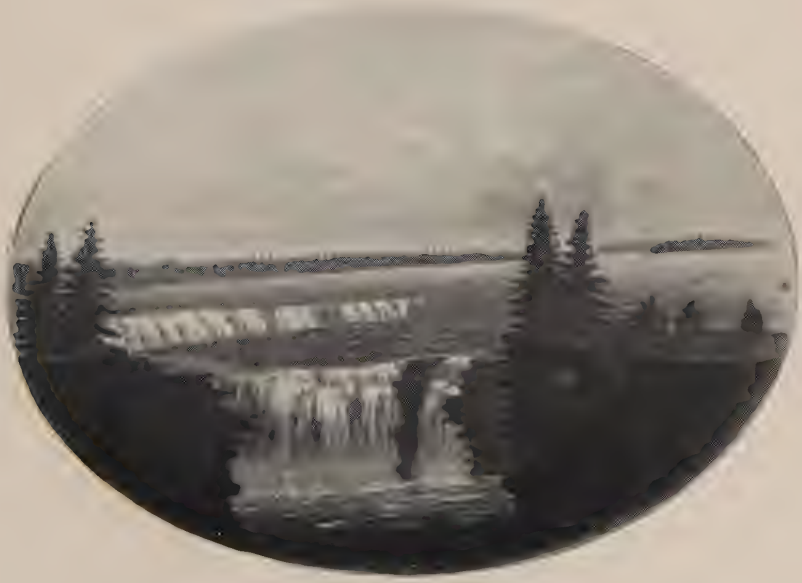
Chaudiere from the North.



Ottawa River at Gatineau Point.



Timber Slide, Hull side.



The Big Kettle, Chaudiere Falls.



Rideau Falls, falling into Ottawa River.



Locks at Bytown—Major's Hill to left, Barracks Hill to right.



Suspension Bridge over Chaudiere Falls.



Approach to Suspension Bridge, Chaudiere.



View from Barracks Hill.



"The Wells," two miles above Chaudiere Falls, Hull Side.



In 1853 a crib of logs, with nine men on board, missed the Slide, and would have gone over the Chaudiere Falls had the crib not caught on a rock. All were saved, Pierre Posey, whose picture is shown in the corner, is the one of the nine still living.



SOME OF THE FIRST IN BYTOWN.

The Walkley—First Brick House.
Nicholas Sparks – First Stone House.
Joseph Coombs—First Frame House.



Bird's Eye View of Ottawa, 1855.

Sarony. Major & Knapp, 449 Broadway, N.Y.

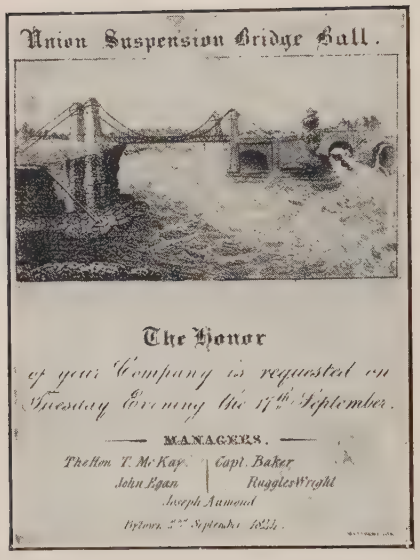
Published by Stent & Laver, Architects of Capital Departmental Buildings



Ottawa in 1855—Looking East from Government Hill.
No. 34 of E. Whitefield's North American Pictures.



Ottawa in 1855 Looking West from Government Hill.
No. 35 of E. Whitefield's North American Pictures.


Union Suspension Bridge Ball.

The Honor

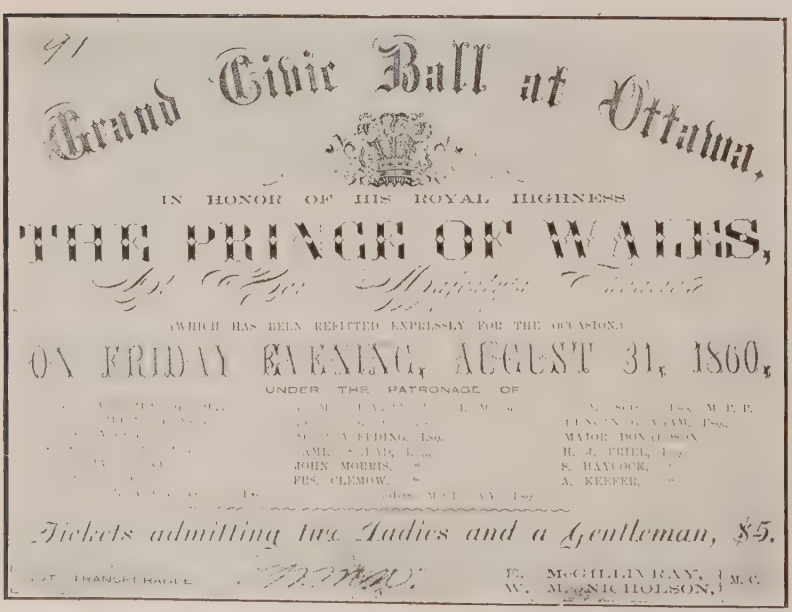
of your Company is requested on Tuesday Evening the 17th September.

MANAGERS.

Thos. T. McKay. | Capt. Baker
John Egan | Ruggles Wright
Joseph Aumond

Tuesday 17th September 1844.

Invitation too late for present use


91

Grand Civic Ball at Ottawa,

IN HONOR OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES,

(WHICH HAS BEEN REFITTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE OCCASION)

ON FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 31, 1860,

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF

[illegible] Esq. M.P.P.
[illegible] Esq.
MAJOR DONALDSON
H. J. FRIEL, Esq.
S. HAYCOCK, "
A. KEEFER, "

[illegible] Esq.

Tickets admitting two Ladies and a Gentleman, $5.

[illegible] TRANSFER RAILS

P. McGILLIVRAY, } M. C.
W. McNICHOLSON, }

But two of all the number living—Hon. R. W. Scott and S. Haycock.



Sandy Hill in the distance.

Ottawa in 1860, showing proposed buildings.



Ottawa Ladies who danced with the Prince of Wales—1860.
6. Mrs. George Taylor. 4. Mrs Henry A. F. McLeod. 5. Lady Ritchie.



Medals Won in 1852—"Shinnie on your own side."



Views of Ottawa—1860.

8. Rideau Falls.
9 Old City Hall.
10. Chaudiere Falls and Bridge.
11. Booth's Mills.



First Lacrosse Team in Ottawa—1865.
Thomas Birkett, M. P., third player from the left.

Miscellaneous Section.



This is not a Los Angeles Scene. It is MacGrady's Gatineau Point Rose Garden. Canada may have snows, but it has flowers too.



Bank Managers of Ottawa.



A—HIS EXCELLENCY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF MINTO, G.C.M.G., P.C., J.P., L.L.D., Governor General, President.

B—SIR ALEXANDER CAMPBELL MACKENZIE, Mus. Doc., L.L.D., F.R.A.M., Conductor. C—CHARLES A. E. HARRISS, Director of Festivals.

11. E. Howard Russell, B.A., Associate Conductor, Victoria, B.C.



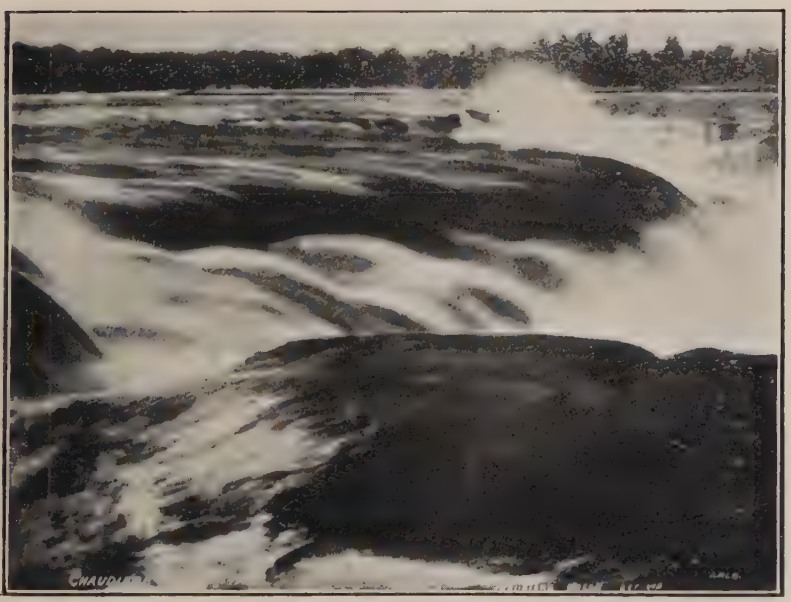
Passenger Agents at the Royal Cabin Ottawa.



"Cherry Cottage," Aylmer, birth-place of Rev. Francis E. Clark. To the right, his mother, brother, and himself, aged 3
In the foreground, Group of Delegates to Christian Endeavor Convention, Ottawa, 1896.



Ottawa Fire Department - Photo by Lancefield.



Chaudiere at the present day.





A "Page" from the Ottawa Fair—A pretty fence corner. | A beautiful display of pictures of scenes along the I. C. R.



The Canadian Bank of Commerce in Dawson City. The furthest north bank in the world.



Picturesque Ottawa

And the Commission Who are Making it so

Pretty Homes and Views in City and Valley of the Ottawa


Commissioners Since 1899
OFFICIALS


The following were added to the Commission
Since 1902
Senator Cox
MONTREAL.



Views along the Driveway. *Photos by Miss Hyndman*



On the Driveway—View of Rideau Canal. *Photo by Lancefield*

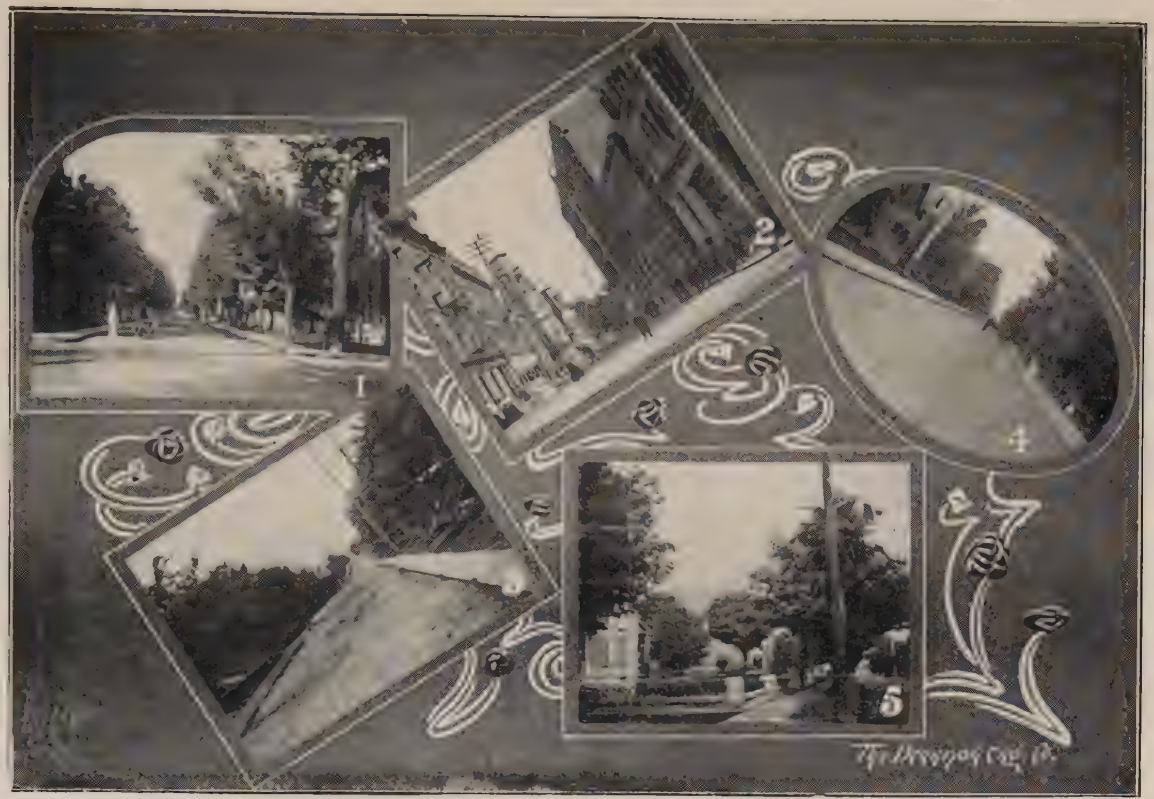


Rideau Canal Driveway—West of Bank St. *Photo by Lancefield*



Photos by Miss Hyndman.

Views in Rockliffe and Major's Hill Park.



Ottawa's Pretty Streets.





"Lornado," Summer Residence and Grounds of W. Y. Soper, Rockcliffe Park.



Evening on the Gatineau.

From a painting by H. H. Vickers
Painted for Anson A. Gard



"Buena Vista," home of Mr. Thomas Ahearn, President of the Ottawa Street Ry. Co.

"Echo Bank," home of Mr. Geo. Hay, President of the Ottawa Bank.



Metcalfe Street. Interprovincial Bridge.

Residence of D. Murphy, M.P.P.

The Papineau Manor at Montebello Scene on the Gatineau.

Shadows of the Ottawa.



RESIDENCES OF

1. John Manuel.

2. G. W. McCulloch, now

3. Harry A. Bate.



HULL AND AYLMER ROAD HOMES

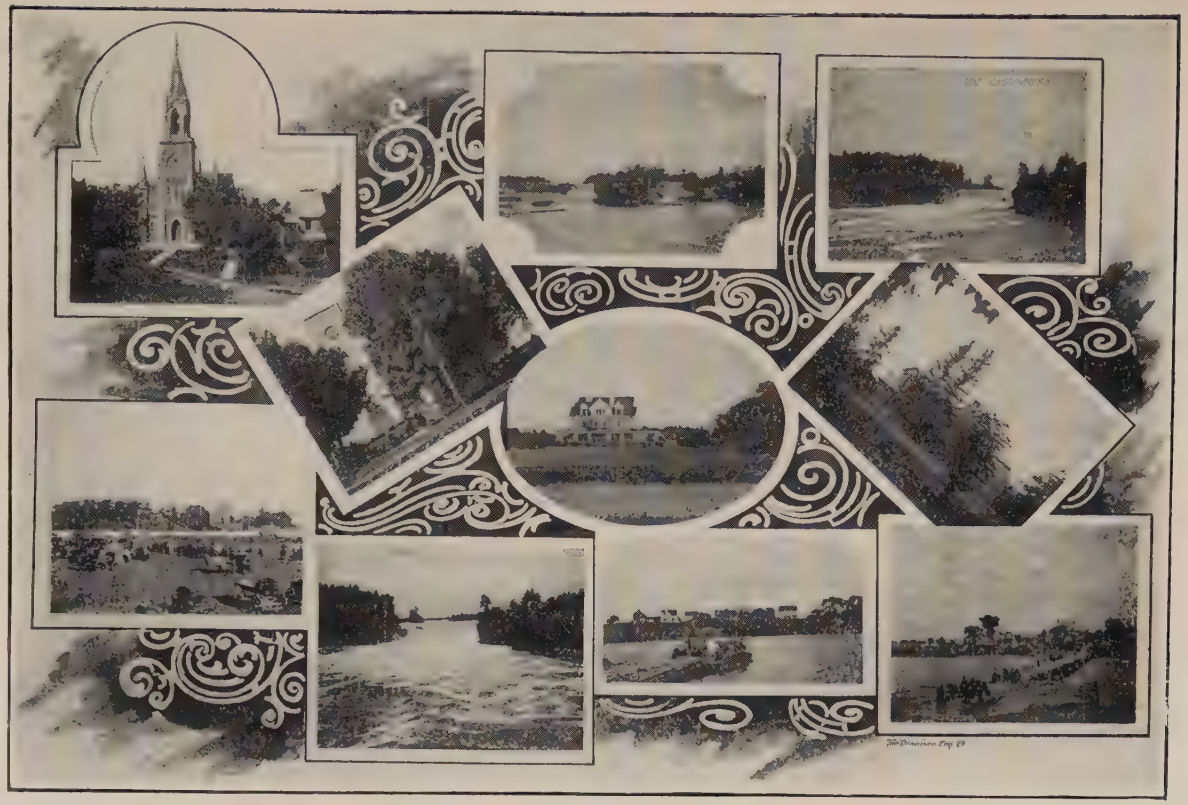
E. B. Eddy.
Mrs. John Scott.
Judge L. N. Champagne.
Edw. Skead.



PRETTY RESIDENCES OF

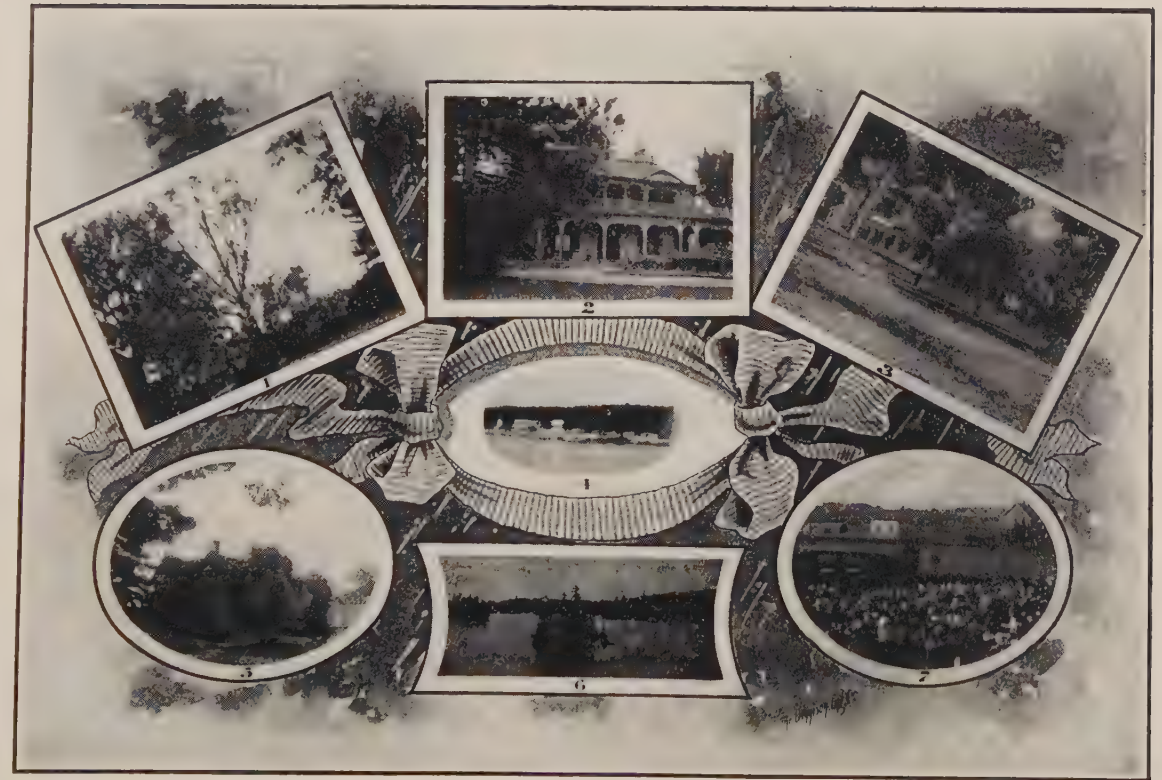
1. H. N. Bate.

2. Thos. Birkett, M.P.



UP TO CHATS FALLS, PAST AYLMER.

The central picture is "Mayfair," the pretty home of the Mackarells.



1. Oak Tree planted by King Edward in 1860, at 2. "The Hill," the beautiful residence of H. F. McLachlin, Arnprior. 3. Residence of Thomas A. Kidd at Burritt's Rapids. 4. Fort William. 5. "The Elms," pretty home of George C. Holland, West Ottawa. 6. In Lake Allumette. 7. When the Duke and Duchess were in Renfrew.



"The King of the Gatineau," and his domain.

See page 320.



Specimens of E. L. Horwood's Colonial Architecture.

E. L. Horwood. Fred. Heney.

George Goodwin. W. M. Southam.



Views "Up the Gatineau," and along the Ottawa. The central picture is near the beautiful Rose Point Hotel, on Parry Sound.

Photos by Topley.



"Up the Gatineau," near the Wakefields.

1. "Grandma" Kennedy, nearly 100 years old.
2. Typical Home of a Peche Valley Farmer.
3. Masham Church, Mayor Brazeau in foreground.
4. Valley of the Peche, looking East.
5. Valley of the Peche, looking West.

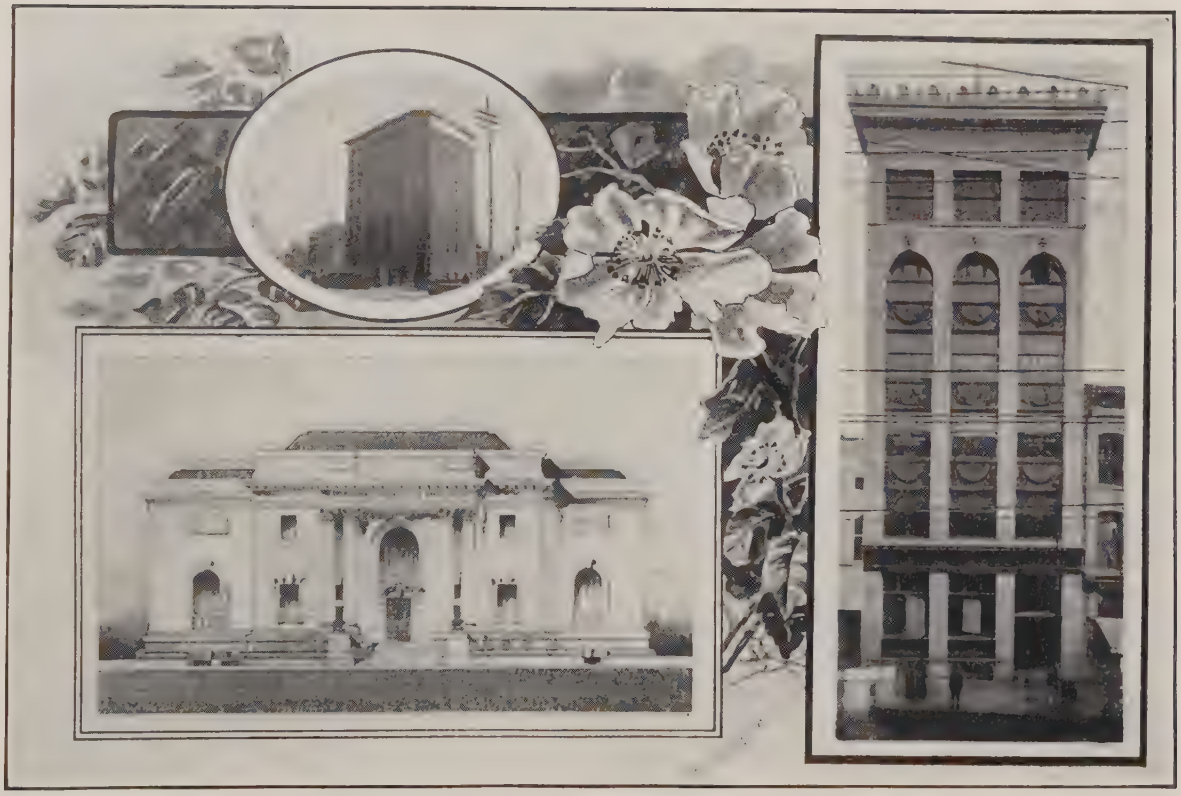
SOME OF OTTAWA'S OFFICES AND BUSINESS HOUSES.



John M. Garland.

Wholesale Dry Goods House of John M. Garland, Son & Co.

Dominion Immigration Offices.



Cory Block and Carnegie Library. Citizen Building.

Some of the best specimens of architecture in the Capital—the work of E. L. Horwood, Architect.



Henry J. Sims & Co., leading furriers. Rosenthal & Sons, leaders in jewelry.

Diamond Maple Leaf and Case—Gift of the Citizens of Ottawa to Lady Minto. "Leaf" made by the Rosenthals.



OTTAWA BUSINESS BLOCKS.

Martin-Orme Piano Factory.

Slater-Orme Block. The old stone house joining was built by Nicholas Sparks. It is one of the old landmarks.

Metropolitan Insurance Building.

L. N. Poulin's Departmental Store.



"The Two Macs."

"The Busy Corner."
Sun Life—E. L. Horwood, Architect.

Ketchum's Sporting Goods.



Bank Street Chambers. Gilmour Hotel. Crosby Brothers, Dry Goods.

(E. L. Horwood, Architect.)



The Arcade.

C. Ross Co., Departmental Store.

The Trust Building.



T. Lindsay & Co., Departmental Store.

Central Chambers.

Offices of the International Cement Co.

R. B. Whyte.

McKinley & Northwood.



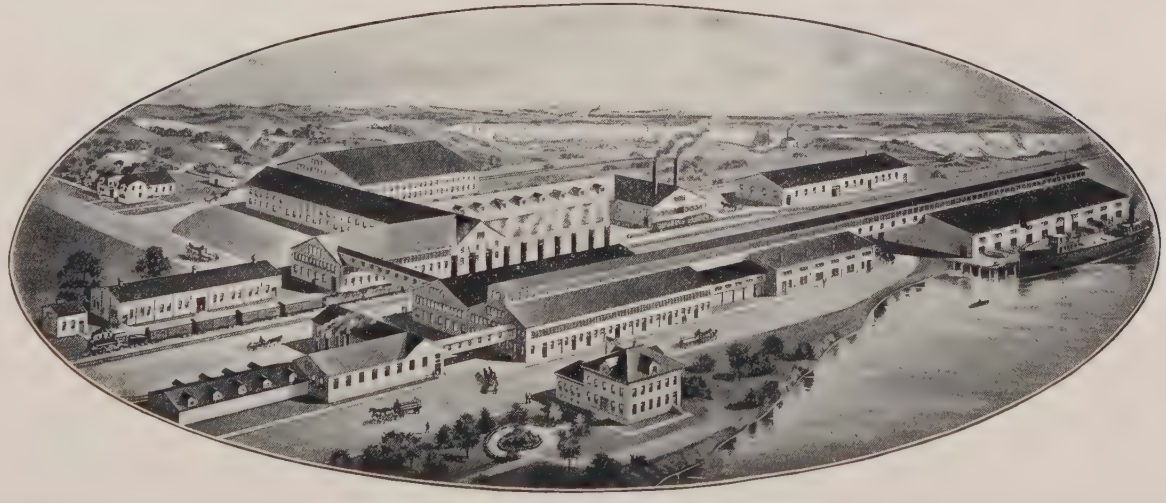
Jas. W. Woods Manufactory, and Offices of Dominion Militia Dept.



Joseph S. Irvin.



The Installation, by Lord Minto, of the first rotary of the Works, Nov. 19th, 1903.



Bird's-eye View of the Magnificent Plant of The International Portland Cement Company, Hull, Quebec.

EDUCATIONAL.



OTTAWA LADIES' COLLEGE.

Son and daughter of W. T. Stead to the right in group.

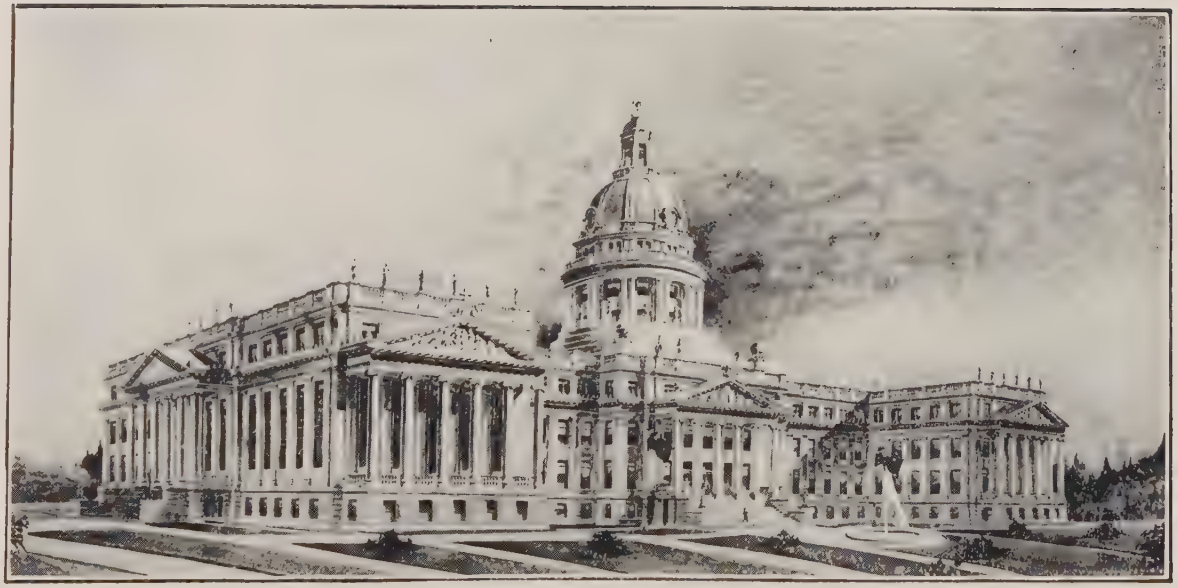


SOME OF OTTAWA'S EDUCATIONISTS.

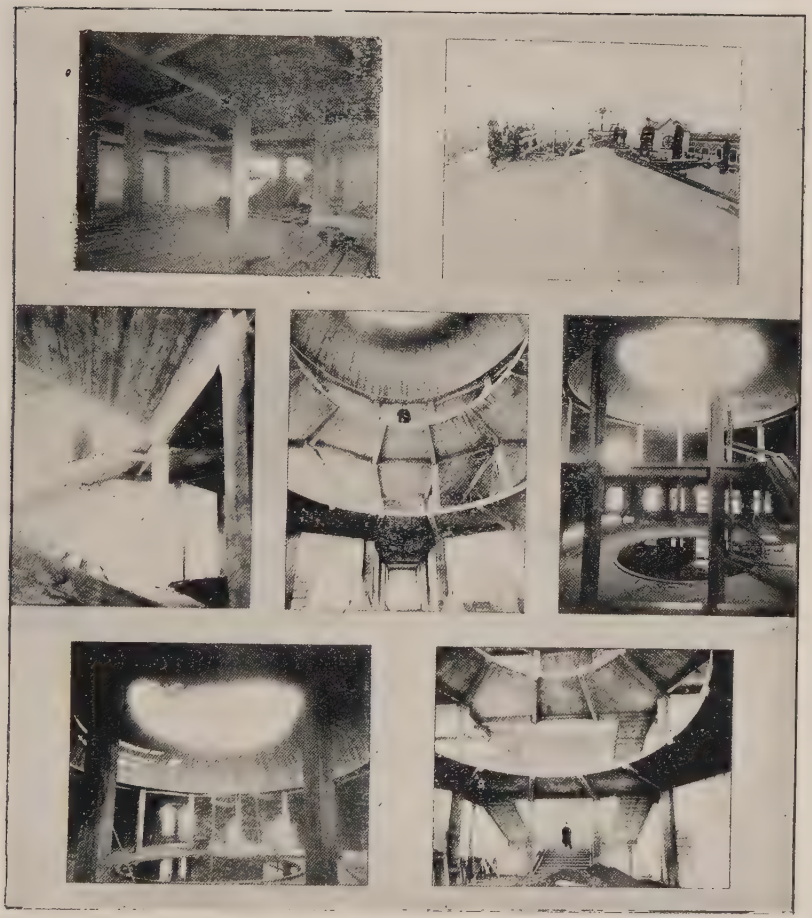
Rev. Thomas Wardrope, D.D.
John MacMillan, B.A. John Thorburn, M.A., LL.D.
John C. Glashan, LL.D., Inspector of Public Schools.
A. H. McDougall, B.A. Cecil Bethune, Sec.-Treas. Collegiate Institute.



Federal Engraving Co., Ottawa.



Arts Building, University of Ottawa.



Federal Engraving Co.

Interior views of the new Arts Building of the University of Ottawa. Absolutely fireproof. Built wholly of Portland Cement. A new departure in construction in college buildings, wholly due to the care of Father Emery, President of the University. He built for safety and to stand for ages.



Cardinal Gibbons.



Apostolic Delegate (in centre).
Bishop (First—1848) Guigues.
Archbishop (Present—1904) Duhamel.
Father Tabaret, First Rector of Ottawa University, 1848.
Father Emery, Present Rector.



Gloucester Street Convent group



Ashbury College group.



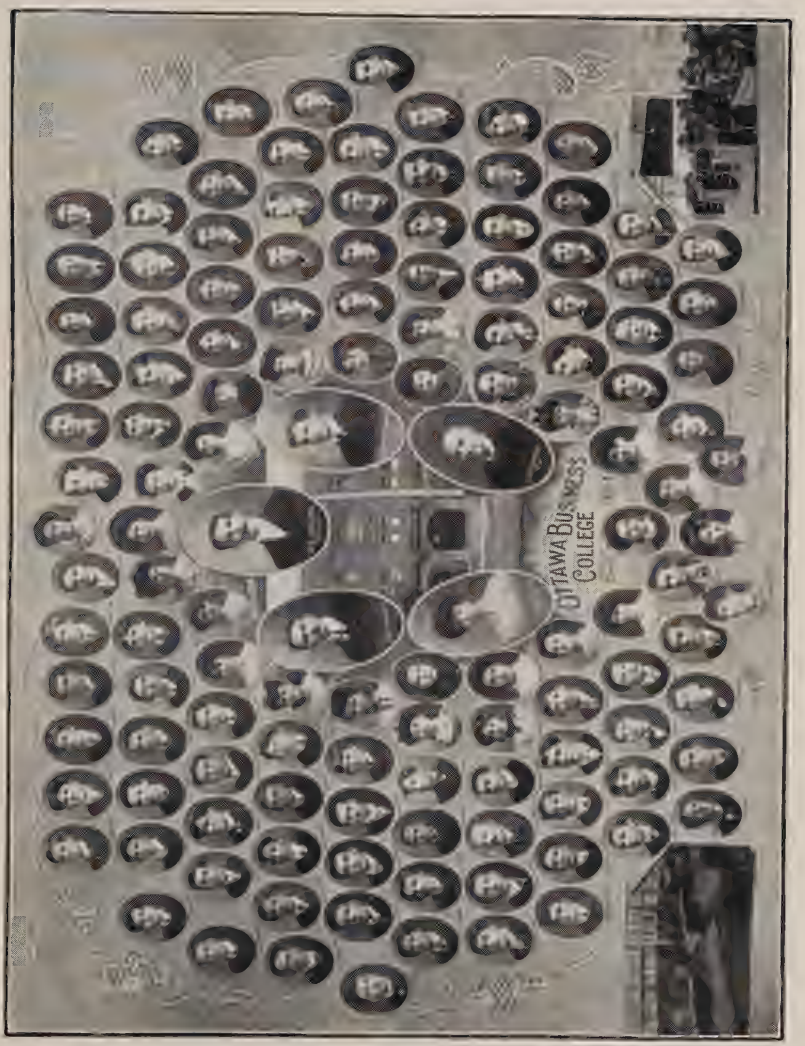
Rideau Street Convent.



Ottawa Ladies' College Group.



"Sweet girl graduates," Rideau Street Convent.


OTTAWA BUSINESS COLLEGE



Rideau Convent Lawn—John and his Friends.



Metropolitan Business College.

SOLDIERY OF OTTAWA.

Miles of distance, and dangers and hardships at the destination, never daunt the soldiery of Ottawa when duty calls, be that duty the collecting of taxes in Low or fighting for the Empire in South Africa.



1 2 3 4 5

Both picture and men were through the Riel Rebellion of 1885.

Engraving found on the *outside* of a copper cylinder.

1. Color-Sgt. Chas. Winter, G.G.F.G., now Major, G.G.F.G.
2. Staff-Sgt. Frank Newby, G.G.F.G.
3. Sgt. Plunkett Taylor, G.G.F.G., now Major, G.G.F.G.
4. Staff-Sgt. Maynard Rogers, 43rd, now Lt.-Col. D.C.O.R.
5. Sgt. H. L. B. Ross, G.G.F.G.



HEADS OF THE MILITIA UNITS.

1. Col. The Right Hon. Lord Aylmer, Chief of Staff. 2. Lt.-Col. W. E. Hodgins, D.O.C., M.D. No. 4. 3. Lt.-Col. S. C. D. Roper, G.G.F.G. 4. Lt.-Col. Robt. Brown, P.L.D.G. 5. Major E. C. Arnoldi, 2nd Battery C.A. 6. Lt.-Col. Maynard Rogers, 43rd D.C.O.R. 7. Major C. P. Meredith, Ottawa Co. Engineers. 8. Lieut. Newton Ker, Corps of Guides. 9. Lieut. J. F. Watson, Signal Corps. 10. Major A. T. Shillington, A.M.C.



The Princess Louise Dragoon Guards.



THE DUKE OF CORNWALL'S OWN RIFLES. *Photo by Topley*

Officers of the 43rd Regiment at the Rifle Range.



Headquarters of the Commissary Field Force at Winnipeg during Riel Rebellion, 1885.



At the Rifle Range—The School of Musketry—Lt.-Col. Robert Cartwright in centre foreground.



AT THE 1000 YARDS.

The Hugging or Huggins Brigade. Rube says, "What's the difference of a 'g' more or less, anyhow!"



Wm. Osgoode,
A Co. 43rd.

Monument in Major's Hill Park to Osgoode and Rogers.

Ottawa Sharpshooters in Riel Rebellion, 1885.

Federal Engraving Co.
John Rogers,
A Co., G.G.F.G.



Officers of the First Contingent in South Africa, 1900.



OUR BOYS IN KHAKI

Lord Roberts, Commander-in-Chief, and the Heroes of the Ottawa Valley who served in South Africa, [illegible] in defence of the Flag and Empire

By courtesy of The Citizen.

See p. 94.



From James Ashfield's famous picture.

The Nile Voyageurs of 1884.



WAR IN LOW. *Photo by Reardon.*

Preparing for the Engagement—Time 12 o'clock, 1895. Captain's order: "Bring on them chickens the boys stole last night!"



Federal Engraving Co.

The Malone Ladies' Corps, who visited Ottawa Dominion Day, 1904.



Federal Engraving Co.

The Duke of Cornwall's Own Rifles visit Burlington, Vt.
Helping to celebrate Dewey's victory at Manila.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.



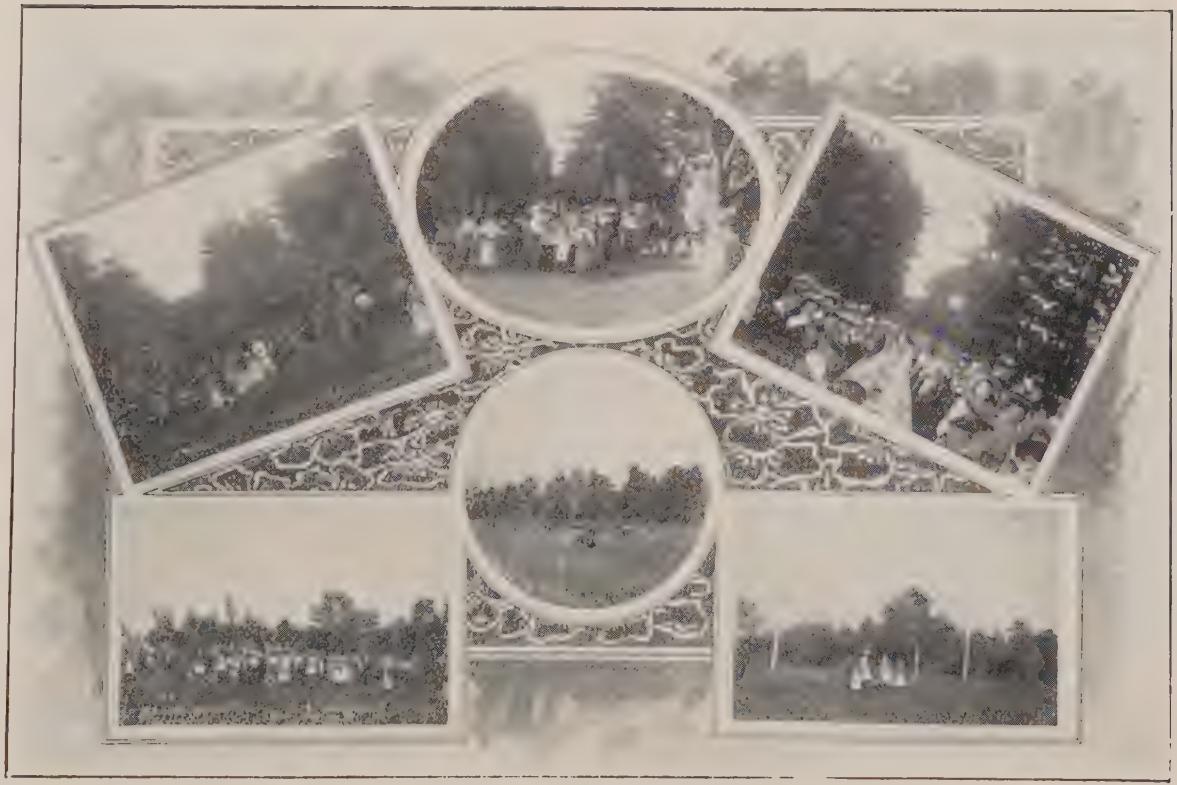
A new variety of Grapes—Grown in S. J. Jarvis's Vineyard.



Noon hour at Booth's—Carrying Papa his dinner.



Federal Engraving Co.



Summer in Ottawa is one glad pic-nic day.



Ottawa in Pinafore.



Representatives of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association to Convention in Ottawa, Jan. 22nd, 1903.



Langley goes "piggy-back."

H-unting } A Canadian Monogram.
F-ishing }



New Ottawa Golf Club—Opening Day.

Centre picture by Lancefield,



Jas. J. Corbett facing the ball at the great Lacrosse Game, Capitals vs. Shamrocks, in Ottawa, Oct. 13th, 1904.

A Trio of Champions.

P. D. Ross, Editor of the Ottawa *Evening Journal*, champion oarsman in 1883 of all Canada.

Dr. Alex. Martin, for six years champion skater of North America.

Geo. A. Meagher, present champion skater of the world.

See pp. 82-84.



Photographed and arranged by Pittaway—Copyright. See page 76. *Federal Eng. Co*



See page 14.



Federal Engraving Co.

All good ball players but the honorary member in the centre, who would not know a basket ball if he met it coming down the pike.



Ottawa Curling Club—"Soop 'em up!"



Capital Lacrosse Team—Taken in Toronto after Capital-Tecumseh game, July 15th, 1904.

Of National Interest.



Sir Edmund Head. Capt. Grey. Col. Bruce. Duke of Newcastle.
H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND HIS SUITE.
Rosemount, Montreal, 1860.



The Duke of Cornwall and York and his Staff, 1901.



Visit to Ottawa of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, 1901.

Grand Pavilion.
Rideau Hall.

Unveiling the Statue of the Queen.
Royal Party at Rideau Hall.



W. A. Henry, N.S. E. Palmer, P.E.I. [illegible] J. C. Chapais [illegible] W. H. Steeves, N.B. [illegible] [illegible] Sir John A. Macdonald. R. B. Dickey, N.S. A. A. McDonald. J. McCully, N.S.
S. L. Tilley, N.B. E. Whelan, P.E.I. [illegible] J. W. Ritchie, N.S. E. B. Chandler [illegible] [illegible] J. H. Gray, P.E.I. J. M. Johnson, N.B. W. H. Pope, P.E.I.
C. Fisher, N.B. A. Campbell Sir G. E. Cartier, C.E. Sir H. Langevin, P. Mitchell, N.B. A. G. Archibald, N.S. W. McDougall J. Cockburn
Geo. Brown Chas. Tupper, N.S. Thos. D'Arcy McGee J. H. Gray, N.B. A. T. Galt
O. Mowat

THE FOUNDERS OF THE DOMINION

We are indebted to the Toronto Lithographing Co. for the privilege of reproducing this historical picture.



Parliamentary Library.

Houses of Parliament.

Dominion Buildings.

Nepean Point.

Govt. Printing Bureau.

Langevin Block.



Photo by Topley.

THE SUPREME COURT OF CANADA.

Right Hon. Sir Elzear Taschereau, Chief Justice (in centre).
Hon. R. Sedgewick. Hon. D. Girouard.
Hon. Sir Louis Davies. Hon. A. C. Killam.
Hon. W. Nesbitt.



OTTAWA HOMES OF CABINET MINISTERS.

Hon. Clifford Sifton. Hon. Sydney Fisher. Hon. Wm. S. Fielding.
Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick. Deputy Minister Jas. A. Smart.



Photos by Topley.

GOVERNORS-GENERAL OF CANADA SINCE CONFEDERATION.

1. The Right Hon. Viscount Monck, G.C.M.G. July 1, 1867
2. The Right Hon. Lord Lisgar, G.C.M.G. (Sir John Young) Feb. 2, 1869
3. The Right Hon. the Earl of Dufferin, K.P., K.C.B., G.C.M.G. . . . June 25, 1872
4. The Right Hon. the Marquess of Lorne, K.T., G.C.M.G., P.C., &c. Nov. 25, 1878



Photo by Topley.

GOVERNORS-GENERAL OF CANADA SINCE CONFEDERATION.

5. The Most Hon. the Marquess of Lansdowne, G.C.M.G., &c. Oct. 23, 1883
6. The Right Hon. Lord Stanley of Preston,* G.C.B. June 11, 1888
7. The Right Hon. the Earl of Aberdeen, K.T., G.C.M.G..... ...Sept. 18, 1893
8. The Right Hon. the Earl of Minto, G.C.M.G..... Nov. 12, 1898

* Succeeded to the Earldom of Derby on the death of his brother, April 21, 1893.



Copyright. *Photo by Topley.*

DUFFERIN FANCY DRESS BALL.

Government House, Ottawa, Feb. 23rd, 1876.



WELCOMING LORD AND LADY

" Possibly the greatest public demonstration of welcome ever g
Lansdowne in 1888, when thousands of school children gathered on

This is one of the only two photographs of that occasion extan
The other is in the possession of Lord Lansdowne himself. The pla



Photo Topley.

DOWNE TO THE CAPITAL, 1888.

a Governor-General in Canada!" This was given to Lord and Lady
Square to sing their welcome.
as kindly loaned by McLeod Stewart, who was then Mayor of Ottawa.
me mishap were broken before more could be taken.



Tobogganning at Government House in the time of Princess Louise.



Ice Carnival in Rideau Rink in Lord Stanley's time.

Photo by Topley.



Copyright. THE HISTORICAL BALL OF THE ABERDEENS. *Photo by S. J. Jarvis.*

The greatest social event ever given in Canada, and by one of the most popular Governors-General since Confederation.



Government House Party – The Vikings. *Photo by Topley.*



Photo by Topley.

Mrs. MacIntosh's Party—Cabot starting on his Voyage of Discovery.



Photo by Topley.

Mrs. T. M. Daly's Party —Jacques Cartier leaving France.



Photo by S J. Jarvis.

Lady Laurier's Party—Canada in the time of Maissoneuve.



This and the following Groups by Topley.

Mrs. Dickey's Party—The Early Settlers of Acadia.



Mrs. Bourinot's Party—Canada in the time of Montcalm and Wolfe.



Mrs. White's Party--Acadia in the time of Evangeline.



Mrs R. W. Scott's Party—The United Empire Loyalists.



General Group of Savages.



Mrs. Gwynne's Party—New France.



Thos. Birkett, M.P.

D. Murphy, M.P.P.

C. Berkeley Powell, M.P.P.

N. A. Belcourt, M.P., Speaker of the Dominion House of Parliament.



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THE OLD GUARD DINNER.

May 4th, 1882.

Given to Sir John A. Macdonald by his Supporters in his *one* term in Opposition.



SIR JOHN MACDONALD AND HIS VARIOUS OTTAWA HOMES.

2. "Earnscliffe," where he died, residence of C. A. E. Harriss.
3. Residence of S. H. Fleming.
4. "Stadacona Hall," residence of Sir Frederick Wm. Borden.
5. Wheeler-Taylor house, where this book was written,



A Western School House.
Typical of a hundred towns of the great Northwest.

A Vase of Prairie Flowers.

Street in Calgary.
Farm Buildings and Scene in the N. W. T.

The Old Portrait Gallery.

Here's a health to them who are dead and gone,
A health to those who are living on,
A health to all who built Bytown,
With many a smile—with never a frown.
But speak those words, that magic phrase,
And the other men, and the other days,
In memory sweet will come again,
Will come again,
Will come again.



A QUINTET OF HISTORICAL CHARACTERS.

Philemon Wright, First Settler.

Colonel John By, Founder of Bytown and Builder of Rideau Canal.

Hon. Thos. Mackay, Builder of Rideau Locks, also Builder of Rideau Hall.

John Burrows, original owner of Ottawa.

Daniel O'Connor, Judge, Treasurer, and very prominent.



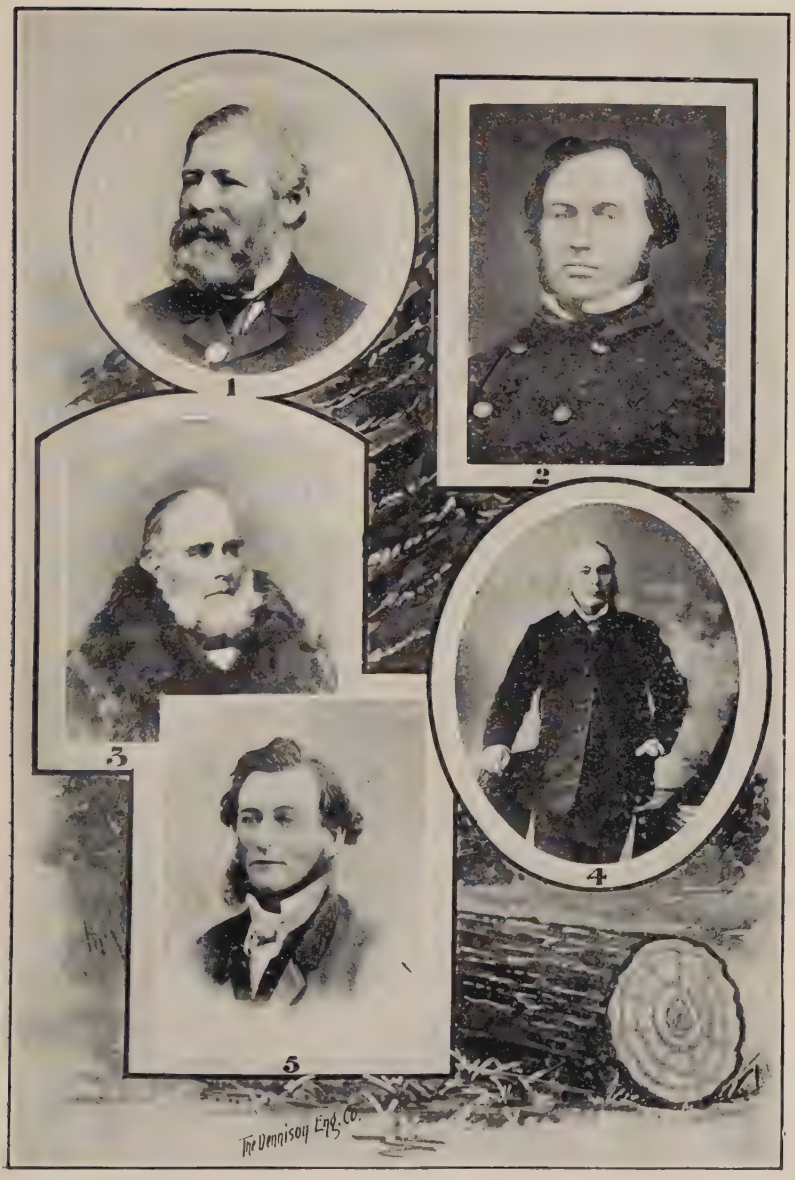
THE OLDEST INHABITANTS. NOS. 4, 5 AND 6 BORN HERE.

1. Captain Thos. Jones, 83 years old.
2. Paul Favreau, oldest fireman in Canada.
3. F. X. Desloges, 87 years old.
4. Geo. Quinlan, born 1830.
5. Louis A. Grison, born 1831.
6. John Little, born 1832.



EARLY LUMBERMEN OF THE OTTAWA.

1. R. H. Klock. 2. Col. Joseph Aumond. 3. Dan'l McLachlin.
4. John Egan. 5. John Poupore.



EARLY LUMBERMEN OF THE OTTAWA.

1. Robt. Hamilton. 2. Andrew Leamey. 3. Hon. Jas. Skead.
4. David Moore. 5. Isaac Moore.



LATER LUMBERMEN OF THE OTTAWA.

1. A. H. Baldwin. 2. Robt. Blackburn. 3. H. F. Bronson.
4. J. M. Currier. 5. John A. Cameron.



LATER LUMBERMEN OF THE OTTAWA.

1. Wm. Mackey. 2. Alex. Fraser. 3. W. H. Hurdman.
4. Jas. Maclaren. 5. Wm. G. Perley.



OLD BYTOWN DOCTORS. *Federal Engraving Co.*

Dr. Hamnett P. Hill.
Dr. Thos. F. McQueen. Dr. Edw. Van Courtlandt.
First Catholic Hospital.
First Protestant Hospital.
Dr. S. C. Sewell. Dr. A. J. Christie.

The delay of the engraver has left a number of the best for the last.



THREE VERY POPULAR AMERICANS IN CANADA.

General W. W. Henry, U.S. Consul in Quebec.

U. S. Consul-General J. G. Foster, in Ottawa.

Robt. Watchorn, U. S. Commissioner of Immigration for Canada.



OFFICERS OF THE OTTAWA BOARD OF TRADE.

1. First Vice-President, D. Murphy, M.P.P.
2. Second Vice-President J. W. Woods.
3. President John R. Reid.
4. Treasurer C. A. Douglas.



THE RISE OF TWO WELL-KNOWN OTTAWANS.

T. Ahearn. Warren Y. Soper. Page 150.



BRYSON, GRAHAM & CO.'S DEPARTMENTAL STORE.

Charles Bryson. Fred. C. Graham.



JAMES K. PAISLEY'S HOTELS. Pages 17-363-365.

1. Grand Union, Ottawa.
2. McLean Channel, 'mong the 70,000 Islands in Georgian Bay.
3. Moon River, near Hotel San Souci.
4. The beautiful Belvidere, overlooking Parry Sound.



W. C. Edwards.
J. W. Woods.

MORE PRETTY HOMES.

J. St. Denis Le Moine.

Sir Sandford Fleming.
W. H. Davis.



CANOE AND BOAT CLUB HOUSES.

Britannia.
Ottawa Rowing.
" A. B. C."
Ottawa Canoe.
Victoria Yacht.
Rideau Canoe.



1. First Baptist. 2. Roman Catholic, Gatineau Point. Blessing the bell presented to the parishioners by Lady Aberdeen for saving her from drowning. 3. Dominion Methodist. 4. St. Paul's Presbyterian. The Kilt house adjoining stands on the site of first house built on Sandy Hill. 5. Christ Church Cathedral (Ang.) 6. Basilica, R. C. Cathedral. 7. St. Alban's (Ang.).



1. St. Joseph's (R.C.) 2. Sacred Heart (R.C.) 3. St. Andrew's (Pres.) 4. St. George's (Ang.)
5. All Saints' (Ang.) 6. St. Patrick's (R.C.) 7. St. John's (Ang.)



Some of those who answered, "What was the most dramatic episode in Canadian history?"—Pages 203-209.

1. Dr. W. T. Herridge.
2. Archbishop Langevin.
3. Rev. Geo. F. Salton.
4. Louis Frechette
5. Dr. Geo. R. Parkin.
6. Prof. Goldwin Smith.
7. Nicholas Flood Davin.
8. Principal Grant.
9. Hon. J. W. Longley.
10. Dr. Geo. Stewart.
11. Col. Geo. T Denison.
12. Jas. Bain, Jr.
13. Sir John Bourinot.
14. Hon. Geo. W. Ross.

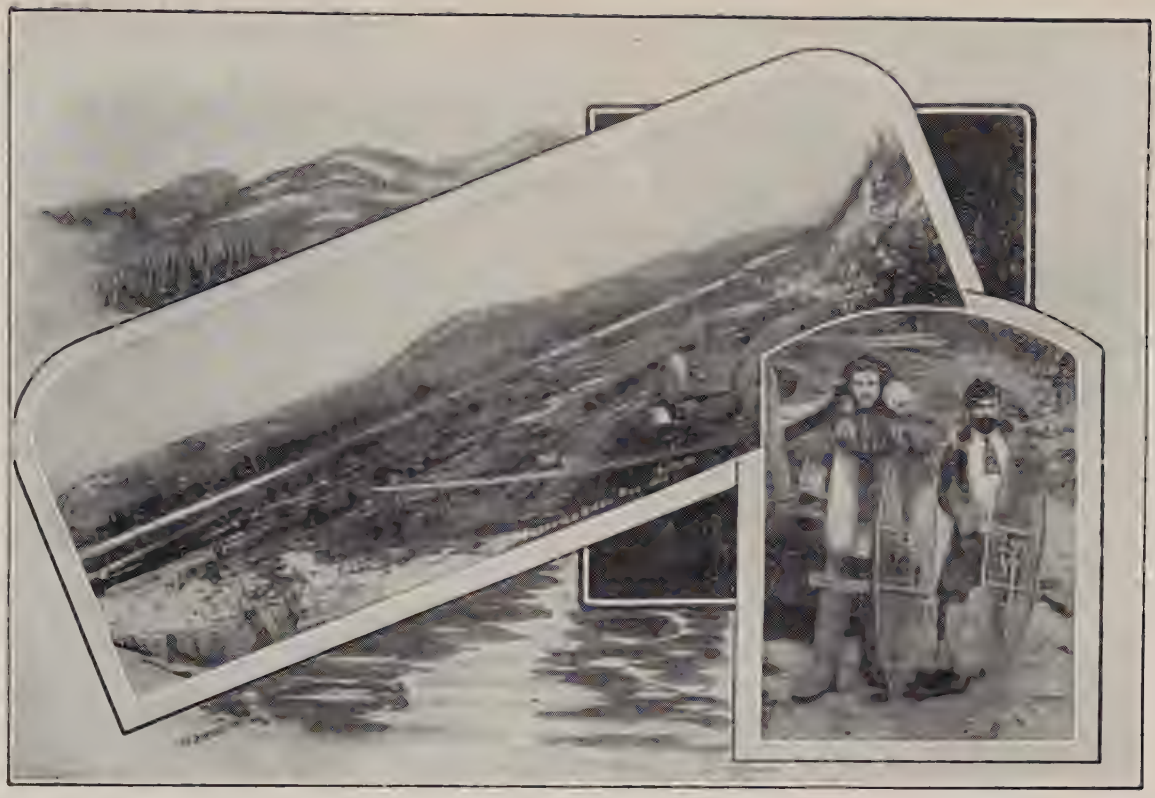


Prominent in their day in city and county.

1. Wm. Kidd.
2. Edw. Sherwood.
3. C. W. Bangs.
4. Judge Armstrong.
5. Jos. Hinton.
6. Jas. Goodwin.



Grand Union Hotel at the famous Caledonia Springs, where was held the noted banquet. No. 6 is the Ottawa home of the Chairman of the dinner, Hon. A. G. Blair.—*Page 328.*



THE BOYLE CONCESSION, SHORT DISTANCE NORTH OF DAWSON CITY, KLONDIKE.

Joseph W. Boyle (to left), who in 1898 led a stranded party of American miners back to civilization.
Wm. G. Gates (to right), "Swift Water Bill."

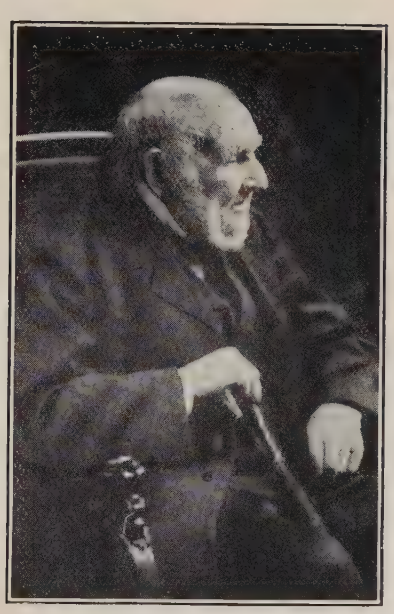


Prof. E. Stone Wiggins, whose marvelous predictions have created world interest.



SOME OF THE PRETTY LANDMARKS OF KING EDWARD AVENUE.

1. Home of Lt.-Col. L. F. Pinault, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of Militia.
2. John McDougald, Commissioner of Customs.
3. W. L. Marler, Manager of the Merchants' Bank of Canada.



Senator David Wark, of Fredericton, N. B. The oldest Legislator in the world. Still on duty at 101 years of age.



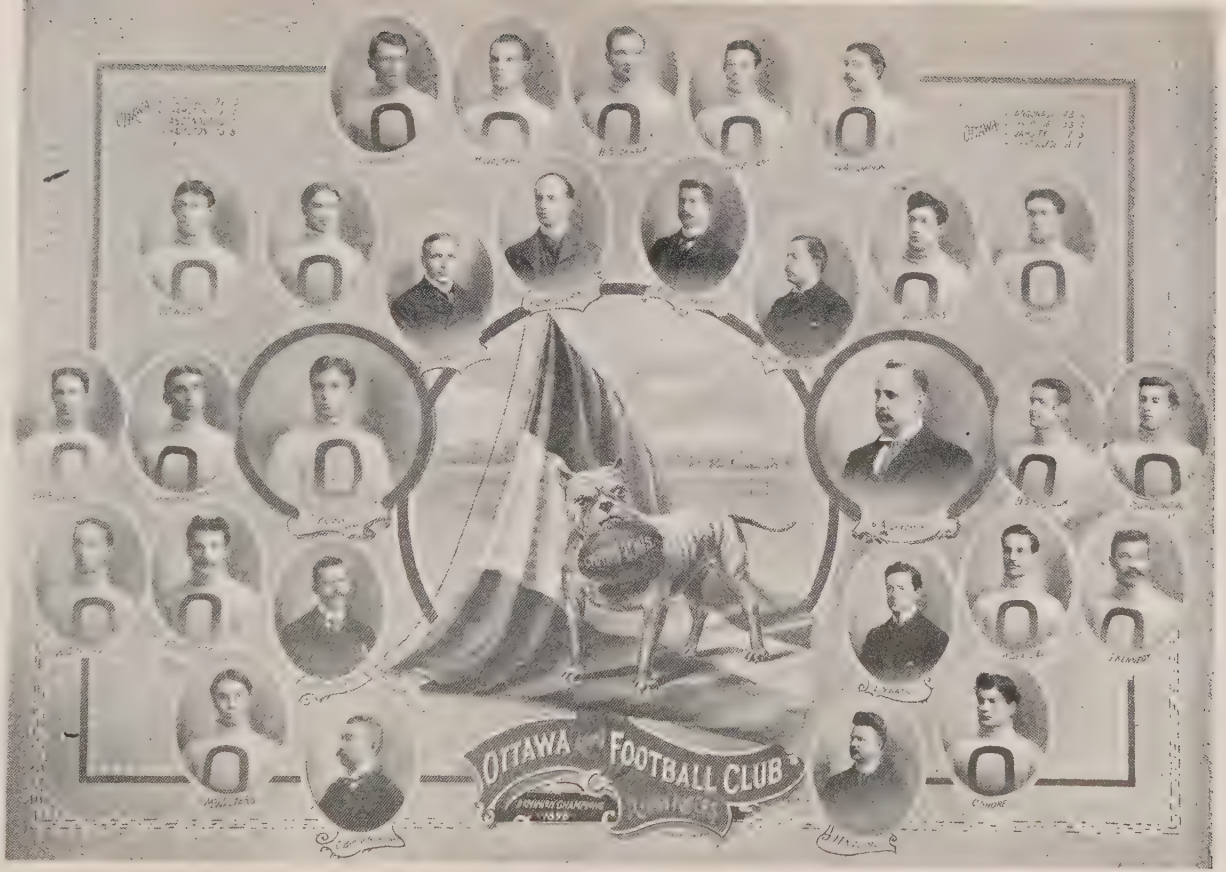
Twenty-fifth anniversary of St. Paul's Lutheran Church.



Where "The Hub and the Spokes" became a Book.



Corry Building— The Headquarters of the Trans-continental Railway Commission. Owner, J. A. Corry. Costing about $150,000.



The greatest Football Club ever in Canada. It was not defeated once in 1898, and not only was it successful but by the score of the games seen in the upper corner of the picture, the results were simply phenomenal. Their superiority was in a system of combination play—a system devised by Hal. B. McGivern and J. F. Smellie, two of Ottawa's leading young lawyers.

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For pictures and photographs, besides those named, I am indebted to Mrs. W. H. Tracey, Miss M. H. Robertson, Druggist John S. Brown, Dr. H. Beaumont Small, Captain H. G. Bate, and most of all to Topley & Son, S. J. Jarvis and to Lancefield—leaders in their line.

1,500 SEPARATE PICTURES AND PHOTOGRAPHS REQUIRED.

I said to the Colonel, one day, when speaking of the nearly 1,500 separate pictures and photographs required to make up the groups in the book, "Colonel," said I, "most of the fine ones are my own work." (I meant the small ones.)

"And it should be a very heavy one!" said he.

"What should be heavy?" I asked in surprise.

"Why, the fine!" The Colonel is never happier than when saying such things. And as I love to give happiness I do not mind.

NOTE.

THE NEW GOVERNOR GENERAL.

Earl Grey, the new Governor General of Canada, arrived in Ottawa after the last "form" was off—too late to tell you that on every side is heard naught but praise for himself and his charming family. They have already won the hearts of all the people, irrespective of class or creed, and I am sure the coming years will but increase this kindly feeling that is already seen to exist, between the Governor and his people.

ERRATA.

In first editions errors will creep in and remain invisible until the forms have left the press, then the little girl in the second reader, could pick them out as she would cherries from a basket.

This however is not an excuse for the proof reader, who was so busy looking for the commas that she tore off forty years of Sir John A Macdonald's usefulness—on page 244, and yet her ability to do the impossible may be reason of excuse, as on page 238 she has Bell's telephone practically installed in Hamilton, three years before he had invented it instead of seven years after. It is only the proof reader who is capable of such marvels!

We would call attention to other errata were it not that we know the great pleasure it will give others to call our attention to them—and we do love to give pleasure, so we will leave these errors unnoted and take them out in the next edition, which is already under way.

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